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OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON.

*Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., with Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by his Son, Charles Buxton, Esq. London. Svo. 1848.

THIS book will have its vogue among those whose opinions are not ours: but it should by no means be confined within a party or sectarian circulation. It has raised our estimate of Sir Fowell Buxton's talents, and introduced us to an acquaintance with graces of character which we might not have been likely to infer from the main circumstances of his public life. It affords some very curious pictures of manners—and, let us add, an example of discretion and good taste in one of the most difficult of literary tasks. The Editor has been contented to rely, as far as possible, on the correspondence and diaries in his possession, and the anecdotes furnished by a few elder friends:—but both classes of material well deserved in this case the advantage of a neat setting, and have received it. When we consider how lately the Baronet died (February 1845), and how many of the questions with which his name was connected are still fraught with anxiety, it is highly creditable for his son to have produced thus early a biography generally clear, yet seldom profuse—and though showing entire sympathy with the course portrayed, hardly ever using language that will offend any candid reader.

He was born in 1786—the eldest son of a gentleman of easy fortune, who lived chiefly in Essex, and died high sheriff of

his county in 1792—leaving a widow and five young children. The lady was one of the family of Hanbury—wealthy Quakers long known in the City of London, and connected in blood and in business with the Gurneys—a family belonging to the most ancient gentry of Norfolk, but enriched through commercial enterprise, both provincial and metropolitan, and distinguished during several generations for liberal charities; the branch of it allied to the Hanburys being also of the Society of Friends. The Buxtons themselves had always been of the Church of England, and Fowell and his brothers were baptized accordingly—while the sisters were to be trained in the mother's persuasion. She appears to have been left sole guardian—and she never made any attempt to withdraw her sons from the pale of the Church; but, with evidently considerable eccentricities, she was a woman of strong faculties and strong affections; and her opinions and sentiments could not but influence powerfully the young people committed to her care. Her nearest and dearest connexions were Quakers: such members of our Church as she had any intimacy with were of the extreme "Evangelical" section: and her heir was so brought up that he never had attached the slightest importance to Churchmanship.

The Church was with him, first and last, one of the various divisions of the Christian community, among which no one has any intrinsic claim to superior respect over others. He never abandoned her formally, but he frankly acknowledges that he never regarded her organization as apostolical—her teaching as entitled to submission because it was *hers*. Such are frequent consequences of a mixed marriage among Protestants: less lamentable indeed, than those usually resulting from an alliance between Protestants and Romanists—yet still fruitful of evil, even when, as in the case before us, a fervid sense of religion grows up by the side of total indifference to ecclesiastical authority.

After the father's death, it was discovered that he had not been so rich as was supposed by others or probably by himself—but the widow believed that her eldest son must eventually succeed to large estates in Ireland; so that his education was conducted without any view to a profession. He was considered by those about him as the heir of an opulent fortune, and from them all, as is common in this world, or at least in this country, he received a treatment of marked deference. To this the mother was no exception—he was the first, and in every sense the flower of her race, and perhaps her connexion with flourishing mercantile families might have imbued her with even a peculiar feeling of respect for wealth. While yet a mere boy he was encouraged and accustomed to look on himself as master at home—to order and be obeyed as if he had been a man. He confesses that he was “haughty, fierce, and tyrannical” (pp. 276, 277); but there were in him the seeds of many most amiable qualities. He far surpassed others of his years in physical strength, and (with all his spurts of imperiousness) had the constitutional good-nature that very often accompanies such advantages, not only among mankind, but in the lower animals also. His school-fellows called him *Elephant Buxton*; but the early friend who tells this (Mr. Horace Twiss) candidly adds that the compliment was paid merely to his bulk and his temper, for that certainly no idea of uncommon sagacity was then associated with him. His nerves were as well strung as his muscular fabric was formidable—he probably had as little notion of fear as young Nelson. Seldom thwarted—carrying all before him in schoolboy games and exercises—at home ruling without dispute

over sisters, brothers, dogs, horses, and gamekeepers—he seems to have grown up to a stature of six feet four, without exciting any conjecture that he was to afford the pedigree more than another jolly master of fox-hounds.

He had never been at any of the great public schools: that misfortune (for such we hold it to be for any man of his condition) belongs no doubt to the effects of sectarian prejudice; nor does it appear that his guardian ever thought of an English university for him. She at one time wished to send him to St. Andrew's, which, as she had no Scotch connexions, could hardly have had any special recommendation, except that it was not Anglican. But he disliked the notion of that northern banishment; and a suggestion that, considering his prospects, it might be well to enter him at Trinity College, Dublin, and so provide him with Irish friends for future life, was received favorably by himself, and therefore by his worshipful mother. It would, however, as respects the matter of learning, have been of little consequence to what university he went, or whether he went to any, but for a visit at Mr. Gurney's, of Earlham Hall in Norfolk, whose son had been at the same school with him in the neighborhood of London. Here the youth, now in his eighteenth year was received with the heartiest kindness—and we may invoke Dryden (though we dare say his Fables were taboo'd at Earlham) to carry on the old story that will never be out of date:

“What not his parent's care nor tutor's art  
Could plant with pains in his unpolished heart,  
The best instructor, Love, at once inspired,  
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd.  
Love taught him shame, and shame with love at strife,  
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.”

He had found his Iphigenia. After a stay of some weeks he repaired to Dublin, with a fixed determination to cultivate his mind, that he might one day be authorized in aspiring to ask the companionship for life of Miss Hannah Gurney, whose fair form enshrined that of which he painfully—but not hopelessly—felt the superiority. An elder daughter of his house was the Elizabeth Gurney afterwards known and honored as Mrs. Fry. Another, Priscilla, who died in her early prime, cut off by the disease which so often selects the loveliest for its victims, appears to have been more highly endowed by nature than even Elizabeth. They were all distinguished for their proficiency in



whatever comes within the usual category of accomplishments and was not excluded by the peculiar rules or prejudices of sect:—linguists, musicians—bold and graceful equestrians, but not dancers: critics in (Bowdler's) Shakspeare, who would have shuddered at the name of a play-house: all devoutly religious, all zealous quakers—nay, the handsomest of the three, about the age when beauties make their *debut* at Almack's, already in esteem as a *preacher*. That Cymon should have left Earlham deep in love, and with stern resolutions for study, was natural; the wonder is that he did not depart buttonless and broad brimmed.

Gay pictures of college life, but especially visions of tall hunters and the Curragh of Kildare, had had much to do with his first consent to go to Dublin; but he dismissed all these, and during the four years to which his Irish residence extended, he was exclusively the student. Aware of his deficiencies, on his arrival he quartered himself with a private tutor near the capital; and there so well employed a few months that, on entering the University, he was pronounced not inferior to any freshman of that term: and he continued to labor so assiduously, that before he took his degree he was considered an excellent mathematician, and in classics not below any of his rivals. The most formidable of these was John Henry North, afterwards eminent at the Irish bar, and, during a too short space, in the House of Commons; they became and were ever after, in spite of all differences of opinion, attached and intimate friends. They divided between them the principal prizes at Trinity; and they seem to have been thought the ablest speakers (of their standing) in the Historical Society. But the best evidence as to Buxton's whole academical career is found in the fact that, towards its close, he was invited to fix his ambition on the Parliamentary representation of the University, by a circular so signed and supported that, in North's opinion, there could have been no doubt of his success at the next election. This was a rare and splendid compliment in the case of so young a man, and an Englishman; he was greatly flattered—but would not rashly commit himself; and he had good reason for his reserve.

He had during his under-graduateship paid two or three visits at Earlham, and in the last long vacation the Gurneys carried him with them on a tour into the Highlands of Scotland. That was an eventful tour for him. It was, he says, in the course of it that he

first thought seriously of religion; it was then also that Miss Hannah first confessed her tenderness, and their engagement was readily sanctioned by her parents, although his worldly prospects were no longer so bright as when the acquaintance began. The succession to the Irish estate had opened, but his claim was disputed; a suit had commenced, and his lawyers honestly warned him that there was at least an equal chance of the decision being against him; if that were the issue, the remainder of his paternal property in England would not exempt him from the necessity of choosing some profession. His mother, too, had now entered on a second marriage, and this probably inferred a further diminution of expectations. The Gurney family, however, were generous and tender-hearted;—and old and young of them had by this time formed not only a warm liking for him, but a high estimate of his talents and his whole character. They were wise, too—for sad folly it is in any parents to cross a young woman of superior understanding, when she has deliberately given her affections to a gentleman of honor and principle, who has means enough for a fair start and has shown his capacity for industry. After the engagement was completed, he parted from them at Edinburgh; they to journey homewards by the eastern road; he to make his way by himself to Dublin. The last night they were together happening to be a blowy one, Miss Hannah requested a promise that he would not take any of the shorter passages, which she supposed to be attended with additional risks, and he promised accordingly. From some accident his travels were not smooth, and the term being at hand when he reached Lancashire, the temptation to embark at once was considerable; but Buxton kept his word, and proceeding through Wales to Holyhead, arrived safe—though late—at Trinity College, where his appearance was a happy relief to his fellow-students; for the Liverpool packet, in which it was supposed he must have taken his passage, had foundered in mid-channel, and out of 119 persons whom he had seen embark, and many of whom had urged him to accompany them, only one escaped to tell the tale.

On his arrival he received still more unfavorable reports as to his lawsuit, and, after some little hesitation, dismissed wholly the parliamentary proposal. He considered all worldly prospects as worthless, unless a speedy union with Miss Gurney were included; and to enter the House of Com-

mons would be to put it out of his power to engage in any course of professional industry. Moreover, he had a settled opinion, in which we are old-fashioned enough to concur, that no man should sit in the legislature unless his pecuniary position be one of perfect independence. Mr. North reluctantly acquiesced in his arguments, and that matter was at an end. He took his degree with great honor—was soon afterwards married, and went to live in a cottage near his mother in Devonshire. Before the year ended his first child was born, and the Irish lawsuit was determined against him; and his anxiety to do something for himself having been made known to his own and his wife's relations, he received ere long an offer of employment in the Hanbury brewery, with the prospect after three years' probation, of a share in the business. This met all his desires; he removed immediately to the spot, and devoting himself to the concern with the same zeal that had distinguished his academical life, he soon made himself thoroughly master of it. At the end of twelve months the partners gave him a house on the premises; in 1811 he was taken into the firm—bringing with him, we presume, some considerable capital; and during the seven ensuing years the brewery in Spitalfields occupied the man.

"Soon after his admission, his senior partners struck by his energy and force of mind, placed in his hands the difficult and responsible task of remodelling their whole system of management. It would be superfluous to enter into the details of his proceedings, though, perhaps, he never displayed greater vigor and firmness than in carrying through this undertaking. For two or three years he was occupied from morning till night in prosecuting, step by step, his plans of reform: a single example may indicate with what spirit he grappled with the difficulties that beset him on all sides.

"One of the principal clerks was an honest man, and a valuable servant; but he was wedded to the old system, and viewed with great antipathy the new partner's proposed innovations. At length, on one occasion he went so far as to thwart Mr. Buxton's plans. The latter took no notice of this at the time, except desiring him to attend in the counting-house at six o'clock the next morning. Mr. Buxton met him there at the appointed hour; and, without any expostulation, or a single angry word, desired him to produce his books, as he meant for the future; to undertake the charge of them himself, in addition to his other duties. Amazed at this decision, the clerk promised complete submission for the future; he made his wife intercede for him; and Mr. Buxton, who valued his character

and services, was at length induced to restore him to his place. They afterwards became very good friends, and the salutary effect of the changes introduced by Mr. Buxton was at length admitted by his leading opponent; nor, except in one instance, did he ever contend against them again. On that occasion Mr. Buxton merely sent him a message, 'that he had better meet him in the counting-house at six o'clock the next morning.' The book-keeper's opposition was heard of no more."—p. 41.

In the early part of his married life Mr. Buxton regularly accompanied his wife to her Quaker chapel: from 1811 he appears to have divided himself pretty equally between that and "the ministry of the Rev. Josiah Pratt, in Wheeler Chapel, Spitalfields." To Mr. Pratt's preaching he ever afterwards referred as the source of "his first real acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity:" but he had a dangerous illness in 1813, and the meditations of a slow recovery deepened the devotional feelings which that phraseology signifies. Several entries in the diary also refer to providential escapes which had influence. For example, in 1815—

"Mr. Back and I (he says) went into the brewery to survey the repairs which were going on; we were standing upon a plank, with only room for two, face to face; we changed places in order that I might survey a spot to which he was directing my attention; his hat was on—I was uncovered; as soon as we had changed places, several bricks fell from the roof, and one struck his head; his hat in some measure averted the blow, but he never recovered the injury, and died shortly afterwards of an oppression of the brain."—p. 55.

Again, in December, 1817—by which time he had ceased to be resident at the Brewery—

"On Saturday last, in consequence of an almost obsolete promise to sleep in town when all the other partners were absent, I slept at Brick Lane. S. Hoare had complained to me that several of our men were employed on the Sunday. To inquire into this, in the morning I went into the brewhouse, and was led to the examination of a vat containing 170 ton-weight of beer. I found it in what I considered a dangerous situation, and I intended to have it repaired the next morning. I did not anticipate any immediate danger, as it had stood so long. When I got to Wheeler Street Chapel, I did as I usually do in cases of difficulty,—I craved the direction of my heavenly Friend, who will give rest to the burthened and instruction to the ignorant. From that moment I became very uneasy, and instead of proceeding to Hampstead, as I had intended, I returned to Brick Lane. On examination I saw,



or thought I saw, a still further declension of the iron pillars which supported this immense weight, so I sent for a surveyor; but before he came I became apprehensive of immediate danger, and ordered the beer, though in a state of fermentation, to be let out. When he arrived he gave it as his decided opinion that the vat was actually sinking, that it was not secure for five minutes, and that if we had not emptied it, it would probably have fallen. Its fall would have knocked down our steam-engine, coppers, roof, with two great iron reservoirs full of water—in fact, the whole brewery.”—p. 74.

In his letters we now have frequent lamentations over infirmity of spirit—clear perceptions of the worthlessness and the nothingness of this world’s affairs, vehement resolutions henceforth to live only for the world to come, ever-recurring bemoanings that he has not been able to renounce his interest in the business or even in the pleasures of this transitory scene. Thus:—

“This habit of full engagement of the mind has its advantages in business and other things, but is attended with this serious disadvantage, that it immerses the mind so fully in its immediate object, that there is no room for thoughts of higher importance and more real moment to creep in. I feel this continually—the hours and hours that I spend in utter forgetfulness of that which I well know to be the only thing of importance! How very great a portion of one’s life there is in which one might as well be a heathen!”—p. 54.

“The true cause of my disquietude arises from a certain feature in my own mind, which I can hardly describe; a kind of unregulated ardor in any pursuit which appears to me to be of great importance, which takes captive all my faculties, and binds them down to that pursuit, and will not let them or me rest till it is accomplished. I hate this; it is so unpleasant to wake, and to go to sleep, with your head full of vats and tubs; and I disapprove it more than I hate it. No man, I think, can have more abstract conviction of the folly and futility of such engagement of heart upon objects so utterly trifling and undurable. I see that it is an infirmity; I deeply feel that it chokes the good seed, and is a most pernicious weed, and I feel the breaches that it makes in my own quiet; yet so much am I its slave, that it will intrude into the midst of such reflections, and carry me off to my next Gyle. How sincerely I do often wish that I could direct this fervent energy about temporals into its proper channel: that I could be as warm about things of infinite importance as I am about dust and ashes.”—p. 56.

Nothing of this will surprise anybody—but whoever knows the general course of Mr. Buxton’s history must feel some surprise that all through life, except the period

spent in Ireland, he was as much a sportsman as any man not wholly without what is commonly called business ever was or will be. Not more regular was the Meeting or Chapel at the opening of another keen week of his Gylery, than the escape from London and all its concerns for as many weeks as he could spare during the autumn and winter, and the eager occupation of almost every hour of them in the sports of the field. He was as unwearied in fishing and shooting as Chantrey or Davy—as fond of dogs as Scott—as complete a horseman and as knowing in horse-flesh as Charles Apperley. Since dogs have been mentioned, we must not pass an anecdote of this period of Buxton’s life, in which his nerve and decision and good feeling are strikingly told. He has been spending a Wednesday with his brother-in-law Mr. Hoare at Hampstead. A few days afterwards he writes to his wife, then in Norfolk:—

“*Spitalfields, July 15, 1816.*—As you must hear the story of our dog Prince, I may as well tell it you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at S. Hoare’s. David told me that there was something the matter with Prince, that he had killed the cat and almost killed the new dog, and had bit at him and Elizabeth. I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got into Hampstead I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously, and biting at everything. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys, and a man. Of course, I was exceedingly alarmed, being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him or kill him, or to drive him into some out-house, but in vain. At last he sprang up at a boy, and seized him by the breast; happily I was near him, and knocked him off with my whip. He then set off towards London, and I rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding. You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden Town and London, and at length considering that if ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, this was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Pryor’s gate, and I threw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck; he bit at me, and his struggles were so desperate that it seemed at first almost impossible to hold him, till I lifted him up in the air, when he was more easily managed, and I contrived to ring the bell. I was afraid that the foam, which was pouring from his mouth in his furious efforts to bite me, might get into some scratch, and do me injury; so with great difficulty I held him with one hand while I put the other into my pocket and forced on my glove; then I did the same with my other



hand, and at last the gardener opened the door, saying, "What do you want?" "I've brought you a mad dog," replied I; and telling him to get a strong chain, I walked into the yard, carrying the dog by the neck. I was determined not to kill him, as I thought if he should prove not to be mad, it would be such a satisfaction to the three persons whom he had bitten. I made the gardener (who was in a terrible fright) secure the collar round his neck and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then walking to its furthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his frantic struggles, I flung him away from me and sprang back. He made a desperate bound after me, but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. All that day he did nothing but rush to and fro, champing the foam which gushed from his jaws; we threw him meat, and he snatched at it with fury, but instantly dropped it again. The next day when I went to see him I thought the chain seemed worn, so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitchfork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck; when I pulled off the fork he sprang up and made a dash at me, which snapped the old chain in two! He died in forty-eight hours.—I shot all the dogs, and drowned all the cats. The man and boys who were bit are doing pretty well. Their wounds were immediately cut and burnt out."—p. 59.

It was also during the busiest of his brewer'ship that he addicted himself to the study of Political Economy, embraced zealously some of the most fashionable of its doctrines, and being touched with the propagandist spirit of this new sect, was willing to revive his practice of speaking, disused since the days of the Dublin Historical Society. The important citizen was welcomed into a debating club held in the legal part of the town, and composed principally of lawyers, but not without some intermixture of lay aspirants. Here he encountered his old schoolfellow Horace Twiss, who had some difficulty in recognizing the honest *elephant* of Greenwich in the keen dogmatist from Spitalfields. This, probably, was another of the carnal exertions that called for black marks in his diary; but he ere long found redeeming use of the accomplishment it had advanced.

His first public exhibition as a speaker was in a good cause, and one in which his situation made it especially his duty to bestir himself—that of the poor weavers of Spitalfields. While the Continent was shut up by the long war, our silk-manufacture at home flourished; every encouragement was given to the investment of capital in it, and the rapid growth of a population dependant wholly on their skill in its nice and delicate

task-works. From the moment of peace the fabrics of France and Italy acquired fresh energy, and having immense advantages in material and climate, needed only the legislation of "the heartless science" to achieve a ruinous discomfiture of the domestic industry. If we except the unhappy people of the Hebrides and the opposite coasts, all reduced at one fell swoop, the gentry to poverty, the peasants to destitution, by the sudden abolition of the barilla duty—no class suffered more fearfully than the ingenious community among whose long lines of low, frail, many-windowed tenements the big brewhouse towered like some Egyptian temple over Fellah hovels. They were his immediate neighbors; while they had money to spend, too a great part of it had been spent in the produce of his vats—but in their better times they had been on the whole inoffensive as well as profitable neighbors—they included many decent well-ordered families—not a few of them frequenters, like himself, of the Wheeler Chapel. The situation of these people invited, of course, the appearance among them of our never-failing brood of sedition-mongers—some of those vicious and therefore unprosperous adventurers, who are always ready to turn the misery of the ignorant into the weapon of their own ambition—that is, their rebellion against the rules of all civilized society. Doctor Watson and Lieutenant Thistlewood were first heard of in connexion with the Spitalfields meetings and riots of 1816. It is no particular reproach to those agitators that they never directed their efforts against the curable causes of the distress with which they pretended to sympathize:—either the habitual improvidence of our operative classes, who almost universally indulge in early marriages—abstinence from which is the rule for all the upper ranks, except the eldest sons of very opulent families—and who, having surrounded themselves with wives and children, seldom, very seldom, think of saving anything out of their wages when they are high, but leave the chances of sickness and the certainty of old age to take care of themselves, and consume in gross pampering of their appetites the money that might, if rightly husbanded, go far to secure an independence for old age, and even to rear their progeny for modes of life better than their own;—or yet the cruel conceit of those charlatans who, having taken up any theory, however new, are always eager for reducing it to immediate

practice, at whatever cost of pain and sorrow to however many; or the still more culpable folly of authoritative statesmen in allowing their policy to be guided by the pertinacity of such presumptuous and irresponsible inferiors. In these respects the demagogues of 1816 were no worse and no better than those of any subsequent excitement: but they were more rash in avowing the real objects of their hostility than any of our leading agitators between 1793 and 1848, because the splendid termination of the war had left the Whigs utterly prostrate, and none would have listened to them if they had ventured to put themselves in the front rank with the less alarming symbols of some ambi-traitorous delusion; which of course they were in a condition to adopt successfully in 1830, and have only eschewed since when (luckily for all parties) bound over by the occupancy or close expectancy of Downing-street. In 1816 the radicals were left to themselves, and they spoke plainly; avowedly then, as indubitably ever since, the one great object was the Cobbett Sponge; and neither Duke nor Archbishop saw more clearly than Messrs. Truman and Hanbury, that if faith were openly broken with the national creditor, he—whose name is indeed Legion—could never fall alone. But Buxton was kind of heart as well as shrewd, and no one will suspect him of having been mainly, even though unconsciously, swayed by other motives than those of religion and humanity, when he made his *débüt* in public speaking as the advocate of those afflicted and in part misled artisans.

A meeting at the Mansion House was attended by many men of note in the commercial world, and the speeches and the subscriptions (43,369*l.*) were alike honorable to the City. Buxton's address was admired. Lord Sidmouth was then, and throughout many perilous years, Secretary for the Home Department—in which office the single hearted benevolence of his character, combined with undaunted bravery, and a kindliness of manner which never detracted from the dignity of his position, enabled him to do more for his country than was ever done by the wits that ridiculed and the rhetoricians that eclipsed him. His share was small and reluctant in the incipient *liberalism* which, on the earliest opportunity, shook him off as an inconvenient memento of the ante-Huskissonian ages. On the second day he sent for Mr. Buxton "to inform him that the Prince Regent had

been so pleased by the spirit and temper of the meeting, and so strongly felt the claims that had been urged, that he had sent them 5,000*l.*" But this was not the only testimony of approbation from without. There was a chorus of praise from the newspapers—for paper-millers and type-founders and type-owners may be as sensitive on the subject of property as lords or brewers: and, moreover, the postman brought bushels of private encomium—and among the rest, the first letter that Wilberforce wrote to his destined successor. It contained these words:

"I cannot claim the merit of being influenced only by regard for the Spitalfields' sufferers in the pleasure I have received from your performances at the meeting. It is partly a selfish feeling, for I anticipate the success of the efforts which I trust you will one day make in other instances in an assembly in which I trust we shall be fellow-laborers, both in the motives by which we are actuated and in the objects to which our exertions will be directed."

"This communication," says the biographer, "may be deemed almost prophetic." We have no doubt that, like many other prophecies, it owed much of its fulfilment to itself. At all events, that field-day at the Mansion House proved to be the second turning point of Buxton's history.

"He was now launched upon that stream of labor for the good of others along which his course lay for the remainder of his life. . . . Having done *what he could* in relieving the miseries of his poor neighbors, he soon entered upon a wider field of benevolence."—p. 64.

It is our humble opinion that if his field had never extended beyond Spitalfields, he *could* and *must* have done more good to his species than was accomplished by all his subsequent "stream of labor." But to proceed—in the course of the following autumn, being on a visit to his wife's relations in Partridge-shire, he was pressed by one of them to attend a Bible Society meeting in the neighborhood, and there delivered a second speech, which extended his reputation and strengthened his confidence. Mrs. Fry now struck in; she had by this time applied herself to the condition of prisons throughout the empire—nay, throughout the world; and though she had a ready fellow-laborer in Mr. John Gurney, more help was wanted, and the help that Buxton could give would be the more welcome, because he did not, like herself and her worthy brother, actually belong to the Quaker body.



Mr. Gurney, though a man of good fortune, was not only a regular preacher of that sect, but a leading superintendent of its religious missions; his time was largely pre-occupied, and at any rate his persuasion was incompatible with Parliament. Mr. Buxton had now borne the burden of the brewery so long and so successfully, that in the opinion of the elder partners he ought to be relieved by a junior, as they themselves had been by him; the business had already enriched him too—he might henceforth, like them, participate in its profits without giving the bulk of his time. His capacity as a speaker was ascertained—perhaps amiably over-estimated; his ambition, it must have been obvious to eyes so near, had been touched; the Frys and Gurneys were very willing to echo Wilberforce's hint. He received, in short, every domestic encouragement to enter on a public career; and from this time we have frequent appearances at Bible Society and Missionary meetings, which drew him into close relations with the most prominent persons of what was then by far the most active religious party in the community—the party so long graced and dignified, and so immensely advanced in influence, by the character and talents of Wilberforce. His first exertions were naturally in that walk opened by Howard, which Mrs. Fry had so effectively re-opened, and to this hour no third name stands above Mr. Buxton's in connexion with it. He had never yet been on the Continent. One of the first uses he made of his freedom was to visit France and the Netherlands—but it was not a pleasure tour; he made part of two deputations—one from the Bible Society, whose leaders were anxious to establish branches or affiliations; the other from Mrs. Fry's Prison Society, to collect details as to the treatment of convicts in Ghent and Antwerp. The authorities were very civil in giving facilities for inspecting prisons, and he seems to have profited as much as any man who could not speak French was likely to do. Of the other Embassy less is said, but enough to show that he came away with very painful impressions as to the religious condition of the Continent—especially France. The Roman church was never in his eyes anything but a thinly disguised heathenism—but he saw a total indifference to the whole subject everywhere, and after a long enumeration of minor horrors at Paris, he finishes with “the eternal ejaculation of *Mon Dieu!*” Yet he seems, when at home, to have been fond of travel-

ling in and on stage-coaches. We are not told what came of his great plan for supplying the French regiments with bibles.

In his letters and diary while abroad there is a good deal—we do not wish to peak uncivilly, but we are at loss for a better phrase—of Quaker cant on the subject of war. It shocks him to think that more money than ever the Bible Society had had at its command should have been laid out in fortifying Dover and Calais. He meets nothing but courtesy and kindness over the water: *why*, he exclaims, had “these two nations of friends been cutting each other's throats for twenty years together!” And he talks with lofty impartiality of “our mutual rulers” having “judged that expedient.” But he answers himself with most effective simplicity by the anecdotes which he is obliged to record of Buonaparte's insolent and inhuman ambition and tyranny. We fortified Dover, and incurred other heavy expenses, in order that London breweries might not be plundered nor Norfolk Quakers conscribed.

On his return he drew up a short report on the foreign prisons, and this so pleased Mrs. Fry and her allies, that he was induced to expand it into a volume for publication. The “Inquiry into Prison Discipline” (1817) was the first and by far the best of his literary performances: it is a clearly arranged and neatly written book—the compilation of facts and documents careful and valuable, and the practical inferences drawn out and sustained with shrewdness and ingenuity. It not only raised his name among the classes with whom Mrs. Fry had most sway, but made a very favorable impression on Romilly, Mackintosh, Brougham and others, who had taken up in Parliament the question of a general revision of our criminal code. All our readers are well aware that when Mr. Peel became Home Secretary, he applied himself to this subject with energy and decision, and that from his official exertions chiefly sprang those many wise as well as merciful changes in that system which distinguished the reign of George IV. Whether our subsequent procedure in the direction of mitigation in punishments has always been wise—whether the views of Mrs. Fry and her original Quaker colleagues have not of late been carried out to a dangerous extent, is a different question—one of the gravest on which opinion is now divided. In a late article on the Pentonville Prison we gave Sir



James Graham's last summary of facts and figures; and our readers may draw their own inferences. We must note, however, that Mr. Buxton never adopted Mrs. Fry's opinion (or rather sentiment) on *one* point; he never gave any countenance to the crowning philanthropy which would abolish capital punishment altogether, even in the case of murder. From this extravagance he was saved by his respect for the Bible, whose plainest words he durst not with feminine rashness misinterpret.

The success of this book gave its author additional encouragement in his parliamentary views, and he soon attained his object. At the general election in 1818 he stood for Weymouth, which in those days returned four members. Two Tories came in—and two Whigs—of whom he was one, though perhaps he hardly knew it; for in his letters he seems almost as anxious to separate himself from “the party” whose colors he wore, as from the violence of the blue mob. The editor says, “elections at that time presented very different scenes from what they now afford;” and proceeds to tell us how Mr. Buxton had to preach against “corruption and bludgeons”—which, we must infer, are now alike abolished. It is not for us to guess what Mr. Buxton's definition of corruption would have been in 1818—but we find him writing on the eve of more than one subsequent election for the same place, in a style from which it is obvious that in his mind the end might occasionally justify the means. For instance:—

“I feel warranted in depriving my family of the sum my election will cost, considering the very peculiar situation in which the slave question stands. Without extravagantly overrating my own usefulness, I think it would be inconvenient for me to be out of Parliament just now (1826). There are plenty of people with more talents, but a great lack of those who truly love a good cause for its own sake, and whom no price would detach from it; and so, for this time, I feel warranted in *robbing my family*.”—p. 188.

As for “bludgeons,” many elections of 1818 were attended with disgraceful violence: it was the same on every subsequent occasion of strong party excitement. We hope Mr. Charles Buxton may never see the like hereafter.

Before we attend his father to the House of Commons, we may observe that the account of his domestic arrangements before, but especially after, the point we have reached in his history, presents features of

peculiarity marked to us—though whether, or how far, this peculiarity was personal, or, so to speak, sectarian, we are hardly qualified to judge. While his head-quarters were in the brewery, he appears to have usually rented a villa near London in partnership with some other family of the Gurney connexion—which is not, we believe, a sort of thing at all common in this country—indicating no doubt much of the amiable, but also, perhaps, a departure from what constitutes on the whole not the least valuable among the social characteristics of Englishmen. He now became joint-tenant with a brother-in-law of a large mansion and manor on the Windham estate, near the coast of Norfolk, and throughout a great part of his parliamentary life it was here alone that his wife and children had a home—he being contented with a lodging for himself in Westminster during the Session. There may have been special reasons for health—but we do not find anything of that kind stated in the book—and if there were not, the whole arrangement has to us a strange look. We understand why many members of parliament follow some such plan—they have inherited houses and estates in the country, and economy may be necessary—this separation is, perhaps, the heaviest price they pay for the seat. With others possibly the opportunity of the separation may be one of the seat's charms: but in the case of a virtuous and affectionate head of a family, blest with abundant fortune, it appears an odd device to choose to be quite apart from one's own fireside for more than half the year. Having no light but from the book, we are apt to conjecture that the ruling motive was neither more nor less than his now “ruling passion” for field sports—all the means and appliances of which he henceforth possessed on a scale of costly magnificence, and used and enjoyed with a zeal not surpassed in East-Anglia.

“No Arab ever took a greater delight in horses than Mr. Buxton; and several of his favorites, especially John Bull, Abraham, and Jeremie, were renowned for their strength and beauty. He was considered a very good judge, and never hesitated to give any price in order to render his stud more complete. Of dogs, too, he was very fond. He never lost his taste for shooting, and had the reputation of being a first-rate shot. Great pains were taken by him in the management of his game, especially in rearing his pheasants,” &c, &c.—pp. 162, 163.

He must have been a problem to the squires. The biographer gives every now

and then a bit of his diary—we wonder if he kept one note book only, or, like Mr. Wilberforce, two or three at the same time—if there was but one, a page or two of it *in extenso* would have been a curiosity. Any honest diary must show enough of patchwork, but we think we might safely back his for oddity of mosaic. We mean nothing disrespectful—we give him credit for simplicity and sincerity: but we can hardly fancy any reader keeping gravity before a running panorama of devout meditations and exhortations, philanthropic plans and petitions, notes of communings with black missionaries and murderers under concern—passionate lectures on the urgent necessity for mitigating the penalties of rape and robbery—interlarded at every other leaf with hacks, hunters, cubs, and coverts—brushes here and battues there—experiences of trolling for jack, and tribulations in wading after geese—controversies on percussion-caps, and backslidings of poachers—the only tract-proof sinners, to be left to the Cromer quorum until Michaelmas Sessions next before the Millennium. We give Mr. Buxton, we repeat, entire credit for sincerity—we believe him to have been a pious philanthropist, as well as a keen shot and an expert horse-breaker—but still one cannot but feel how very queerly *ἐπιπορευτικός* would look as an epithet in any hagiography. Sad and grievous lapses in the morality of a saint are, we confess, quite intelligible in comparison. Mr. Buxton's case, however, we must also acknowledge, appears to us less puzzling than others that we might refer to. He was an exceedingly short-sighted man, and he was destitute of music. We do not believe that the imaginative faculty ever can be highly developed unless the eye or the ear (one or other of them at the least) comes in exquisite perfection from the hand of Nature: and, after all, the only faculty of man in which, as far as observation goes, the inferior animals have no part, is imagination. We are less surprised than distressed to see a child blowing up a frog, or impaling a butterfly; but of all this world's wonders none is to us more incomprehensible than the fact, that there have been deep philosophers, solemn divines, nay, tender, thoughtful, meditative poets, who could wander from morn to dewy eve among woods and waters torturing fish and massacring birds.

There are several passages of Mr. Buxton's Diaries and letters in which he expresses dissatisfaction with these habits; but it is only the excessive indulgence in them

that he laments, and that simply as occupying so much of his time as to interfere with his study of this or that Calvinistic Treatise or Sugar-question Blue-book. Not a word of his own intimates that he who toiled for twenty years to emancipate the Negro, had ever allowed his mind to dwell for a moment on the question of man's right to inflict needless pain on any of God's humbler creatures. His son appears to have felt this silence as we do—and he therefore takes pains to assure us that Mr. Buxton was a humane fowler—that he never fired unless he was confident he could kill, and had a great aversion to the opposite practice of inferior sportsmen, in consequence of which the wounded far outnumber the slain—especially at great Norfolk gatherings (p. 163). It is obvious, however, that it is only a consummate artist who can be in this sense a humane one, and that such skill can only be the result of long practice. It is therefore admitted that the preparatory practice was a course of cruelty; and, as the narrative shows Mr. Buxton to have put guns into his boys' hands as soon as they could hold them, we doubt if the story is much mended by this filial supplement. Moreover, the supplement applies only to the shot. The rawest stripling, the rudest clown, is as anxious to kill outright as the most polished gentleman in the field can be—for, to send a pheasant or partridge away torn and helpless, to bleed out life by slow degrees in its thickets, or be pecked and gnawed to death by ravens and weasels, is on all sides allowed to be discreditable for the marksman. On the other hand, the greater the skill of the virtuoso, the longer does he play his salmon. Cruelty in this department gives the measure of accomplishment. Neither father nor son alludes to the mercy of the angler. But, in fact, the whole subject is not one that will bear arguing. If you once let in the question of degrees of pain, there is an end. In no *sport* is the mere extinction of the animal's life the principal object—the very word implies the reverse—it implies time for pursuit—that is, time for mortal fear—time for anguish. In the exact proportion that you abridge your *pastime* you bring yourself nearer to your butcher: and abridge the process as you may, you never can be so humane, in your actual character of executioner, as the tradesman in the blue apron easily may be—and as the law should compel him to be in all cases whatsoever.

Who could have looked for a paragraph like this in a Nimrod's diary?—



"I am bound to acknowledge that I have always found that my prayers have been heard and answered—not that I have in every instance (though in almost every instance I have) received what I asked for, nor do I expect or wish it. I always qualify my petitions by adding, provided that what I ask for is for my real good, and according to the will of my Lord. But with this qualification, I feel at liberty to submit my wants and wishes to God in small things as well as in great; and I am inclined to imagine that there are no 'little things' with Him. We see that His attention is as much bestowed upon what we call trifles as upon those things which we consider of mighty importance. His hand is as manifest in the feathers of a butterfly's wing, in the eye of an insect, in the folding and packing of a blossom, in the curious aqueducts by which a leaf is nourished, as in the creation of a world and in the laws by which the planets move. To our limited powers some things appear great and some inconsiderable: but He, infinite in all things, can lavish his power and his wisdom upon every part of His creation. Hence I feel permitted to offer up my prayers for everything that concerns me. I understand literally the injunction, 'Be careful for nothing, but in everything make your requests known unto God;' and I cannot but notice how amply these prayers have been met."—p. 197.

Mr. Buxton, when in the House of Commons, took an active part in the late Mr. Martin of Galway's measures for prevention of cruelty to animals. Thus in 1825 he writes to his wife:—

"February 25.—Mr. Martin brought forward last night a new Cruelty Bill. Sir M. Rileys and another member opposed it, and I evidently saw that there was so much disposition to sneer at and make game of Martin, that the bears and dogs would suffer. Up I got, and when I found myself on my legs I asked myself this cutting question: Have you anything to say? 'Not a syllable,' was the answer from within; but necessity has no law; speak I must, and so I did. We saved the bill, and all the dogs in England and bears in Christendom ought to howl us a congratulation."—p. 176.

Very well—but after all, have men more right "to mix their pleasure or their pride" with the panting agony of a stag, than with the discipline of a dancing squirrel or the madness of a baited bull?

But we must go back to the commencement of his parliamentary career. This is the entry of his diary on being elected in 1818:—

"Now that I am a member of Parliament, I feel earnest for the honest, diligent, and conscientious discharge of the duty I have undertaken. My prayer is for the guidance of God's

Holy Spirit, that, free from views of gain or popularity—that, careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand, I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares which may surround me; keep me from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, or prejudice or ambition, and so enlarge my heart to feel the sorrows of the wretched, the miserable condition of the guilty and the ignorant, that I may 'never turn my face from any poor man;' and so enlighten my understanding, that I may be a capable and resolute champion for those who want and deserve a friend."—pp. 80, 81.

The first important debate after he took his seat was (February, 1819) on the motion for a parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the Manchester Magistrates "on the occasion of the riot at Peterloo"—for so gravely writes the biographer, adopting, perhaps without knowing it, the slang phrase of the riot party. Next day Mr. Buxton says to Mr. John Joseph Gurney:—

"We have had a wonderful debate; really it has raised my idea of the capacity and ingenuity of the human mind. All the leaders spoke, and almost all outdid themselves. But Burdett stands first; his speech was absolutely the finest and the clearest, and the fairest display of masterly understanding that ever I heard; and with shame I ought to confess it, he did not utter a sentence to which I could not agree. Canning was second; if there be any difference between eloquence and sense, this was the difference between him and Burdett. He was exquisitely elegant, and kept the tide of reason and argument, irony, joke, invective, and declamation flowing, without abatement, for nearly three hours. Plunkett was third; he took hold of poor Mackintosh's argument, and gripped it to death; ingenious, subtle, yet clear and bold, and putting with the most logical distinctness to the House the errors of his antagonist. Next came Brougham—and what do you think of a fourth man who could keep alive the attention of the House from three to five in the morning, after a twelve hours' debate? Now, what was the impression made on my mind, you will ask. First, I voted with ministers, because I cannot bring myself to subject the Manchester magistrates to a parliamentary inquiry; but nothing has shaken my convictions that the magistrates, ministers, and all, have done exceedingly wrong. I am clear I voted right; and, indeed, I never need have any doubts when I vote with ministers, the bias being on the other side. Did the debate influence my ambition? Why, in one sense, it did. It convinced me that I have the opportunity of being a competitor on the



greatest arena that ever existed; but it also taught me that success in such a theatre is only for those who will devote their lives to it. Perhaps you will admire the presumption which entertains even the possibility of success. I am, I believe, rather absurd; but I hold a doctrine to which I owe—not much, indeed, but all the little success I ever had,—viz. that with ordinary talents and extraordinary perseverance all things are attainable. And give me ten years in age—ten times my constitution—and oblivion of the truth which paralyzes many an exertion of mine, that “vanity of vanities, all is vanity,” and especially that fame is so,—I say, give me these things, and I should not despair of parliamentary reputation; but to one who cannot bear fatigue of mind, who loves sporting better, who will not enlist under the banners of party—to such a being fame is absolutely forbidden. I am well content; I cannot expect the commodity for which I will not pay the price.”—p. 82.

The inconsistencies of this passage, and of his own feeling and conduct, are glaring—but there is something very pleasing in the effusion of the new Member. Soon afterwards there was a rumor of his old friend North's desiring to come into the House—and his letter on that occasion shows how he had already studied the scene:—

“April 19.—Perhaps you will like to hear the impression the House makes upon me. I do not wonder that so many distinguished men have failed in it. The speaking required is of a very peculiar kind: the House loves *good sense and joking*, and nothing else; and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which may be called *Philippian*. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated; all attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter. An easy flow of sterling, forcible, plain sense is indispensable; and this, combined with great powers of sarcasm, gives Brougham his station. Canning is an exception to this rule. His reason is seldom above mediocrity; but then it is recommended by language so wonderfully happy, by a manner so exquisitely elegant, and by wit so clear, so pungent, and so unpremeditated, that he contrives to beguile the House of its austerity. Tierney has never exerted himself much in my hearing. Wilberforce has more native eloquence than any of them, but he takes no pains, and allows himself to wander from his subject: he holds a very high rank in the estimation of the House. And now let me tell you a secret: these great creatures turn out, when viewed closely, to be but men, and men with whom you need not fear competition. I again, therefore, say, ‘Come among us,’ and I shall be greatly deceived if you do not hold a foremost place. I know you will be a Tory; you always were one in heart, and your wife will make you still worse; but we will contrive to agree together,

for I am not a Whig. I am one of those amphibious nondescripts called *Neutrals*: but how can I be anything else?”—p. 91.

In the course of that Session he delivered a maiden speech on his then pet theme, the harshness of the Criminal Law, and it gave him at once the place he ever after held in the estimation of the House as a speaker. He was not ready—he could do nothing without very careful preparation—he was no debater—and he had sense never to try at being an orator: but he seldom or never rose unless when he took a serious interest in the subject; and he arranged his facts with remarkable clearness. Having usually new and distinct information to communicate, and being by earnestness of purpose raised above the tremors of personal vanity, there never was a time when he would not have been well received in the House. His commanding person and voice, his known wealth and influence, were in their combination powerful advantages. He soon became second only to Wilberforce in the esteem of his own party, a small one in the House, but a large and most important one out of it.

In March, 1820, having been again successful at Weymouth (although his “eight children” are mentioned in the diary as arguments against the contest), he visits Mr. William Forster, a Quaker who had married one of his sisters, and who had just returned from a missionary expedition to America. He writes thus to Mr. J. J. Gurney:—

“How truly and exactly do the words *They left all and followed him*, convey my view of William's two years' absence from a home, a wife, a boy (not to mention the dear horse, and ducks, and flowers), the very darlings of his heart, all his wishes and desires centring in this spot! Well, I cannot pity him, I am more inclined to envy one who is wise enough to make a bargain so incontestably good. I went to Meeting with him twice to-day; his morning sermon on ‘Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding: In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths,’—was one of the very best I ever heard. But the text is one particularly interesting to me. I return home on Wednesday, and mean to study hard till Parliament meets, having at this time the following subjects in my mind:—The Criminal Law; the Prisons; the Police; Botany Bay; the Slave Trade; the Practice of burning Widows in India; Lotteries; Colonization; viz. Land for supporting Schools, and emancipation of Slaves; the Prosecution of the Quarterly Review by Order of the House, for *Labels on America*:—cum multis aliis.”—p. 95.

To the best of our recollection, he never honored this Review so far as to make it the subject of a motion in the House of Commons. He perhaps perceived by and by that the then House would not be likely to assume, at the nod of a clique, the new functions of Inquisitor-General over the British Press; but peradventure, moreover, as soon as the Slavery question came to be the uppermost one with him, his liberal zeal on behalf of the great American Republic began to subside. Certainly in the sequel many of his own most energetic speeches in that house were considered in a very large part of the United States as far worse "libels on America, than any he could have alleged against the poor Quarterly Reviewers. But we merely allude to the passage as illustrative of the natural tyranny of liberals.

He was by and by engaged *pro totis viribus* in the agitation as to the negroes. It is obvious that his attention was concentrated on that subject mainly in consequence of the earnest appeals of his wife's sister, Priscilla; but Wilberforce greatly encouraged him, and he did exert himself so strenuously, that when Mr. Wilberforce's own health forced him to quit parliamentary life, he expressly devolved the leadership in "the Cause of the African" on this vigorous lieutenant. Miss Priscilla seems to have lived chiefly under Buxton's roof; and we believe the diary that records her untimely death does not exaggerate the impression her talents had made among all who moved in her sphere. His account of her as a preacher, penned deliberately after he had heard the best speakers of his time, is one of the *memorabilia* of this book:

"I never knew an individual who was less one of the multitude than Priscilla Gurney. In her person, her manners, her views, there was nothing which was not the very reverse of common-place. There was an air of peace about her which was irresistible in reducing all with whom she conversed under her gentle influence. This was the effect on strangers; and in no degree was it abated by the closest intimacy. Something there was, undoubtedly, in the beauty of her countenance and in the extreme delicacy which constituted that beauty; in a complexion perfectly clear; in the simplicity and absence of all decoration but that of the most refined neatness, which, altogether, conveyed to every one's mind the strongest conception of purity;—and these attractions of person were aided by manners which nicely corresponded. No less remarkable were the powers of her mind. I have seldom known a person of such sterling ability;

and it is impossible to mention these mental powers without adverting to that great and, in my estimation, that astonishing display of them which was afforded by her ministry. I have listened to many eminent preachers, and many speakers also, but I deem her as perfect a speaker as ever I heard. The tone of her voice, her beauty, the singular clearness of her conception, and, above all, her own strong conviction that she was urging the truth, and truth of the utmost importance—the whole constituted a species of ministry which no one could hear, and which I am persuaded no one ever did hear, without a deep impression.

"Two or three days before Priscilla died she sent for me, as desiring to speak to me about something of importance. The moment she began to speak she was seized with a convulsion of coughing, which continued for a long time, racking her feeble frame. She still seemed determined to persevere, but at length, finding all strength exhausted, she pressed my hand and said, "The poor, dear slaves!" I could not but understand her meaning, for during her illness she had repeatedly urged me to make their cause and condition the first object of my life, feeling nothing so heavy on her heart as their sufferings."—p. 121.

From this time we may consider him as occupying, in respect to one great question at least, the position heretofore held by Wilberforce—whom he surpassed in regularity of habits, in all the proper qualities of the man of business, as far as he was behind him in that eloquence which implies genius; so that the order of succession was excellently adapted to the varying circumstances of the time: Wilberforce being the very man to stir the popular feeling, Buxton to wield it with systematic energy till it worked out the consummation. This North, who had studied the two men well, foretold with remarkable precision. Buxton had no Pitt near him; but not even a Pitt could ever have availed to restrain and regulate him as that illustrious man did the gentle Wilberforce. His coarser organization once thoroughly excited, there was no fear that either weight of intellect and authority or any sensitive delicate scruples of any sort would check its advance. "A Quaker," says Coleridge, "is made up of ice and flame. He has no composition, no mean temperature. Hence he is rarely interested about any public measure but he becomes a fanatic, and oversteps, in his irrespectful zeal, every decency and every right opposed to his course." (*Table Talk*, ii. 227). Mr. Buxton was almost a Quaker—it is probable that he would have been one altogether if he could have ceased to be a Nimrod, and



any sectarian deficiency was supplied by the instincts of the chase. From indecencies of manner he was saved as a gentleman; but though he at the outset could see opposing rights and intend to respect them, the steam of the struggle soon overclouded his perceptions, and he at last leaped in the dark rather than not be in at the death. But let no reader dread the *crambe recolta* of the Slave Emancipation Question. The controversy in its progress occupied much space in these pages—the results *hitherto* were analyzed in a very recent article, where the name of Buxton recurred at every other paragraph. Our present object is the man—and we shall only pause over a few remarkable steps in the political history, by which his character and the society that mainly influenced him are illustrated.

Here is part of a most Wilberforcian epistle, penned in October, 1822, immediately after a conclave of emancipators had been assembled at Cromer Hall:—

“My dear friend, never, I believe, while I remember anything, shall I forget the truly friendly reception we experienced under your hospitable roof. I love to muse about you all, and form suitable wishes for the comfort and good of each member of your happy circle—for a happy circle it is—and surely there is nothing in the world half so delightful as mutual confidence, affection, and sympathy—to feel esteem as well as good-will towards every human being around you, not only in your own house, but in the social circle that surrounds your dwelling, and to be conscious that every other being is teeming with the same esteem and love towards you. My dear friend, never shall I direct henceforth to Cromer Hall without a number of delightful associations. God bless you all—and so I trust He will. It is quite refreshing in such a world as this to think what a globule of friendship has been accumulated at Cromer from different little drops sprinkled over the sea-side. Give my kind remembrances to all friends. Ever affectionately yours, W. W.”

The following extracts from the Cromer diary enliven the very next page:—

“November, 1822.—At Holkham, Coke betted that I would kill 200 head in the last two days (November 18 and 19). The first it rained at half-past twelve. At one o'clock the party went home. In the two preceding hours I had killed 82 head, and I stayed out another hour. The bet was won easily the next day. This week I killed exactly 500 head.

“December 31, 1822.—Fine cold weather, very frosty, no snow. Found at Hempstead in the distant covers, eighteen woodcocks; one fled the country the first time he rose, one fairly beat me, and the remainder I brought home.”—p. 162.

To which the biographer adds—giving no name, but that Cambridge will hardly miss:

“Once, when he was staying with Mr. Coke at Holkham, a well-known professor was also one of the visitors. The venerable historian had never had a gun in his hand, but on this occasion Mr. Coke persuaded him to accompany the shooting-party; care, however, was taken to place him at a corner of the covert, where it was thought the other sportsmen would be out of his reach. When the rest of the party came up to the spot where he was standing, Mr. Coke said to him, ‘Well, what sport? You have been firing pretty often?’ ‘Hush!’ said the professor, ‘there it goes again;’ and he was just raising his gun to his shoulder, when a man walked very quietly from the bushes about seventy yards in front of him. It was one of the beaters who had been set to stop the pheasants, and his leather gaiters, dimly seen through the bushes, had been mistaken for a hare by the Professor, who, much surprised by its tenacity of life, had been firing at it whenever he saw it move. ‘But,’ said Mr. Buxton, ‘the man had never discovered that the Professor was shooting at him!’”—p. 163.

At the approach of the next Easter holidays Mr. Buxton writes thus to his wife:—

“March 22, 1823.—Wednesday is the very earliest day I can be down with you, and it requires all my energy and determination to keep to that. This minute Wilmot, Under-Secretary of State, has been here desiring me to call on Lord Bathurst on Wednesday relative to my Slave bill. I am very earnest about slavery; it seems to me that this is to be the main business of my life—this and Hindoo widows; I am well contented, and want no other business. How odd the transitions of the human mind are:—how occupied mine was with pheasants and partridges till I left Norfolk: and I firmly believe I have not thought of them five times during my whole stay in London; but they certainly occupied too much of my time in the autumn.”

It was about this time that Buxton first formally announced himself as the leader of the Anti-Slavery movement---we refer to his important speech of May, 1823, however, merely to recall distinctly the ground that he then took. His opening words (p. 130) were—

“The object at which we aim is the *extinction of slavery*—nothing less than the extinction of slavery—in nothing less than the whole of the British dominions; not, however, the rapid termination of that state; not the sudden emancipation of the negro; but such preparatory steps, such measures of precaution, as, by slow degrees, and in a course of years, *first fitting and qualifying the slaves for the enjoyment of freedom, shall gently conduct us to the annihilation of Slavery.*”



He proposed various modifications of management and discipline for the adults---and that the children born after the passing of his bill should be free. But within a few months he has made up his mind to a considerable step beyond this programme. Before January, 1824—

"Mr. Buxton was contemplating a new plan, namely, the emancipation of all children under seven years of age, ample compensation being granted to the masters: the children were to be educated and maintained by the British Government till they were seven years old, and then apprenticed to their former masters, after which they should be free."—p. 141.

This was a large advance---but still Mr. Buxton had not yet caught the full spirit of Coleridge's Quaker reformer. His speech of that year ended thus:—

"I have no hostility to the planters. Compensation to the planter, emancipation of the children of the negro—these are my desires, this is *the consummation*, the just and glorious consummation, on which my hopes are planted, and to which, *as long as I live*, my most strenuous efforts shall be directed!"—p. 149.

The biographer candidly or naïvely adds—

"During these first four years of the Anti-Slavery struggle, the leaders were chiefly employed in clearing the ground for future operations."—p. 155.

Mr. Buxton's public exertions were suspended in 1827, in consequence of the violence of the excitement in which he now was involved: the Quaker in him had literally become flame. His diary says:—

"About the middle of May my physician described my state by saying, 'You are on fire, though you are not in a blaze.' I concealed from others—I did not even admit to myself—the extent of my indisposition. I could not doubt that I felt ill, but I was willing to suppose that these were nervous feelings, the effects of fatigue of mind, and that they would vanish, as they had often done before, when the question was at an end. On Saturday, May 19th, I took a survey of the case of cruelty to the negroes, and for two or three hours I was distressed beyond measure, and as much exasperated as distressed, by that scene of horrid oppression. I never in my life was so much moved by anything, and I was so exhausted by the excitement, that I could not that day renew my exertions. The next morning I awoke feeling very unwell. My wife and the family went to a place of worship, and my daughter remained with me; I think, but I have not any clear re-

collections, that I told her about twelve o'clock to send for Dr. Farre. I have a vague idea of my wife's return, but beyond that all is lost to me. The fact was, that I was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and it was not till the following Wednesday that I showed any symptoms of recovery. I am glad that the first object I noticed was my dear wife. I well remember the expression of deep anxiety upon her countenance, and I am sure I had seen it before. To her delight I spoke to her, and the words I used were those that expressed my unbounded affection towards her. Thanks to her care, joined to that of my brothers and sisters, and of the medical attendants, I gradually recovered."

"So deeply," adds his son, "had the subject which caused this alarming seizure become rooted in his mind, that almost his first words, on recovering full consciousness, were uttered in a decided tone, to the effect that he must get up and go to the House, to bring forward his motion on the Mauritius. When told that the day was already past, he would not give credit to the statement, till it was put beyond doubt by reference to the newspaper in which the proceedings of the House on the evening in question were reported."—p. 193.

Mr. Buxton recovered slowly, and there was in this agitation a lull that lasted until—the political changes of 1827 having produced in natural succession those of 1828 and 1829—fit audience had been prepared for the rampant Whiggery of 1830—proclaiming by its far more effective voice: "Be it mine to fan the sacred flame." Now is the time for every people in Europe to take a degree in the University of Paris!"—fatal, too late repented words! Buxton heard and was not disobedient.

Almost all his friends in and out of the House became Reformers—and he supported "the Bill and the whole Bill" in all its stages; but there is nothing in the book that conveys the least impression of his having taken any real interest in that matter on its own merits. He appears to have voted with the Whigs, partly no doubt as a Whig, but principally because Lord Grey's Government included several of his old colleagues in the Anti-Slavery Committees (Brougham, Howick, &c.), and he anticipated from that Government, if fixed in power, a cordial readiness to forward his special object in the manner most approved by himself. Among other fraternizing scenes of 1831 was a grand beefsteak dinner at the brewery in Spitalfields—Buxton (now the chief partner) in the chair, between Lord Chancellor Brougham and the Duke of Richmond—while Mr. Joseph Gurney, croupier, was flanked by Earl Grey and Dr. Lushington,

Lords Cleveland, Durham, Sefton, Duncannon, &c., &c., were present—in all twenty-three luminaries. Mr. Gurney writes:—

"The Premier, grave and thoughtful as he seemed, did great justice to our dinner. 'Milord Grey,' cried the Spanish General Alava to him, as he was availing himself of a fresh supply of beefsteaks (pronounced by the Lord Chancellor to be 'perfect')—'Milord Grey, vous êtes à votre *sixième*.' The contrast between Lord Grey and Alava was curious: the former, the dignified, stiff, sedate British nobleman of the old school; the latter, the entertaining, entertained, and voluble foreigner. He had been the faithful companion of the Duke of Wellington through most of his campaigns, and now had displayed his usual energy by coming up all the way from Walmer Castle, near Dover, in order to help in devouring the product of the stokehole in Spitalfields. The Lord Chancellor was in high glee: he came in a shabby black coat and very old hat; strangely different from the starred, gartered, and cocked-hat dignity of the venerable Premier. When the dinner was ended I quitted my post by Lord Grey, and joined Buxton at the top of the table. He was telling a story on the subject of Reform (the only way in which that subject could be mentioned, as Tories were present). A stage coachman, said he, was driving a pair of sorry horses the other day from London to Greenwich. One of them stumbled, and nearly fell. 'Get up, you *borough-mongering* rascal, you!' said the coachman to the poor beast, as he laid the whip across his back. The Lord Chancellor laughed heartily at this story. 'How like my Lord — there was the old horse!' said he to me, laughing and putting his hands before his face—Lord — sitting opposite to us. . . . Buxton now left us, to talk with Lord Grey, whom he very much delighted by praising Lord Howick's speech upon slavery. It was a speech which deserved praise for its honesty and feeling, as well as for its talent. But the old Premier seemed to think that his son had been carried by his zeal rather too far. Something led us to talk about Paley, and I mentioned the story of his having on his death-bed condemned his Moral Philosophy, and declared his preference of the *Horæ Paulinæ* above all his other works. This led Brougham to speak of both those works. 'Did you ever hear that King George III. was requested by Mr. Pitt to make Paley a bishop? The King refused; and taking down the Moral Philosophy from the shelf, he showed Pitt the passage in which he justifies subscription to Articles not fully credited, on the ground of expediency. 'This,' said the King, 'is my reason for not making him a bishop.' Lord Grey overheard the Chancellor's story and confirmed it; 'but,' added the Chancellor, 'I believe the true reason why George III. refused to make Paley a bishop was, that he had compared the divine right of kings to the divine right of constables!'

"The Chancellor was very cordial, and we were all delighted with his entertaining rapidity

of thought, ready wit, and evident good feeling. Nor was it possible to be otherwise than pleased with all our guests, with whom we parted about eleven o'clock at night, after a flowing, exhilarating, and not altogether uninteresting day."

Buxton himself says:—

"Our party went off in all respects to my satisfaction, Talleyrand could not come, having just received an account of Prince Leopold being elected king of Belgium. Brougham said this was a severe disappointment, as his Excellency never eats or drinks but once a day, and had depended on my beefsteaks. The party arrived at about six o'clock. I first led them to the steam engine; Brougham ascended the steps and commenced a lecture upon steam-power, and told many entertaining anecdotes; and when we left the engine, he went on lecturing as to the other parts of the machinery, so that Joseph Gurney said he understood brewing better than any person on the premises. I had Mr. Gow up with his accounts, to explain how much our horses each cost per annum; and Brougham entered into long calculations upon this subject. To describe the variety of his conversation is impossible—

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

We had no speeches, but conversation flowed, or rather roared like a torrent. The Chancellor lost not a moment; he was always eating, drinking, talking, or laughing; his powers of laughing seemed on a level with his other capacities. Talking of grace before dinner, he said, 'I like the Dutch grace best; they sit perfectly still and quiet for a minute or two. I thought it very solemn.' He inquired the wages of the draymen. I told him about 45s. weekly, and we allowed them to provide substitutes for a day or two in the week, but we insist on their paying them at the rate of 26s. per week. 'Yes,' said he, 'I understand; these rich and benefited gentry employ curates, and the curates of the draymen get about as much salary as those of the clergy.' After dinner we took them to the stables to see the horses. Somebody said, 'Now the Lord Chancellor will be at a loss; at all events he knows nothing about horses.' However, fortune favored him, for he selected one of the best of them, and pointed out his merits. Some one proposed that he should get upon his back, and ride him round the yard, which he seemed very willing to do; and thus ends my history of the Lord Chancellor."—pp. 265-268.

We have been quoting the most piquant among the lighter pages of this book; but we wish we had room for several chapters immediately ensuing, which the student of history will find as amusing as instructive. These depict in great detail—and the detail here is everything—the battle that Buxton after all had to fight with the Government



collectively, and with almost every leading man in it individually—the long stiff battle of dogged determined *onesidedness*, against the reason and justice of some, and the at last awakened prudence of responsibility in others. This is the most curious study yet produced for the physiologist of the squeezable kingdom.

Lord Grey, even in the genial hour of the brewery beefsteak, “feared his son had been carried too far by his zeal:” by and by, as the practical difficulties—the economical, financial, imperial consequences of the meditated consummation force themselves on younger men, they one after another give plain signs of shrinking. We especially commiserate poor Lord Althorp, who as leader of the Commons has to stand the brunt against the indomitable Buxton. “Is the man mad?”—cries Lord Brougham (p. 290), “he must yield!”—but there is no notion now of allowing his lordship to regulate the paces of the dray-horse hobby. Even Dr. Lushington whispers caution— forbearance—a little delay, but a little—*Et tu Brute!* And it is all in vain. A selected paragraph or two can give no notion of this protracted struggle; but merely to whet curiosity, we shall take part of a long letter, quite a despatch, written by one of Mr. Buxton’s daughters after the debate of May 24, 1832. During several preceding days, she says, things had gone on in ‘the usual course!’

“Every possible assault from friend and foe to make my father put off his motion, and when that was found hopeless, to induce him to soften it down, or not to divide the House! Dr. Lushington was of opinion that it would endanger the cause to persevere, and difference of opinion with him is worse than anything to my father. The Government were also most pressing, and the terms they offered extremely tempting. On Tuesday morning my father and Dr. Lushington were a long time with Lord Althorp and Lord Howick, both of whom used every argument and almost every entreaty. I believe he did not reply much at the time, but was cruelly beset, and acutely alive to the pain of refusing them, and, as they said, of embarrassing all their measures and giving their enemies a handle at this tottering moment. They said, besides, that the public were so occupied with Reform, that it was only wasting the strength of the cause; nobody would listen, and the effect would be wholly lost, whereas if he would wait a little, they would all go with him; their hearts were in fact with him, and all would be smooth if he would have a little reason and patience. On his return, he related all this to us, and proposed writing a letter to Lord Althorp, previous to the final interview.”—p. 287.

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Then she copies the letter, in which Buxton expresses himself so firmly that Lord Althorp, on their meeting a few hours afterwards, told him he “saw it was of no use attempting to turn him.” So they “resolved on their several courses”—Buxton to bring forward his motion for *abolition* “with a due regard to the *safety* of all parties concerned”—Lord Althorp to move an amendment, viz., the addition of the words “conformably to the resolutions of 1823”—Canning’s judicious and statesmanlike resolutions. Accordingly Buxton spoke “very well indeed”—Mr. Macaulay was “strongly eloquent”—Lord Howick “capital:” Lord Althorp made his proposal, and then—the lady says,

“Then came the trial; they (privately) besought my father to give way, and not to press them to a division. ‘They hated,’ they said, ‘dividing against him, when their hearts were all for him; it was merely a nominal difference—why should he split hairs?—he was sure to be beaten—where was the use of bringing them all into difficulty and making them vote against him?’ He told us that he thought he had a hundred applications of this kind in the course of the evening; in short, nearly every friend he had in the House came to him, and by all considerations of reason and friendship besought him to give way. Mr. Evans was almost the only person who took the other side. I watched my father with indescribable anxiety, seeing the members, one after the other, come and sit down by him, and judging but too well from their gestures what their errand was. One of them went to him four times, and at last sent up a note to him with these words, ‘immovable as ever?’ To my uncle Hoare, who was under the gallery, they went repeatedly, but with no success, for he would only send him a message to persevere. My uncle described to me one gentleman, not a member, who was near him under the gallery, as having been in a high agitation all the evening, exclaiming, ‘Oh, he won’t stand! Oh, he’ll yield! I’d give a hundred pounds, I’d give a thousand pounds, to have him divide! Noble! noble! What a noble fellow he is!’ according to the various changes in the aspect of things. Among others, Mr. H— came across to try his eloquence; ‘Now don’t be so obstinate; just put in this one word, “interest;” it makes no real difference, and then all will be easy. You will only alienate the Government—Now,’ said he, ‘I’ll just tell Lord Althorp you have consented.’ My father replied ‘I don’t think I exaggerate when I say I would rather your head were off, and mine too; I am sure I had rather yours were!’ What a trial it was! He said afterwards, that he could compare it to nothing but a continual tooth-drawing the whole evening. At length he rose to reply, and very touchingly alluded to the effort he had to make, but said he was bound in conscience to do it and that he *would* divide the House. Ac-

cordingly the question was put. The Speaker said, 'I think the noes have it.' Never shall I forget the tone in which his solitary voice replied, 'No, sir.' 'The noes must go forth,' said the Speaker, and all the House appeared to troop out. Those within were counted, and amounted to ninety. This was a minority far beyond our expectations, and from fifty upwards, my heart beat higher at every number. I went round to the other side of the ventilator to see them coming in. How my heart fell as they reached 88, 89, 90, 91, and the string still not at an end; and it went on to 136. So Lord Althorp's amendment was carried. At 2 o'clock in the morning it was over, and for the first time my father came up to see us in the ventilator. I soon saw that it was almost too sore a subject to touch upon; he was so wounded at having vexed all his friends. Mr. — would not speak to him after it was over, so angry was he; and for days after when my father came home, he used to mention, with real pain, somebody or other who would not return his bow. On Friday, Dr. Lushington came here and cheered him, saying 'Well, that minority was a great victory.'—p. 292.

In a few days Lord Althorp said to Mr. Macaulay, "That division of Buxton's has settled the Slavery question." The Government, after a decent little pause, undertook the question, and Buxton considered himself as virtually *Emeritus*. But no further examination in cooler blood once more staggered the ministry—they faltered—they began to split hairs—at last they gathered courage and signified that they found it impossible to take the initiative. On this Lord Howick retired from office; he had committed himself too deeply for retraction. Then Buxton understood the case—then at last, sick at heart of "Whiggery and Red Tapery," he gave the signal for "a decisive movement of the religious public." Meeting follows meeting—wherever any man guilty of official or colonial experience arises, he is roared and hooted down. The "Women of Britain" are appealed to—72,000 of them sign (who asks what?) in a week. The day had been, and no distant day, when Mr. Buxton, already in Parliament, said to his old uncle, "I quite agree with you in reprobating the Radicals: I am persuaded that their object is the subversion of the Constitution and of religion," (p. 82)—but now the Radicals were not to be despised—they were too happy to co-operate in any crusade against property, especially property for which the government appeared to have any lingering feeling of respect—in any crusade against any law—against any authority but that of noise. The time had

been when Mr. Buxton's friendships were Irish, and among the highest and purest classes of Irishmen—he now received and welcomed the alliance of Mr. O'Connell, "who gave an energetic support" (p. 261). With such advisers the petition-manufacture could not but reach a splendid development. Mr. Buxton brags of all the women in his house being busy with "tureens of paste" and "every thing in proportion,"—the petitions "like feather beds," &c. &c. (p. 321). Mr. Buxton invites "members of the Established Church, together with the principal dissenting bodies, to unite in setting apart the 16th of January as a day of prayer on the subject of slavery;"—and finally, he invites the anti-slavery societies from Cornwall to Caithness "to choose delegates," and send them up to hold "a congress in London," to watch the proceedings of Parliament. Exeter Hall was opened. This was the last turn of the screw. The Government surrenders—and in due course of nature the House of Lords surrenders too.

"On Tuesday, the 20th" (August, 1833), writes Miss Buxton, "was the third reading in the Lords. Dr. Lushington came in afterwards, unexpectedly to dinner; he seemed very much pleased with the events of the session, which he discussed in the most lively manner. Lord Althorp said to him in the House a few days ago, 'Well! you and Buxton have wielded a power too great for any individuals in this House. I hope we shall never see such another instance.' Among other incidents, it was mentioned that one day, in the House of Lords, Lord Grey went up to my father to speak to him. The Duke of Wellington said, 'I see what the influence is, under which you are; and if that individual is to have more power than Lords and Commons both, we may as well give up the bill.' All the Commons' ministers who were standing there were highly entertained."—p. 336.

"Highly entertained!" The only wonder is that ministers capable of smiling at such a moment had preserved spirit enough to stand up even then for some compensation to the planters. We confess it also strikes us as wonderful under all the circumstances of the case, considering the eager craft and the furious imbecility that surrounded Buxton out of doors, the pain and anxiety which the Whig vacillations had cost him, and the general contempt amidst which they alone by their felicitous idiosyncrasy could have smiled—it does strike us, we say, as wonderful that Buxton at that moment stood firm as to the compensation; and though he did so by no



means on high grounds—since, wholly overlooking the history of British legislation, he still denied that the planters could have any “moral claim;”—never gave the slightest attention to the facts that the slave trade was begun and fostered by express authority of the Government—that the planters earnestly desired to have it stopped long before Wilberforce was heard of, because, as they justly said, till it was stopped they never could set about the civilization of their own black people with the least chance of success—and that all these movements of the planters were treated with contempt by the Government:—though all this be true, and though, moreover, Buxton was greatly influenced by fantastic anticipations, to which he clung with the blindest pertinacity in spite of all the warnings of all the knowing—with all these deductions it is still just to praise him: for it was entirely due to him and a very few friends of his, men of property and of business, engaged in the exterior agitation, that the Government and the nation were saved the irredeemable disgrace—the utter moral ruin—of an abrupt and unmitigated revolutionary confiscation. Mr. Buxton had clung, we have said, to fantastic anticipations; he had never parted with his belief that, as soon as they ceased to be slaves, “the negroes would go to work for wages” (p. 189). He also still held by the apprentice clause as an essential and inseparable part of the emancipation scheme. But on this point, as on all the rest, he was to be confuted,—and that speedily. He had carried his squeezing experiment to a successful issue, but the instruments he used were beyond his permanent control: the one exertion for which we have been allowing him credit seems to have exhausted his means of check, and with them every chance of pause was gone. But, indeed, when we consider the low grounds on which he himself defended that insulated resistance, it may seem idle to wonder that, his effort over, the glowing masses told on him as his reason, when he was comparatively reasonable, had never told upon them. When compelled in London to “transact business” with responsible ministers, he was never—the hesitations and misgivings here faithfully and most curiously detailed show it—the same man that his Exeter-Hall audiences found in him. Then the atmosphere was unmixed: his fanaticism recovered its Quaker-heat; and in truth, when we see the physical symptoms of ex-

citement that chequer his story, we should think it rash, in not a few cases, to draw the line between fervor and fever.

Meanwhile the man who had triumphed “over Lords and Commons” must needs be even in the worldly world something of what that world calls a lion. Mr. Buxton has his share in its curiosity and even *engouement*, and real Quakers seldom disdain to taste of that cup when proffered. This affords some entertaining episodes to break the increasing sombreness of the closing chapters. Not the worst is a dinner at Ham House, that uncontaminated antique, the favorite residence of the Duke of Lauderdale—still left, outside and inside, as he inhabited and as Horace Walpole described it\*—which the gay visitors of Richmond hill can scarce catch a glimpse of, when the coeval groves about are in full leaf—by far the most curious of the many interesting old places near the metropolis. Here in those days lived the Duke’s descendant, the late Countess of Dysart, herself as venerable a relic as any she had in her keeping; and here it was her fancy to assemble on summer Saturdays as picturesque mixtures of fashion, finery, and notoriety in all its shapes and shades, as ever diverted the languors of any Castle of Indolence. Here Mr. Buxton was introduced one day---we think we could guess by whom---and though the day seems not to have been a first-rate one, for he fell on no conglomeration of prime ministers and quack-doctors, bishops and baptists, actresses and duchesses, Turk ambassadors and Carbonari, yet, as a great London brewer, he was in good luck: for it seems that he then for the first time met in society the most illustrious of modern Israelites:—

“We yesterday dined at Ham House; and very amusing it was. Rothschild told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. ‘There was not,’ he said, ‘room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself: he was quite the great man and did us a favor if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday; I said to my father, ‘I will go to England.’ I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started; the nearer I got to England the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester I laid out all my money, things were so cheap; and I made good profit. I soon found that there were three profits—the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, ‘I

\* Collective Edition of Letters, v. 273.

will supply you with materials and die, and you supply me with manufactured goods.' So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made my 20,000*l.* into 60,000*l.* My success all turned on one maxim. I said, I can do what another man can, and so I am a match for the man with the patterns, and for all the rest of them! Another advantage I had. I was an off-hand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London the East India Company had 800,000 lbs. of gold to sell. I went to the sale and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and *I sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did.*"

"Another maxim, on which he seemed to place great reliance, was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. 'I have seen,' said he, 'many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well; but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?' By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions of money.

"'I hope,' said —, 'that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that.' Rothschild—'*I am sure I should wish that.* I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy. Stick to one business, young man,' said he to Edward; 'stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the Gazette. One of my neighbors is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear first, grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm. I am always in good humor. Sometimes to amuse myself I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes—it is very amusing.'"—p. 343.

The reader will not fail to note the way in which Mr. Buxton records the old Jew's superstition about "men of luck;" nor, we think, to commend the use Lord Ellenborough made of other things in this letter on the night of May 25th, 1848, in the Lords' debate on the Russell and Rothschild Jew Bill. A capital patriarch for a tribe of English senators!

On the eve of the general election in 1837, Mr. Buxton found reason to believe

that, notwithstanding all his long and distinguished services as representative of Weymouth, he should have no chance of being returned again, unless he chose "to open public-houses, and lend money (a gentle name for bribery) to the extent of £1,000." (p. 422.) He therefore declined the poll. We suppose that, the *farniente* of the negro being secure, his natural sense of the horrors of beer and bribery among hard-worked Britons resumed its sway. On this occasion, he says, he had an interview with an official dignitary (name left blank), who "said more about the regret of the Government than he (Buxton) would like to repeat." (p. 423.) Amiable Government! He adds that he had offers from a score of more liberal constituencies—however, he bowed them all off—and he never entered Parliament again. But he had got too much in the habit of out-of-doors agitation to keep long away from that; and undeterred by the daily accumulating evidences that the measure squeezed from the Whigs was to turn out, as an economical and political one, most disastrous, others from the same *guilery* were successively advocated with the same boldness of miscalculation, and carried through by the same ever-ready machinery. The details of the minor experiments may be left to these Memoirs; those of the great crowning adventure—the organization of a society for the final suppression of the slave-trade between Africa and whatever lies on the *western* side of the Atlantic, with and mainly through the establishment of a grand "*capital and citadel of Christianity, civilization, and legitimate industry and commerce in the centre of the African continent*"—the buoyant rapture with which this scheme was received, the eager and lavish supplies of the Government, the countenance afforded by royalty, the brilliant start of the expedition, its absurd progress and calamitous ending—all these circumstances were brought under review in our last Number (article *Friends of the African*).

In June, 1840, soon after the "glorious meeting" in Exeter Hall, at which, by Lord Melbourne's advice, Prince Albert presided over the inauguration of the "African Civilization Association," Lord John Russell conveyed to Mr. Buxton her Majesty's gracious intentions of elevating him to the baronetcy; which honor he, "after a little hesitation," accepted from the gratitude of the "regretting" Whigs. This



distinction came to him, it would seem, at a moment of collapse---(the equipment of the Niger fleet had cost him extraordinary labor)---for he (p. 524) complains that "his listlessness reaches even to his two pet pursuits, negroes and partridges"---(it would have sounded better and been more true to say *partridge and planter*): but he assumed for the motto to his knightly escutcheon the last five syllables of the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do it with thy might*;" and we hope the title gratified himself, besides flattering (which was of course the object) his anti-pomp-and-vanity associates.

He soon recovered his sporting ardor---for one of the next letters was chiefly on the merits of a new shooting pony, by name *Abraham*, who "is fond of porter, and prefers ours." He spent the winter of 1840-1 at Rome and Naples, and his journal is largely diversified with anecdotes of boar-hunting---which he confesses rather put him out of conceit with the tamer diversions of Norfolk. He also, however, gave attention to the prisons of both states; nor was he without curiosity for their antiquities, though he seems to have had little or none for their picture-galleries. His sketch of Pompeii is readable even after Lord Dudley's.

On his return in autumn, he went to see a daughter married in Scotland, and then visited several renowned preserves in the Highlands---among others Lord Breadalbane's at the Black Mount, where he made his debut as a deer stalker. He felt anxious to make an appropriate return; and a cousin of his being then in Norway, requested him to collect a flock of capercailzies. This was set about by a new "movement of the religious public"---namely, by getting a score of the mountain clergy to offer rewards for so many cocks and hens from the pulpit after sermon. However, cocks and hens were procured---Sir Fowell's game-keeper went to Norway, and thence carried them in safety to Taymouth---and thus we owe to the new brewing baronet the restoration of the feathered giant of the Grampian forests. The birds have so multiplied that they are again *game*, and Sir Fowell's son was complimented with being invited to shoot the first capercailzie when her Majesty honored the Marquis with a visit two or three years ago.

But now came heavy tidings. Let the affectionate biographer speak:—

"It may well be conceived with what anguish Sir Fowell Buxton received the melancholy

tidings of the Niger Expedition. His health, which had been undermined before, became gradually more feeble, and he could no longer bear any sustained mental exertion, especially if attended by any sense of responsibility. To a man, the law of whose nature it was to be at work with head, hand, and heart, it was no slight trial to be thus prematurely laid aside. He was only fifty-five years of age, but already the evening was come of his day of ceaseless toil, nor was its close brightened by the beams of success and joy. When unconscious that he was observed, he would at times utter such groans as if his heart were sinking beneath its load. But his grief was not of that kind described by South, which 'runs out in voice.' He rarely spoke of the Expedition—to Captain Bird Allen's death he could scarcely allude at all; but his grave demeanor, his worn, pale face, the abstraction of his manner, and the intense fervor of his supplications that God would 'pity poor Africa'—these showed too well the poignancy of his feelings."—p. 553.

Sir Fowell survived for three years after this—but they were melancholy years: his energies dwindled—he could hardly sit *Abraham* long enough to fill a very modest bag—and though while he was at all able to leave home he was very ready to attend any meetings connected with the African cause, and as his son says, 'while candidly admitting the ruin of his own scheme, cherished hopes that the same great end might be accomplished in some other and better way' (p. 553)—we do not suppose that any readers of the book, or even of our imperfect summary, will doubt that the blow of that grand disappointment was more than he could bear. Nor will many of them confound his case with that of a mere politician whose calculations and predictions have been put to the test and failed. We quoted, several pages back, in reference to a different subject, some paragraphs from his diary, in which he records the minuteness of his prayers, and the assurance he felt that, with rare exceptions, his petitions had been answered with favor. He says that he "offered up his prayers for everything that concerned him" (p. 197); and—whether or not he had his private *Collects* for the 12th of August, the 1st of October, &c.—there can be no doubt that he includes the least of African incidents among the "things that concerned him."—Moreover he was not free from a superstition that had, we thought, died out long before his day: he evidently made a practice of opening his Bible, in moments of emergence and anxiety, on the principle of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. What then must have been his misgivings when the crushing ca-

tastrophe came? But we have no desire to dwell on matters of this sort. Indeed we do not think his character, however salient some of its inconsistencies, is one on the whole difficult to be understood. It was very right that his Biography should be written: and since his friends are subscribing for a

statue in Westminster Abbey, we have only to hope that they may select a sculpture capable of doing justice to all his "pet pursuits" in the relievos of the pedestal—and that the monument may be visible before our Colonial Empire has disappeared.

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From the North British Review.

### ALEXANDER POPE.

*The Works of Alexander Pope, Esquire.* By W. Roscoe, Esq. A New Edition. In eight vols. London, 1847.

EVERY great classic in our native language should from time to time be reviewed anew; and especially if he belongs in any considerable extent to that section of the literature which connects itself with manners; and if his reputation originally, or his style of composition, is likely to have been much influenced by the transient fashion of his own age. The withdrawal, for instance, from a dramatic poet, or a satirist, of any false lustre which he has owed to his momentary connexion with what we may call the *personalities* of a fleeting generation, or of any undue shelter to his errors which may have gathered round them from political bias, or from intellectual infirmities amongst his partizans, will sometimes seriously modify, after a century or so, the fairest *original* appreciation of a fine writer. A window, composed of Claude Lorraine glasses, spreads over the landscape outside a disturbing effect, which not the most practised eye can evade. The *idola theatri* affect us all. No man escapes the contagion from his contemporary bystanders. And the reader may see further on, that, had Pope been merely a satiric poet, he must in these times have laid down much of the splendor which surrounds him in our traditional estimate of his merit. Such a renunciation would be a forfeit—not always to errors in himself—but sometimes to errors in that state of English society, which forced the ablest writer into a collusion with its own meretricious tastes. The an ithetical prose "characters," as they were technically termed, which circulated amongst the aristocracy in the early part of the last century, the style of the dialogue in such comedy as was then popular, and much of the occasional poetry in that

age, expose an immoderate craving for glittering effects from contrasts too harsh to be natural, too sudden to be durable, and too fantastic to be harmonious. To meet this vicious taste, from which (as from any diffusive taste) it is vain to look for *perfect* immunity in any writer lying immediately under its beams, Pope sacrificed in *one* mode of composition, the simplicities of nature and sincerity; and had he practised no other mode, we repeat that *now* he must have descended from his pedestal. To some extent he is degraded even as it is; for the reader cannot avoid whispering to himself—what quality of thinking must *that* be which allies itself so naturally (as will be shown) with distortions of fact or of philosophic truth? But, had his whole writings been of that same cast, he must have been degraded altogether, and a star would have fallen from our English galaxy of poets.

We mention this particular case as a reason generally for renewing by intervals the examination of great writers, and liberating the verdict of their contemporaries from the casual disturbances to which every age is liable in its judgments and in its tastes. As books multiply to an unmanageable excess, selection becomes more and more a necessity for readers, and the power of selection more and more a desperate problem for the busy part of readers. The possibility of selecting wisely is becoming continually more hopeless, as the necessity for selection is becoming continually more crying. Exactly as the growing weight of books overlays and stifles the power of comparison, *pari passu* is the call for comparison the more clamorous; and thus arises a duty, correspondingly more urgent, of searching



and revising until everything spurious has been weeded out from amongst the Flora of our highest literature; and until the waste of time for those who have so little at their command, is reduced to a *minimum*. For, where the good cannot be read in its twentieth part, the more requisite it is that no part of the bad should steal an hour of the available time; and it is not to be endured that people without a minute to spare should be obliged first of all to read a book before they can ascertain whether it was at all *worth* reading. The public cannot read by proxy as regards the good which it is to appropriate, but it *can* as regards the poison which it is to escape. And, thus, as literature expands, becoming continually more of a household necessity, the duty resting upon critics (who are the vicarious readers for the public) becomes continually more urgent—of reviewing all works that may be supposed to have benefited too much or too indiscriminately by the superstition of a name. The *prægustatores* should have tasted of every cup, and reported its quality, before the public call for it; and above all, they should have done this in all cases of the higher literature—that is, of literature properly so called.

What is it that we mean by *literature*? Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb that definition; the most thoughtless person is easily made aware that in the idea of *literature* one essential element is—some relation to a general and common interest of man, so that what applies only to a local—or professional—or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to literature. So far the definition is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. For not only is much that takes a station in books not literature; but inversely, much that really *is* literature never reaches a station in books. The weekly sermons of Christendom, that vast pulpit literature which acts so extensively upon the popular mind—to warn, to uphold, to renew, to comfort, to alarm, does not attain the sanctuary of libraries in the ten thousandth part of its extent. The drama again, as, for instance, the finest of Shakspeare's plays in England, and all leading Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic stage, operated as a literature on the public mind, and were (according to the strictest letter of that term) *published* through the audiences

that witnessed\* their representation some time before they were published as things to be read; and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect than they could have had as books, during ages of costly copying or of costly printing.

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea co-extensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature; since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic (as from lecturers and public orators), may never come into books; and much that *does* come into books, may connect itself with no literary interest. But a far more important correction, applicable to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought—not so much in a better definition of literature, as in a sharper distinction of the two functions which it fulfils. In that great social organ, which collectively we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often *do* so, but capable severally of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is first the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is—to *teach*; the function of the second is—to *move*: the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately it may happen to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light; but proximately it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power*, on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honorable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which *can* occupy

\* Charles I., for example, when Prince of Wales, and many others in his father's court, gained their known familiarity with Shakspeare—not through the original quartos, so slenderly diffused, nor through the first folio of 1623, but through the court representations of his chief dramas at Whitehall.

a very high place in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds: it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth, namely, *power* or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society—of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration, which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven—the frailty for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly, are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, viz., the literature of power. What do you learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe—is *power*, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards—a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. All the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you farther on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth: whereas, the very *first* step in power is a flight—is an ascending into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it recombines these elements in the mimics of poetry, romance, &c., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy

falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contra-distinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man: for the Scriptures themselves never condescend to deal by suggestion or co-operation, with the mere discursive understanding: when speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of "*the understanding heart*,"—making the heart, i. e., the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy-tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities), would languish for want of sufficient illustration. What is meant for instance by *poetic justice*?—It does not mean a justice that differs by its object from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence; for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice; but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice by the degree in which it *attains* its object, a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing—not with the refractory elements of earthly life—but with elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving an alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*; or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by moving*. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge, is but a *provisional* work: a book upon trial and sufferance, and *quandiu bene se gesserit*. Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works



in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence: 1st, as regards absolute truth; 2dly, when that combat is over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains, as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus,—the *Othello* or *King Lear*,—the *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*,—and the *Paradise Lost*, are not militant but triumphant for ever as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. They reproduce *these* in new forms, or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo. These things are not separated by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as differing in *kind*, and as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other: never approach so near as not to differ; and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less: they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, nor be reflected in the mirror of copies, nor become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison.

Applying these principles to Pope, as a representative of fine literature in general, we would wish to remark the claim which he has, or which any equal writer has, to the attention and jealous winnowing of those critics in particular who watch over public morals. Clergymen, and all the organs of public criticism put in motion by clergymen, are more especially concerned in the just appreciation of such writers, if the two canons are remembered, which we have

endeavored to illustrate, viz., that all works in this class, as opposed to those in the literature of knowledge, 1st, work by far deeper agencies; and, 2dly, are more permanent; in the strictest sense they are *κτιματα ἐς αἰετ*: and what evil they do, or what good they do, is commensurate with the national language, sometimes long after the nation has departed. At this hour, 500 years since their creation, the tales of Chaucer,\* never equalled on this earth for tenderness, and for life of picturesqueness, are read familiarly by many in the charming language of their natal day, and by others in the modernizations of Dryden, of Pope, and Wordsworth. At this hour 1800 years since their creation, the Pagan tales of Ovid, never equalled on this earth for the gaiety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom. This man's people and their monuments are dust: but *he* is alive: he has survived them, as he told us that he had it in his commission to do, by a thousand years; "and *shall* a thousand more."

All the literature of knowledge builds only ground-nests, that are swept away by floods, or confounded by the plough; but the literature of power builds nests in aerial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. *This* is a great prerogative of the *power* literature: and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The *knowledge* literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An Encyclopædia is its abstract; and, in this respect, it may be taken for its speaking symbol—that, before one generation has passed, an Encyclopædia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the *rest* of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature, properly so called—literature *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, for the very same reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge, is (and by the very same proportion it is) more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations into which the poetry of this

\* The *Canterbury Tales* were not made public until 1380 or thereabouts: but the composition must have cost 30 or more years; not to mention that the work had probably been finished for some years before it was divulged.

planet has thrown our human passions of love and hatred, of admiration and contempt, exercises a power bad or good over human life, that cannot be contemplated when seen stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe.\* And of this let every one be assured—that he owes to the impassioned books which he had read, many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mould him through life like the forgotten incidents of childhood.

In making a revaluation of Pope as regards some of his principal works, we should have been glad to examine more closely than we shall be able to do, some popular errors affecting his whole intellectual position; and especially these two, *first*, That he belonged to what is idly called the *French School* of our literature; *secondly*, That he was especially distinguished from preceding poets by *correctness*. The first error has infected the whole criticism of Europe. The Schlegels, with all their false airs of subtlety, fall into this error in discussing every literature of Christendom. But, if by a mere accident of life any poet *had* first turned his thoughts into a particular channel on the suggestion of some French book, *that* would not justify our classing what belongs to universal nature, and what *inevitably* arises at a certain stage of social progress, under the category of a French creation. Somebody must have been first in point of time upon every field: but this casual precedence establishes no title whatever to authority, or plea of original dominion over fields that lie within the inevitable line of march upon which nations are moving. Had it happened that the first European writer on the higher geometry was a Græco-Sicilian, *that* would not have made it rational to call geometry the Græco-Sicilian Science. In

\* The reason why the broad distinctions between the two literatures of power and knowledge so little fix the attention, lies in the fact, that a vast proportion of books—history, biography, travels, miscellaneous essays, &c., lying in a middle zone, confound these distinctions by interblending them. All that we call “amusement” or “entertainment,” is a diluted form of the power belonging to passion, and also a mixed form; and where threads of direct *instruction* intermingle in the texture with these threads of *power*, this absorption of the quality into one representative *nuance* neutralizes the separate perception of either. Fused into a *tertium quid*, or neutral state, they disappear to the popular eye as the repelling forces, which in fact they are.

*every* nation first comes the higher form of passion, next the lower. This is the mere order of nature in governing the movements of human intellect, as connected with social evolution; this is therefore the universal order, that in the earlier stages of literature, men deal with the great elementary grandeurs of passion, of conscience, of the will in self-conflict; they deal with the capital struggles of the human race in raising empires, or in overthrowing them—in vindicating their religion (as by crusades), or with the more mysterious struggles amongst spiritual races allied to our own, that have been dimly revealed to us. We have an *Iliad*, a *Jerusalem Delivered*, a *Paradise Lost*. These great subjects exhausted, or exhausted in their more inviting manifestations, inevitably, by the mere endless motion of society, there succeeds a lower key of passion. Expanding social intercourse in towns, multiplied and crowded more and more, banishes those gloomier and grander phases of human history from literature. The understanding is quickened: the lower faculties of the mind—fancy and the habit of minute distinction, are applied to the contemplation of society and manners. Passion begins to wheel in lower flights, and to combine itself with interests that in part are addressed to the insulated understanding—observing, refining, reflecting. This may be called the *minor* key of literature in opposition to the *major*, as cultivated by Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton. But this key arises spontaneously in *every* people, and by a necessity as sure as any that moulds the progress of civilization. Milton and Spenser were *not* of any Italian school. Their Italian studies were the result and not the cause of the determination given to their minds by nature working in conjunction with their social period. It is equally childish to say of Dryden and Pope—that they belonged to any French school. That thing which they did, they *would* have done though France had been at the back of China. The school to which they belonged, was a school developed at a certain stage of progress in all nations alike by the human heart as modified by the human understanding: it is a school depending on the peculiar direction given to the sensibilities by the reflecting faculty, and by the new phases of society. Even as a fact, (though a change as to the fact could not make any change at all in the philosophy of the case), it is not true that either Dryden or Pope was influenced by French literature.



ture. Both of them had a very imperfect acquaintance with the French language. Dryden ridiculed French literature; and Pope, except for some purposes connected with his Homeric translations, read as little of it as convenience would allow. But, had this been otherwise, the philosophy of the case stands good; that, after the primary formations of the fermenting intellect, come everywhere—in Thebes or Athens, in France or England, the secondary: that, after the creating passion comes the reflecting and recombining passion: that after the solemnities and cloistral grandeurs of life—solitary and self-conflicting, comes the recoil of a self-observing and self-dissecting stage, derived from life social and gregarious. After the Iliad, but doubtless many generations after, comes a *Batrachomyomachia*: after the gorgeous masque of our forefathers came always the anti-masque, that threw off echoes as from some devil's laughter in mockery of the hollow and transitory pomps that went before.

It is an error equally gross, and an error in which Pope himself participated, that his plume of distinction from preceding poets consisted in *correctness*. Correctness in what? Think of the admirable qualifications for settling the scale of such critical distinctions which that man must have had who turned out upon this vast world the single oracular word "correctness" to shift for itself, and explain its own meaning to all generations. Did he mean logical correctness in maturing and connecting thoughts? But of all poets that have practised reasoning in verse, Pope is the one most inconsequential in the deduction of his thoughts, and the most severely distressed in any effort to effect or to explain the dependency of their parts. There are not ten consecutive lines in Pope unaffected by this infirmity. All his thinking proceeded by insulated and discontinuous jets: and the only resource for him, or chance of even seeming correctness, lay in the liberty of stringing his aphoristic thoughts like pearls—having no relation to each other but that of contiguity. To set them like diamonds was for Pope to risk distraction: to systematize was ruin.—On the other hand, if this elliptical word *correctness* is to be understood with such a complementary qualification as would restrict it to Pope's use of *language*, that construction is even more untenable than the other—more conspicuously untenable—for many are they who have erred by illogical thinking, or by distracted evolu-

tion of thoughts: but rare is the man amongst classical writers in any language who has disfigured his meaning more remarkably than Pope by imperfect expression. We do not speak of plebeian phrases, of exotic phrases, of slang, from which Pope was not free, though *more* free than many of his contemporaries. From vulgarism indeed he was shielded, though imperfectly, by the aristocratic society which he kept: *they* being right, *he* was right: and he erred only in the cases where they misled him; for even the refinement of that age was oftentimes coarse and vulgar. His grammar, indeed, is often vicious: preterites and participles he constantly confounds, and registers this class of blunders for ever by the cast-iron index of rhymes that never *can* mend. But worse than this mode of viciousness is his syntax, which is so bad as to darken his meaning at times, and at other times to defeat it. But these were errors cleaving to his times; and it would be unfair to exact from Pope a better quality of diction than belonged to his contemporaries. Still it is indisputable that a better model of diction and of grammar prevailed a century before Pope. In Spenser, in Shakspeare, in the Bible of King James' reign, and in Milton, there are very few grammatical errors.\* But

\* And this purity of diction shows itself in many points arguing great vigilance of attention, and also great anxiety for using the language powerfully as the most venerable of traditions, when treating the most venerable of subjects. For instance, the Bible never condescends to the mean colloquial preterites of *chid* for *did chide*, or *writ* for *did write*, but always uses the full-dress word *chode*, and *wrote*. Pope might have been happier had he read his Bible more: but assuredly he would have improved his English. A question naturally arises—How it was that the elder writers—Shakspeare in particular, (who had seen so little of higher society when he wrote his youthful poems of *Lucrece* and *Adonis*), should have maintained so much purer a grammar? Dr. Johnson indeed, but most falsely, says that Shakspeare's grammar is licentious. "The style of Shakspeare," (these are the exact words of the Doctor in his preface), "was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure." An audacious misrepresentation! In the doctor himself, a legislator for the language, we undertake to show more numerically of trespasses against grammar, but (which is or else still) more unscholarlike trespasses. Shakspeare is singularly correct in grammar. One reason we believe, was this: from the restoration of Charles II. decayed the *ceremonious* exteriors of society. Stiffness and reserve melted away before the familiarity and impudence of French manners. Social meetings grew far more numerous as towns expanded; social pleasure far more began now to depend upon conversation; and conversation, growing less formal, quickened its pace. Hence came the call for rapid abbreviations; the '*'tis* and '*'twas*, the '*can't* and '*don't* of the two-post Miltonic generations arose under this impulse; and the general impression has

Pope's defect in language was almost peculiar to himself. It lay in an inability, nursed doubtless by indolence, to carry out and perfect the expression of the thought which he wishes to communicate. The language does not realize the idea: it simply suggests or hints it. Thus to give a single illustration,—

"Know, God and Nature only are the same:  
In man the judgment shoots at flying game."

The first line one would naturally construe into this: that God and Nature were in harmony, whilst all other objects were scattered into incoherency by difference and disunion. Not at all; it means nothing of the kind; but that God and Nature only are exempted from the infirmities of change. *They* only continue uniform and self-consistent. This might mislead many readers; but the second line *must* do so: for who would not understand the syntax to be—that the judgment, as it exists in man, shoots at flying game? But, in fact, the meaning is—that the judgment, in aiming its calculations at man, aims at an object that is still on the wing, and never for a moment stationary. We give this as a specimen of a fault in diction—the very worst amongst all that are possible; to write bad grammar or colloquial slang does not necessarily obscure the sense; but a fault like this is a treachery, and hides the true meaning under the cloud of a conundrum: nay worse; for even a conundrum has fixed conditions for determining its solution, but this sort of mutilated expression is left to the solutions of conjecture.

There are endless varieties of this fault in Pope, by which he sought relief for himself from half-an-hour's labor, at the price of utter darkness to his reader.

ever since subsisted amongst English writers—that language, instead of being an exquisitely beautiful vehicle for the thoughts—a robe that never can be adorned with too much care or piety, is in fact a dirty high-road which all people detest whilst all are forced to use it, and to the keeping of which in repair no rational man ever contributes a trifle that is not forced from him by some severity of Quarter Sessions. The great corrupter of English was the conversational instinct for rapidity. A more honorable source of corruption lay in the growth of new ideas, and the continual influx of foreign words to meet them. Spanish words arose, like *reformado*, *privado*, *desperado*, and French ones past counting. But as these retained their foreign forms of structure, they reacted to vitiate the language still more by introducing a piebald aspect of books which it seemed a matter of necessity to tolerate for the interests of wider thinking. The perfection of this horror was never attained except amongst the Germans.

One editor distinguishes amongst the epistles that which Pope addressed to Lord Oxford some years after his fall, as about the most "*correct*, musical, dignified, and affecting" that the poet has left. Now, even as a specimen of vernacular English, it is conspicuously bad: the shocking gallicism, for instance, of "*attend*," for "*wait his leisure*," in the line "*For him, i. e. on his behalf, thou oft hast bid the world attend*," would alone degrade the verses. To bid the world attend—is to bid the world listen attentively; whereas what Pope means is, that Lord Oxford bade the world wait in his ante-chamber, until he had leisure from his important conferences with a poet, to throw a glance upon affairs so trivial as those of the human race. This use of the word *attend* is a shocking violation of the English idiom; and even the slightest would be an unpardonable blemish in a poem of only forty lines, which ought to be polished as exquisitely as a cameo. It is a still worse disfiguration of the very same class, viz. a silent confession of defeat, in a regular wrestling-match with the difficulties of a metrical expression, that the poem terminates thus—

"Nor fears to tell that *Mortimer* is he;"

why *should* he fear? Really there is no very desperate courage required for telling the most horrible of secrets about Mortimer. Had Mortimer even been so wicked as to set the Thames on fire, safely it might have been published by Mortimer's bosom friend to all magistrates, sheriffs, and constables; for not a man of them would have guessed in what hiding-place to look for Mortimer, or who Mortimer might be. True it is, that a secondary earldom, conferred by Queen Anne upon Robert Harley, was that of Mortimer; but it lurked unknown to the public ear; it was a coronet that lay hid under the beams of *Oxford*—a title so long familiar to English ears, when descending through six and twenty generations of de Veres. Quite as reasonable it would be, in a birth-day ode to the Prince of Wales, if he were addressed as my Lord of Chester, or Baron of Renfrew, or your Grace of Cornwall. To express a thing in cipher may do for a conspirator; but a poet's *correctness* is shown in his intelligibility.

Amongst the early poems of Pope, the "*ELOISA TO ABELARD*" has a special interest of a double order: first, it has a *per-*



sonal interest as the poem of Pope, because indicating the original destination of Pope's intellect, and the strength of his native vocation to a class of poetry in deeper keys of passion than any which he systematically cultivated. For itself also, and abstracting from its connexion with Pope's natural destination, this poem has a *second* interest, an intrinsic interest, that will always make it dear to impassioned minds. The self-conflict—the flux and reflux of the poor agitated heart—the spectacle of Eloisa now bending penitentially before the shadowy austerities of a monastic future, now raving upon the remembrances of the guilty past—one moment reconciled by the very anguish of her soul to the grandeurs of religion and of prostrate adoration, the next moment revolting to perilous retrospects of her treacherous happiness—the recognition by shining gleams through the very storm and darkness evoked by her earthly sensibilities, of a sensibility deeper far in its ground, and that trembled towards holier objects—the lyrical tumult of the changes, the hope, the tears, the rapture, the penitence, the despair—place the reader in tumultuous sympathy with the poor distracted nun. Exquisitely imagined, among the passages towards the end, is the introduction of a voice speaking to Eloisa from the grave of some sister nun, that, in long-forgotten years, once had struggled and suffered like herself,

"Once (like herself) that trembled, wept and pray'd  
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid."

Exquisite is the passage in which she prefigures a visit yet to come from Abelard to herself—no more in the character of a lover, but as a priest, ministering by spiritual consolations to her dying hours, pointing her thoughts to heaven, presenting the Cross to her through the mists of death, and fighting for her as a spiritual ally against the torments of flesh. That anticipation was not gratified. Abelard died long before her; and the hour never arrived for *him* of which with such tenderness she says,—

"It will be *then* no crime to gaze on me."

But another anticipation *has* been fulfilled in a degree that she could hardly have contemplated; the anticipation, namely,

"That ages hence, when all her woes were o'er,  
And that rebellious heart should beat no more,"

wandering feet should be attracted from afar

"To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,"

as the common resting-place and everlasting marriage-bed of Abelard and Eloisa; that the eyes of many that had been touched by their story, by the memory of their extraordinary accomplishments in an age of darkness, and by the calamitous issue of their attachment, should seek, first and last, for the grave in which the lovers trusted to meet again in peace; and should seek it with interest so absorbing, that even amidst the ascent of hosannahs from the choir, amidst the grandeurs of high mass, the raising of the host, and "the pomp of dreadful sacrifice," sometimes these wandering eyes should steal aside to the solemn abiding-place of Abelard and his Eloisa, offering so pathetic a contrast, by its peaceful silence, to the agitations of their lives; and that there, amidst thoughts which by right were all due and dedicated

"to heaven,  
One *human* tear should drop and be forgiven."

We may properly close this subject of Abelard and Eloisa, by citing, in English, the solemn Latin inscription placed in the last century—six hundred years after their departure from earth, over their common remains. They were buried in the same grave, Abelard dying first by a few weeks more than twenty-one years; his tomb was opened again to admit the coffin of Eloisa; and the tradition of Quincey, the parish near Nogent sur Seine, in which the monastery of the Paraclete is situated, was—that at the moment of interment Abelard opened his arms to receive the impassioned creature that once had loved *him* so frantically, and whom *he* had loved with a remorse so memorable. The epitaph is singularly solemn in its brief simplicity, considering that it came from Paris, and from Academic wits: "Here, under the same marble slab, lie the founder of this Monastery, Peter Abelard, and its earliest Abbess, Heloisa—once united in studies, in love, in their unhappy nuptial engagements, and in penitential sorrow; but now, our hope is, reunited for ever in bliss."

The SATIRES of Pope, and what under another name *are* satires, viz. his MORAL EPISTLES, offer a second variety of evidence to his voluptuous indolence. They offend against philosophic truth more heavily than

the Essay on Man; but not in the same way. The Essay on Man sins chiefly by want of central principle, and by want therefore of all coherency amongst the separate thoughts. But taken as separate thoughts, viewed in the light of fragments and brilliant aphorisms, the majority of the passages have a mode of truth; not of truth central and coherent, but of truth angular and splintered. The Satires on the other hand were of false origin. They arose in a sense of talent for caustic effects, unsupported by any satiric heart. Pope had neither the malice (except in the most fugitive form) which thirsts for leaving wounds, nor on the other hand the deep moral indignation which burns in men whom Providence has from time to time armed with scourges for cleansing the sanctuaries of truth or justice. He was contented enough with society as he found it: bad it might be, but it was good enough for him: and it was the merest self-delusion if at any moment the instinct of glorifying his satiric mission (the *magnifico apostulatum meum*) persuaded him that in his case it might be said—*Facit indignatio versum*. The indignation of Juvenal was not always very noble in its origin, or pure in its purpose: it was sometimes mean in its quality, false in its direction, extravagant in its expression: but it was tremendous in the roll of its thunders, and as withering as the scowl of a Mephistopheles. Pope having no such internal principle of wrath boiling in his breast, being really (if one must speak the truth) in the most pacific and charitable frame of mind towards all scoundrels whatever, except such as might take it into their heads to injure a particular Twickenham grotto, was unavoidably a hypocrite of the first magnitude when he affected (or sometimes really conceited himself) to be in a dreadful passion with offenders as a body. It provokes fits of laughter, in a man who knows Pope's real nature, to watch him in the process of brewing the storm that spontaneously will not come; whistling like a mariner, for a wind to fill his satiric sails; and pumping up into his face hideous grimaces in order to appear convulsed with histrionic rage. Pope should have been counselled never to write satire, except on those evenings when he was suffering horribly from indigestion. By this means the indignation would have been ready-made. The rancor against all would have been sincere; and there would have needed to be no extra expense in get-

ting up the steam. As it is, the short puffs of anger, the uneasy snorts of fury in Pope's satires, give one painfully the feeling of a steam-engine with unsound lungs. Passion of any kind may become in some degree ludicrous, when disproportioned to its exciting occasions. But it is never entirely ludicrous, until it is self-betrayed as counterfeit. Sudden collapses of the manufactured wrath, sudden oblivion of the criminal, announce Pope's as *always* counterfeit.

Meantime insincerity is contagious. One falsehood draws on another. And having begun by taking a station of moral censorship, which was in the uttermost degree a self-delusion, Pope went on to other self-delusions in reading history the most familiar, or in reporting facts the most notorious. Warburton had more to do with Pope's satires, as an original suggestor,\* and not merely as a commentator, than with any other section of his works. Pope and he hunted in couples over this field; and those who know the absolute craziness of Warburton's mind, the perfect frenzy and *lymphaticus error* which possessed him for leaving all high-roads of truth and simplicity in order to trespass over hedge and ditch after coveys of shy paradoxes, cannot be surprised that Pope's good sense should often have quitted him under such guidance.—There is, amongst the earliest poems of Wordsworth, one which has interested many readers by its mixed strain of humor and tenderness. It describes two thieves who act in concert with each other. One is a very aged man, and the other is his great-grandson of three years old:

"There are ninety good years of fair and foul weather  
Between them, and both go a stealing together."

What reconciles the reader to this social iniquity—is the imperfect accountability of the parties; the one being far advanced in dotage, and the other an infant. And thus

"Into what sin soever the couple may fall,  
This child but half knows it, and *that* not at all."

Nobody besides suffers from their propensities: since the child's mother makes good in excess all their depredations: and nobody is duped for an instant by their gross attempts at fraud: for

"Wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,  
Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles."

\* It was *after* his connexion with Warburton that Pope introduced several of his *living* portraits into the Satires.



There was not the same disparity of years between Pope and Warburton as between old Daniel and his descendant in the third generation: Warburton was but ten years younger. And there was also this difference, that in the case of the two thieves neither was official ringleader: on the contrary, they took it turn about; great grand-papa was ringleader to-day, and the little great grandson to-morrow:

"Each in his turn was both leader and led:"

whereas, in the connexion of the two literary accomplices, the Doctor was latterly always the instigator to any outrage on good sense; and Pope, from mere habit of deference to the Doctor's theology and theological wig, as well as from gratitude for the Doctor's pugnacity in his defence, (since Warburton really was as good as a bull-dog in protecting Pope's advance or retreat), followed with docility the leading of his reverend friend into any excess of folly. It is true, that oftentimes in earlier days Pope had run into scrapes from his own heedlessness: and the Doctor had not the merit of suggesting the *escapade*, but only of defending it; which he always does, (as sailors express it), "with a will:" for he never shows his teeth so much, or growls so ferociously, as when he suspects the case to be desperate. But in the satires, although the original absurdity comes forward in the text of Pope, and the Warburtonian note in defence is apparently no more than an after-thought of the good Doctor in his usual style of threatening to cudgel anybody who disputes his friend's assertion, yet sometimes the thought expressed and adorned by the poet had been prompted by the divine. This only can account for the savage crotchets, paradoxes, and conceits, which disfigure Pope's later edition of his satires.

Truth, even of the most appreciable order, truth of history, goes to wreck continually under the perversities of Pope's satire applied to celebrated men; and as to the higher truth of philosophy, it was still less likely to survive amongst the struggles for striking effects and startling contrasts. But worse are Pope's satiric sketches of women, as carrying the same outrages on good sense to a far greater excess; and as these expose the false principles on which he worked more brightly, and have really been the chief ground of tainting Pope's memory with the reputation of a woman-hater, which

he was *not*), they are worthy of separate notice.

It is painful to follow a man of genius through a succession of inanities descending into absolute nonsense, and of vulgarities sometimes terminating in brutalities. These are harsh words; but not harsh enough by half as applied to Pope's gallery of female portraits. What is the key of his failure? It is simply that, throughout this whole satiric section, not one word is spoken in sincerity of heart, or with any vestige of self-belief. The case was one of those so often witnessed, where either the indiscretion of friends, or some impulse of erring vanity in the writer, had put him upon undertaking a task in which he had too little natural interest to have either thought upon it with originality, or observed upon it with fidelity. Sometimes the mere coercion of system drives a man into such a folly. He treats a subject which branches into A, B, and C. Having discussed A and B, upon which he really *had* something to offer, he thinks it necessary to integrate his work by going forward to C, on which he knows nothing at all, and, what is even worse, for which in his heart he cares nothing at all. Fatal is all falsehood. Nothing is so sure to betray a man into the abject degradation of self-exposure as pretending to a knowledge which he has not, or to an enthusiasm which is counterfeit. By whatever mistake Pope found himself pledged to write upon the characters of women, it was singularly unfortunate that he had begun by denying to women any characters at all.

"Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair."

Well for *him* if he had stuck to that liberal doctrine: "Least said sooner mended." And *much* he could not easily have said upon a subject that he had pronounced all but a nonentity. In Van Troil's work, or in Horrebow's, upon Iceland, there is a well-known chapter regularly booked in the index—*Concerning the Snakes of Iceland*. This is the title, the running rubric; and the body of the chapter consists of these words—"There *are* no snakes in Iceland." That chapter is soon studied, and furnishes very little opening for footnotes or supplements. Some people have thought that Mr. Van T. might with advantage have amputated this unsnaky chapter on snakes; but at least nobody can accuse him of forgetting his own extermination of snakes

from Iceland, and proceeding immediately to describe such horrible snakes as eye had never beheld amongst the afflictions of the island. Snakes there are none, he had protested; and, true to his word, the faithful man never wanders into any description of Icelandic snakes. Not so our satiric poet. He, with Mahometan liberality, had denied characters, *i. e.*, souls, to women. "Most women," he says, "have\* no character at all;" yet, for all that, finding himself pledged to treat this very subject of female characters, he introduces us to a museum of monsters in that department such as few fancies could create, and no logic can rationally explain. What was he to do? He had entered upon a theme concerning which, as the result has shown, he had not one solitary thought—good, bad, or indifferent. Total bankruptcy was impending. Yet he was aware of a deep interest connected with this section of his satires; and to meet this interest he invented what was pungent, when he found nothing to record which was true.

It is a consequence of this desperate resource—this plunge into absolute fiction—that the true objection of Pope's satiric sketches of the other sex ought not to arise amongst women, as the people that suffered by his malice, but amongst readers generally, as the people that suffered by his fraud. He had promised one thing, and done another. He has promised a chapter in the zoology of nature, and he gives us a chapter in the fabulous zoology of the herald's college. A tigress is not much within ordinary experience, still there is such a creature; and in default of a better choice, that is, of a choice settling on a more familiar object, we are content to accept a good description of a tigress. We are reconciled; but we are *not* reconciled

\*By what might seem a strange oversight, but which in fact is a very natural oversight to one who was not uttering one word in which he seriously believed, Pope, in a prose note on verse 207, roundly asserts "that the particular characters of women are *more various* than those of men." It is no invasion of this insufferable contradiction, that he couples with the greater variety of *characters* in women a greater uniformity in what he presumes to be their *ruling passion*. Even as to this ruling passion he cannot agree with himself for ten minutes; generally he says, that it is the love of pleasure; but sometimes (as at verse 208) forgetting this monotony, he ascribes to women a dualism of passion—love of pleasure and love of power—which dualism of itself must be a source of self-conflict, and therefore of inexhaustible variety in character:

"Those only fix'd, they first or last obey—

The love of pleasure and the love of sway."

to a description, however spirited, of a basilisk. A viper might do; but not, if you please, a dragoness or a harpy. The describer knows, as well as any of us the spectators know, that he is romancing; the *incredulous odi* overmasters us all; and we cannot submit to be detained by a picture which, according to the shifting humor of the poet—angry or laughing, is a lie where it is not a jest, is an affront to the truth of nature, where it is not confessedly an extravagance of drollery. In a playful fiction, we can submit with pleasure to the most enormous exaggerations; but then they must be offered as such. These of Pope's are not *so* offered, but as serious portraits—and in that character they affect us as odious and malignant libels. The malignity was not real—as indeed nothing was real, but a condiment for hiding insipidity. Let us examine two or three of them, equally with a view to the possibility of the object described, and to the delicacy of the description.

"How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;  
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.  
To her Calista proved her conduct nice;  
And good Simplicius asks of her advice."

Here we have the general outline of Silia's character; not particularly striking but intelligible. She has a suavity of disposition that accommodates itself to all infirmities. And the worst thing one apprehends in her is—falseness: people with such honeyed breath for *present* frailties, are apt to exhale their rancor upon them when a little out of hearing. But really now this is no foible of Silia's. One likes her very well, and would be glad of her company to tea. For the dramatic reader knows who Calista is—and if Cilia has indulgence for *her*, she must be a thoroughly tolerant creature. Where is her fault then? You shall hear—

"Sudden she storms! she raves!—You tip the wink;  
But spare your censure; Silia does *not* drink.  
All eyes may see from what the change arose:  
All eyes may see—(see what?)—a pimple on her nose."

Silia, the dulcet, is suddenly transformed into Silia the fury. But why? The guest replies to that question by *winking* at his fellow-guest; which most atrocious of vulgarities is expressed by the most odiously vulgar of phrases—he *tips* the wink—meaning to tip an insinuation that Silia is intoxicated. Not so, says the poet—drinking is



no fault of hers—every body may see [why not the winker then?] that what upsets her temper is a pimple on the nose. Let us understand you, Mr. Pope. A pimple!—what, do you mean to say that pimples jump up on ladies' faces at the unfurling of a fan? If they really *did* so in the 12th of George II., and a lady, not having a pimple on leaving her dressing-room, might grow one whilst taking tea, then we think that a saint might be excused for storming a little. But how is it that the wretch who winks, does not see the pimple, the *causa teterrima* of the sudden wrath; and Silia, who has no looking-glass at her girdle, does? And then who is it that Silia "storms" at—the company, or the pimple? If at the company, we cannot defend her; but if at the pimple—oh, by all means—storm and welcome—she can't say any thing worse than it deserves. Wrong or right, however, what moral does Silia illustrate more profound than this—that a particular lady, otherwise very amiable, falls into a passion upon suddenly finding her face disfigured? But then one remembers the song—"My face is my fortune, sir, she said, sir, she said"—it is a part of every woman's fortune so long as she is young. Now to find one's fortune dilapidating by changes so rapid as this—pimples rising as suddenly as April clouds, is far too trying a calamity, that a little fretfulness should merit either reproach or sneer. Dr. Johnson's opinion was that the man, who cared little for dinner, could not be reasonably supposed to care much for anything. More truly it may be said that the woman who is reckless about her face must be an unsafe person to trust with a secret. But seriously, what moral, what philosophic thought can be exemplified by a case so insipid, and so imperfectly explained as this? But we must move on.

Next, then, let us come to the case of Narcissa:—

"Odious! in woollen?\*" 'Twould a saint provoke."  
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.  
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;  
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead:  
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

Well, what's the matter now? What's amiss with Narcissa, that a satirist must be called in to hold an inquest upon her

\* This refers to the Act of Parliament for burying corpses in woollen, which greatly disturbs the fashionable costume in coffins *comme il faut*.

corpse, and take Betty's evidence against her mistress? Upon hearing any such question, Pope would have started up in the character (very unusual with *him*) of religious censor, and demanded whether one approved of a woman's fixing her last dying thought upon the attractions of a person so soon to dwell with darkness and worms? Was *that* right—to provide for coquetting in her coffin? Why no, not strictly right, its impropriety cannot be denied; but what strikes one even more is—the suspicion that it may be a lie. Be this as it may, there are two insurmountable objections to the case of Narcissa, even supposing it not fictitious—viz. first, that so far as it offends at all, it offends the religious sense, and not any sense of which satire takes charge; secondly, that without reference to the special functions of satire, *any* form of poetry whatever, or *any* mode of moral censure, concerns itself not at all with anomalies. If the anecdote of Narcissa were other than a fiction, then it was a case too peculiar and idiosyncratic to furnish a poetic illustration; neither moral philosophy nor poetry condescends to the monstrous or the abnormal; both one and the other deal with the catholic and the representative.

There is another *Narcissa* amongst Pope's tulip-beds of ladies, who is even more open to criticism—because offering not so much an anomaly in one single trait of her character as an utter anarchy in all. *Flavia* and *Philomedé* again present the same multitude of features with the same absence of all central principle for locking them into unity. They must have been distracting to themselves; and they are distracting to us a century later. *Philomedé*, by the way, stands for the second Duchess of Marlborough,\* daughter of the great Duke. And these names lead us naturally to Sarah, the original, and (one may call her) the *historical* Duchess, who is libelled under the name of *Atossa*. This character amongst all Pope's satiric sketches has been celebrated the most, with the single exception of his *Atticus*. But the *Atticus* rested upon a different basis—it was

\* The sons of the Duke having died, the title and estates were so settled as to descend through this daughter, who married the Earl of Sunderland. In consequence of this arrangement, *Spencer* (until lately) displaced the great name of *Churchill*; and the Earl became that second Duke of Marlborough, about whom Smollett tells in his *History of England* (Reign of George II.) so remarkable and to this hour so mysterious a story.

true; and it was noble. Addison really *had* the infirmities of envious jealousy, of simulated friendship, and of treacherous collusion with his friend's enemies—which Pope imputed to him under the happy parasyllabic name of *Atticus*; and the mode of imputation, the tone of expostulation—indignant as regarded Pope's own injuries, but yet full of respect for Addison, and even of sorrowful tenderness—all this in combination with the interest attaching to a feud between two men so eminent, has sustained the *Atticus* as a classic remembrance in satiric literature. But the *Atossa* is a mere chaos of incompatibilities, thrown together as into some witch's cauldron. The witch, however, had sometimes an unaffected malignity, a sincerity of venom in her wrath, which acted chemically as a solvent for combining the heterogeneous ingredients in her kettle; whereas the want of truth and earnestness in Pope leave the incongruities in his kettle of description to their natural incoherent operation on the reader. We have a great love for the great Duchess of Marlborough, though too young by a hundred years\* or so to have been that true and faithful friend which, as contemporaries, we *might* have been.

What we love Sarah for, is partly that she has been ill-used by all subsequent authors, one copying from another a fury against her which even in the first of these authors was not real. And a second thing which we love is her very violence, qualified as it was. Sulphureous vapors of wrath rose up in columns from the crater of her tempestuous nature against him that *deeply* offended her, but she neglected petty wrongs. Wait, however—let the volcanic lava have time to cool, and all be returned to absolute repose. It has been said that she did not write her own book. We are of a different opinion. The mutilations of the book were from other and inferior hands; but the main texture of the narrative and of the comments were, and must have been, from herself, since there could have been no adequate motive for altering them, and nobody else could have had the same motive for uttering them. It is singular that, in the case of the Duchess, as well as that of the Lady M. W. Montagu, the same two men, without concert, were the original ag-

\* The Duchess died in the same year as Pope, viz., just in time by a few months to miss the Rebellion of 1745, and the second Pretender; spectacles which for little reasons (vindictive or otherwise) both of them would have enjoyed until the spring of 1746.

gressors amongst the *gens de plume*, viz., Pope, and subsequently Horace Walpole. Pope suffered more from his own libellous assault upon *Atossa*, through a calumny against himself rebounding from it, than *Atossa* could have done from the point-blank shot of fifty such batteries. The calumny circulated was, that he had been bribed by the Duchess with a thousand pounds to suppress the character—which of itself was bad enough; but as the consummation of baseness it was added, that after all, in spite of the bribe, he caused it to be published. This calumny we believe to have been utterly without foundation. It is repelled by Pope's character, incapable of any act so vile, and by his position, needing no bribes. But what we wish to add is, that the calumny is equally repelled by Sarah's character, incapable of any propitiation so abject. Pope wanted no thousand pounds; but neither did Sarah want his clemency. *He* would have rejected the £1000 cheque with scorn; but *she* would have scorned to offer it. Pope cared little for Sarah; but Sarah cared less for Pope.

What is offensive, and truly so, to every generous reader, may be expressed in two items: first, not pretending to have been himself injured by the Duchess, Pope was in this instance meanly adopting some third person's malice, which sort of intrusion into other people's quarrels is a sycophantic act, even where it may not have rested upon a sycophantic motive; secondly, that even as a second-hand malice it is not sincere. More shocking than the malice is the self-imposture of the malice: in the very act of puffing out his cheeks like *Æolus*, with ebullient fury, and conceiting himself to be in a passion perfectly diabolic, Pope is really unmoved, or angry only by favor of dyspepsy; and at a word of kind flattery from Sarah, (whom he was quite the man to love), though not at the clink of her thousand guineas, he would have fallen at her feet, and kissed her beautiful hand with rapture. To enter a house of hatred as a junior partner, and to take the stock of malice at a valuation—(we copy from advertisements)—that is an ignoble act. But then how much worse in the midst of all this unprovoked wrath, real as regards the persecution which it meditates, but false as the flatteries of a slave in relation to its pretended grounds, for the spectator to find its malice counterfeit, and the fury only a plagiarism from some personated fury in an Opera.



There is no truth in Pope's satiric sketches of woman—not even colorable truth; but if there were, how frivolous—how hollow, to erect into solemn monumental protestations against the whole female sex what, if examined, turn out to be pure casual eccentricities or else personal idiosyncracies, or else foibles shockingly caricatured, but, above all, to be such foibles as could not have connected themselves with *sincere* feelings of indignation in any rational mind.

The length and breadth (almost we might say—the *depth*) of the shallowness, which characterizes Pope's Philosophy, cannot be better reflected than from the four well-known lines—

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right:  
For forms of government let fools contest,  
Whate'er is best administer'd is best."

In the first couplet, what Pope says is, that a life, which is irreproachable on a *human* scale of appreciation, neutralizes and practically cancels all possible errors of creed, opinion, or theory. But this schism between the moral life of man and his moral faith, which takes for granted that either may possibly be true whilst the other is entirely false, can wear a moment's plausibility only by understanding *life* in so limited a sense as the sum of a man's external actions, appreciable by man. He whose life is in the right, cannot, says Pope, in any sense calling for blame, have a wrong faith; that is, if his life *were* right, his creed might be disregarded. But the answer is—that his life, according to any adequate idea of life in a moral creature, *cannot* be in the right unless in so far as it bends to the influences of a true faith. How feeble a conception must that man have of the infinity which lurks in a human spirit, who can persuade himself that its total capacities of life are exhaustible by the few gross *acts* incident to social relations or open to human valuation. An act, which may be necessarily limited and without opening for variety, may involve a large variety of motives—motives again, meaning grounds of action that are distinctly recognized for such, may (numerically speaking) amount to nothing at all when compared with the absolutely infinite influxes of feeling or combinations of feeling that vary the thoughts of man; and the true internal *acts* of moral man are his thoughts—his yearnings—his aspirations—his sympathies—his repulsions of heart. This is the life of man as it is ap-

preciable by heavenly eyes. The scale of an alphabet—how narrow is that! Four or six and twenty letters, and all is finished. Syllables range through a wider compass. Words are yet more than syllables. But what are words to thoughts? Every word has a thought corresponding to it, so that not by so much as one solitary counter can the words outrun the thoughts. But every thought has *not* a word corresponding to it: so that the thoughts may outrun the words by many a thousand counters. In a developed nature they *do* so. But what are the thoughts when set against the modifications of thoughts by feelings, hidden even from him that feels them—or against the intercombinations of such modifications with others—complex with complex, decomplex with complex—these can be unravelled by no human eye. This is the infinite music that God only can read upon the vast harp of the human heart. Some have fancied that musical combinations might be exhausted. A new Mozart might be impossible. All that he could do, might already have been done. Music laughs at *that*, as the sea laughs at palsy for its billows, as the morning laughs at old age and wrinkles for itself. But a harp, though a world in itself, is but a narrow world by comparison with the world of a human heart.

Now these thoughts, tintured subtly with the perfume and coloring of human affections, make up the sum of what merits *κατ' ἐξοχην* the name of *life*: and these in a vast proportion depend for their possibilities of truth upon the degree of approach which the thinker makes to the appropriation of a pure faith. A man is thinking all day long, and putting thoughts into words: he is acting comparatively *ἐν δόμῳ*. But are any man's thoughts brought into conformity with the openings to truth that a faith like the Christian's faith suggests? Far from it. Probably there never was one thought, from the foundation of the earth, that has passed through the mind of man, which did not offer some blemish, some sorrowful shadow of pollution, when it came up for review before a heavenly tribunal: that is, supposing it a thought entangled at all with human interests or human passions. But it is the *key* in which the thoughts move, that determines the stage of moral advancement. So long as we are human, many among the numerous and evanescent elements that enter (half-observed or not observed at all) into our

thoughts, cannot *but* be tainted. But the governing—the predominant element it is which gives the character and the tendency to the thought: and this must become such, must become a governing element, through the quality of the ideals deposited in the heart by the quality of the religious faith. One pointed illustration of this suggests itself from another poem of Pope's, in which he reiterates his shallow doctrine. In his Universal Prayer he informs us, that it can matter little whether we pray to Jehovah or to Jove, so long as in either case we pray to the First Cause. To contemplate God under that purely ontological relation to the world would have little more operative value for what is most important in man than if he prayed to gravitation. And it would have been more honest in Pope to say, as virtually he has said in the couplet under examination, that it can matter little whether man prays at all to any being. It deepens the scandal of this sentiment, coming from a poet professing Christianity, that a clergyman, (holding preferment in the English Church), viz., Dr. Joseph Wharton, justifies Pope for this Pagan opinion, upon the ground that an ancient philosopher had uttered the same opinion long before. What sort of philosopher? A Christian? No: but a Pagan. What then is the value of the justification? To a Pagan it could be no blame that he should avow a reasonable Pagan doctrine. In Irish phrase, it was "true for *him*." Amongst gods that were all utterly alienated from any scheme of moral government, all equally remote from the executive powers for sustaining such a government, so long as there was a practical anarchy and rivalry amongst themselves, there could be no sufficient reason for addressing vows to one rather than to another. The whole pantheon collectively could do nothing for moral influences, *a fortiori*, no separate individual amongst them. Pope indirectly confesses this elsewhere by his own impassioned expression of Christian feelings, though implicitly denying it here by his mere understanding. For he reverberates elsewhere, by deep echoes, that power in Christianity which even in a legendary tale he durst not on mere principles of good sense and taste have ascribed to Paganism. For instance, how could a God, having no rebellion to complain of in man, pretend to any occasion of large forgiveness to man, or of framing means for reconciling this forgiveness with his own attribute of

perfect holiness? What room, therefore, for ideals of mercy, tenderness, long-suffering, under any Pagan religion—under any worship of Jove! How again from Gods, disfigured by fleshly voluptuousness in every mode, could any countenance be derived to an awful ideal of purity? Accordingly we find, that even among the Romans, (the most advanced, as regards moral principle, of all heathen nations), neither the deep fountain of benignity, nor that of purity, was unsealed in man's heart. So much of either was sanctioned as could fall within the purposes of the magistrate, but beyond that level neither fountain could have been permitted to throw up its column of waters, nor could in fact have had any impulse to sustain it in ascending; and not merely because it would have been repressed by ridicule as a delirium of the human mind, but also because it would have been frowned upon gravely by the very principle of the Roman polity, as wandering away from *civic* objects. Even for so much of these great restorative ventilations as Rome enjoyed, she was indebted not to her religion but to elder forces that acted *in spite of* her religion, viz., the original law written upon the human heart. Now, on the other hand, Christianity has left a separate system of ideals amongst men, which (as regards their development) are continually growing in authority. Waters, after whatever course of wandering, rise to the level of their original springs. Christianity lying so far above all other fountains of religious influence, no wonder that its irrigations rise to altitudes otherwise unknown, and from which the distribution to every level of society becomes comparatively easy. Those men are reached oftentimes—choosing or not choosing—by the healing streams, who have not sought them, nor even recognised them. Infidels of the most determined class talk in Christian lands the morals of Christianity, and exact that morality with their hearts, constantly mistaking it for a morality co-extensive with man; and why? Simply from having been moulded unawares by its universal pressure through infancy, childhood, manhood, in the nursery, in the school, in the market-place. Pope himself, not by system or by affectation an infidel, not in any coherent sense a doubter but a careless and indolent assenter to such doctrines of Christianity as his own Church prominently put forward, or as social respectability seemed to enjoin,—Pope therefore, so far a very lukewarm Christian, was

\* The least favourable natural regard



yet unconsciously to himself searched profoundly by the Christian types of purity. This we may read in his

"Hark the herald angels say,  
—Sister spirit, come away!"

Or again, as some people read the great lessons of spiritual ethics more pathetically in those that have transgressed them than in those that have been faithful to the end—read them in the Magdalen that fades away in penitential tears rather than in the virgin martyr triumphant on the scaffold—we may see in his own Eloisa, and in her fighting with the dead powers let loose upon her tempestuous soul, how profoundly Pope also had drunk from the streams of Christian sentiment through which a new fountain of truth had ripened a new vegetation upon earth. What was it that Eloisa fought with? What power afflicted her trembling nature, that any Pagan religions *could* have evoked? The human love, "the nympholepsy of the fond despair," might have existed in a Vestal Virgin of Ancient Rome: but in the Vestal what counter-influence could have come into conflict with the passion of love through any operation whatever of religion? None of any ennobling character that could reach the Vestal's own heart. The way in which religion connected itself with the case was through a traditional superstition—not built upon any fine spiritual sense of female chastity as dear to heaven—but upon a gross fear of alienating a tutelary goddess by offering an imperfect sacrifice. This sacrifice, the sacrifice of the natural household\* charities in a few injured women on the altar of the goddess, was selfish in all its stages—selfish in the dark deity that could be pleased by the sufferings of a human being simply as sufferings, and not at all under any fiction that they were voluntary ebullitions of religious devotion—selfish in the senate and people who demanded these sufferings as a ransom paid through sighs and tears for *their* ambition—selfish in the Vestal herself, as sustained altogether by fear of a punishment too terrific to face, sustained therefore by the meanest principle in her nature. But in Eloisa how grand is the collision between deep religious aspirations and the persecuting phantoms of her undying human passion! The Vestal feared to be walled

\* The Vestals not only renounced marriage, at least for those years in which marriage could be a natural blessing, but also left their fathers' houses at an age the most trying to the human heart as regards the pangs of separation.

up alive, abandoned to the pangs of hunger—to the trepidations of darkness—to the echoes of her own lingering groans—to the torments perhaps of frenzy rekindling at intervals the decaying agonies of flesh. Was *that* what Eloisa feared? Punishment she had none to apprehend; the crime was past, and remembered only by the criminals: there was none to accuse but herself: there was none to judge but God. Wherefore should Eloisa fear? Wherefore and with what should she fight? She fought by turns against herself and against God, against her human nature and against her spiritual yearnings. How grand were the mysteries of her faith, how gracious and forgiving its condescensions!—How deep had been her human love, how imperishable its remembrance on earth!—"What is it," the Roman Vestal would have said, "that this Christian lady is afraid of! What is the phantom that she seems to see?" Vestal! it is not fear, but grief. She sees an immeasurable heaven that seems to touch her eyes; so near is she to its love. Suddenly, an Abelard—the glory of his race—appears, that seems to touch her lips. The heavens recede, and diminish to a starry point twinkling in an unfathomable abyss; they are all but lost for *her*. Fire it is in Eloisa that searches fire: the holy that fights with the earthly: fire that cleanses with fire that consumes; like cavalry the two fires wheel and counterwheel, advancing and retreating, charging and counter-charging through and through each other. Eloisa trembles, but she trembles as a guilty creature before a tribunal unveiled within the secrecy of her own nature: there was no such trembling in the heathen worlds, for there was no such secret tribunal. Eloisa fights with a shadowy enemy: there was no such fighting for Roman Vestals; because all the temples of our earth, (which is the crowned Vesta), no, nor all the glory of her altars, nor all the pomp of her cruelties, could cite from the depths of a human spirit any such fearful shadow as Christian faith evokes from an afflicted conscience.

Pope therefore, wheresoever his heart speaks loudly, shows how deep had been his early impressions from Christianity. That is shown in his intimacy with Crashaw, in his Eloisa, in his Messiah, in his adaptation to Christian purposes of the Dying Adrian, &c. It is remarkable also, that Pope betrays, in all places where he has occasion to *argue* about Christianity, how much grander and more faithful to that

great theme were the subconscious perceptions of his heart than the explicit commentaries of his understanding. He, like so many others, was unable to read or interpret the testimonies of his own heart, which is a deep over which diviner agencies brood than are legible to the intellect. The cipher written on his heaven-visited heart was deeper than his understanding could interpret.

If the question were asked, What ought to have been the best among Pope's poems? most people would answer, the *Essay on Man*. If the question were asked, What is the worst? all people of judgment would say, the *Essay on Man*. Whilst yet in its rudiments this poem claimed the first place by the promise of its subject: when finished, by the utter failure of its execution, it fell into the last. The case possesses a triple interest—first, as illustrating the character of Pope modified by his situation; secondly, as illustrating the true nature of that "didactic" poetry to which this particular poem is usually referred; thirdly, as illustrating the anomalous condition to which a poem so grand in its ambition has been reduced by the double disturbance of its proper movement; one disturbance through the position of Pope, another through his total misconception of didactic poetry. First as regards Pope's situation it may seem odd—but it is not so—that a man's social position should overrule his intellect. The scriptural denunciation of riches, as a snare to any man that is striving to rise above worldly views, applies not at all less to the intellect, and to any man seeking to ascend by some aerial arch of flight above ordinary intellectual efforts. Riches are fatal to those continuities of energy without which there is no success of that magnitude. Pope had £100 a year. *That* seems not so much. No, certainly not, with a wife and six children; but by accident Pope had no wife and no children. He was luxuriously at his ease: and this accident of his position in life fell in with a constitutional infirmity that predisposed him to indolence. Even his religious faith, by shutting him out from those public employments which else his great friends would have been too happy to obtain for him, aided his idleness, or sometimes invested it with a false character of conscientious self denial. He cherished his religion confessedly as a plea for idleness. The result of all this was, that in his habits of thinking and of study, (if study we can call a

style of reading so desultory as *his*), Pope became a pure *dilettante*; in his intellectual eclecticism he was a mere epicure, toying with the delicacies and varieties of literature; revelling in the first bloom of moral speculations, but sated immediately; fastidiously retreating from all that threatened labor, or that exacted continuous attention; fathoming, throughout all his vagrancies amongst books no foundation; filling up no chasms; and with all his fertility of thought expanding no germs of new life.

This career of luxurious indolence was the result of early luck which made it possible, and of bodily constitution which made it tempting. And when we remember his youthful introduction to the highest circles in the metropolis, where he never lost his footing, we cannot wonder that, without any sufficient motive for resistance, he should have sunk passively under his constitutional propensities, and should have fluttered amongst the flower-beds of literature or philosophy far more in the character of a libertine butterfly for casual enjoyment, than of a hard-working bee pursuing a premeditated purpose.

Such a character, strengthened by such a situation, would at any rate have disqualified Pope for composing a work severely philosophic, or where philosophy did more than throw a colored light of pensiveness upon some sentimental subject. If it were necessary that the philosophy should enter substantially into the very texture of the poem, furnishing its interest and prescribing its movement, in that case Pope's combining and theorizing faculty would have shrunk as from the labor of building a pyramid. And wo to him where it did *not*, as really happened in the case of the *Essay on Man*. For his faculty of execution was under an absolute necessity of shrinking in horror from the enormous details of such an enterprise to which so rashly he had pledged himself. He was sure to find himself, as find himself he did, landed in the most dreadful embarrassment upon reviewing his own work. A work which, when finished, was not even begun; whose arches wanted their key-stones; whose parts had no coherency; and whose pillars, in the very moment of being thrown open to public view, were already crumbling into ruins. This utter prostration of Pope in a work so ambitious as an *Essay on Man*—a prostration predetermined from the first by the personal circumstances which we have noticed, was rendered still more irresistible in



the *second* place by the general misconception in which Pope shared as to the very meaning of "didactic" poetry. Upon which point we pause to make an exposition of our own views.

What is didactic poetry? What does "didactic" mean when applied as a distinguishing epithet to such an idea as a poem? The predicate destroys the subject: it is a case of what logicians call *contradictio ad adjecto*—the unsaying by means of an attribute the very thing which in the subject of that attribute you have just affirmed. No poetry can have the function of teaching. It is impossible that a variety or species should contradict the very purpose which contradistinguishes its *genus*. The several species differ partially; but not by the whole idea which differentiates their class. Poetry, or any one of the fine arts, (all of which alike speak through the genial nature of man and his excited sensibilities), can teach only as nature teaches, as forests teach, as the sea teaches, as infancy teaches, viz., by deep impulse, by hieroglyphic suggestion. Their teaching is not direct or explicit, but lurking, implicit, masked in deep incarnations. To teach formally and professedly is to abandon the very differential character and principle of poetry. If poetry could condescend to teach anything, it would be truths moral or religious. But even these it can utter only through symbols and actions. The great moral, for instance, the last result of the *Paradise Lost*, is once formally announced: but it teaches itself only by diffusing its lesson through the entire poem in the total succession of events and purposes: and even this succession teaches it only when the whole is gathered into unity by a reflex act of meditation; just as the pulsation of the physical heart can exist only when all the parts in an animal system are locked into one organization.

To address the *insulated* understanding is to lay aside the Prospero's robe of poetry. The objection, therefore, to didactic poetry, as vulgarly understood, would be fatal even if there were none but this logical objection derived from its definition. To be in self-contradiction is, for any idea whatever, sufficiently to destroy itself. But it betrays a more obvious and practical contradiction when a little searched. If the true purpose of a man's writing a didactic poem were to teach, by what suggestion of idiocy should he choose to begin by putting on fetters? wherefore should the simple man

volunteer to handcuff and manacle himself, were it only by the encumbrances of metre, and perhaps of rhyme? But these he will find the very least of his encumbrances.

A far greater exists in the sheer necessity of omitting in any poem a vast variety of details, and even capital sections of the subject, unless they will bend to purposes of ornament. Now this collision between two purposes, the purpose of use in mere teaching and the purpose of poetic delight, shows, by the uniformity of its solution, which is the true purpose, and which the merely ostensible purpose. Had the true purpose been instruction, the moment that this was found incompatible with a poetic treatment, as soon as it was seen that the sound education of the reader-pupil could not make way without loitering to gather poetic flowers, the stern cry of "duty" would oblige the poet to remember that he had dedicated himself to a didactic mission, and that he differed from other poets, as a monk from other men, by his vows of self-surrender to harsh ascetic functions. But, on the contrary, in the very teeth of this rule, wherever such a collision does really take place, and one or other of the supposed objects must give way, it is always the vulgar object of *teaching* (the pedagogue's object) which goes to the rear, whilst the higher object of poetic emotion moves on triumphantly. In reality not one didactic poet has ever yet attempted to use any parts or processes of the particular art which he made his theme, unless in so far as they seemed susceptible of poetic treatment, and only *because* they seemed so. Look at the poem of *Cyder*, by Philips, or the *Fleece* of Dyer, or (which is a still weightier example) at the *Georgics* of Virgil,—does any of these poets show the least anxiety for the correctness of your principles, or the delicacy of your manipulations in the worshipful arts they affect to teach? No; but they pursue these arts through every stage that offers any attractions of beauty. And in the very teeth of all anxiety for teaching, if there existed traditionally any very absurd way of doing a thing which happened to be eminently picturesque, and, if opposed to this, there were some improved mode that had recommended itself to poetic hatred by being dirty and ugly, the poet (if a good one) would pretend never to have heard of this disagreeable improvement. Or if obliged, by some rival poet, not absolutely to ignore it, he would allow that such a thing could

be done, but hint that it was hateful to the Muses or Graces, and very likely to breed a pestilence.

This subordination of the properly didactic function to the poetic, which, leaving the old essential distinction of poetry (*viz.*, its sympathy with the genial motions of man's heart) to override all accidents of special variation, and showing that the essence of poetry never *can* be set aside by its casual modifications,—will be compromised by some loose thinkers, under the idea that in didactic poetry the element of instruction is in fact one element, though subordinate and secondary. Not at all. What we are denying is—that the element of instruction enters *at all* into didactic poetry. The subject of the Georgics, for instance, is Rural Economy as practised by Italian farmers: but Virgil not only *omits* altogether innumerable points of instruction insisted on as articles of religious necessity by Varro, Cato, Columella, &c.; but, even as to those instructions which he *does* communicate, he is careless whether they are made technically intelligible or not. He takes very little pains to keep you from capital mistakes in *practising* his instructions: but he takes good care that you shall not miss any strong impression for the eye or the heart to which the rural process, or rural scene may naturally lead. He pretends to give you a lecture on farming, in order to have an excuse for carrying you all round the beautiful farm. He pretends to show you a good plan for a farmhouse, as the readiest means of veiling his impertinence in showing you the farmer's wife and her rosy children. It is an excellent plea for getting a peep at the bonny milk-maids to propose an inspection of a model dairy. You pass through the poultry-yard, under whatever pretence, in reality to see the peacock and his harem. And so on to the very end, the pretended instruction is but in secret the connecting tie which holds together the laughing flowers going off from it to the right and left; whilst if ever at intervals this prosy thread of pure didactics is brought forward more obtrusively, it is so by way of foil, to make more effective upon the eye the prodigality of the floral magnificence.

We affirm therefore that the didactic poet is so far from seeking even a secondary or remote object in the particular points of information which he may happen to communicate, that much rather he would prefer the having communicated none at all.

We will explain ourselves by means of a little illustration from Pope, which will at the same time furnish us with a miniature type of what we ourselves mean by a didactic poem, both in reference to what it is and to what it is *not*. In the Rape of the Lock there is a game at cards played, and played with a brilliancy of effect and felicity of selection, applied to the circumstances, which make it a sort of gem within a gem. This game was not in the first edition of the poem, but was an after-thought of Pope's, labored therefore with more than usual care. We regret that *ombre*, the game described, is no longer played, so that the entire skill with which the mimic battle is fought cannot be so fully appreciated as in Pope's days. The strategies have partly perished, which really Pope ought not to complain of, since he suffers only as Hannibal, Marius, Sertorius, suffered before him. Enough however survives of what will tell its own story. For what is it, let us ask, that a poet has to do in such a case, supposing that he were disposed to weave a didactic poem out of a pack of cards, as Vida has out of the chess-board? In describing any particular game he does not seek to *teach* you that game—he postulates it as *already* known to you—but he relies upon separate resources. *1st*, he will revive in the reader's eye, for picturesque effect, the well-known personal distinctions of the several kings, knaves, &c., their appearances and their powers. *2dly*, he will choose some game in which he may display a happy selection applied to the chances and turns of fortune, to the manœuvres, to the situations of doubt, of brightening expectation, of sudden danger, of critical deliverance, or of final defeat. The interest of a war will be rehearsed—*lis est de paupere regno*—that is true; but the depth of the agitation on such occasions, whether at chess, at draughts, or at cards, is not measured of necessity by the grandeur of the stake; he selects, in short, whatever fascinates the eye or agitates the heart by mimicry of life; but so far from *teaching*, he presupposes the reader already *taught*, in order that he may go along with the movement of the descriptions.

Now, in treating a subject so vast, indeed so inexhaustible, as man, this eclecticism ceases to be possible. Every part depends upon every other part: in such a *nexus* of truths to insulate is to annihilate. Severed from each other the parts lose their support, their coherence, their very mean-



ing; you have no liberty to reject or to choose. Besides, in treating the ordinary themes proper for what is called didactic poetry—say, for instance, that it were the art of rearing silk-worms or bees—or suppose it to be horticulture, landscape-gardening, hunting, or hawking, rarely does there occur anything polemic; or, if a slight controversy *does* arise, it is easily hushed asleep—it is stated in a line, it is answered in a couplet. But in the themes of Lucretius and Pope, *every* thing is polemic—you move only through dispute, you prosper only by argument and never-ending controversy. There is not positively one capital proposition or doctrine about man, about his origin, his nature, his relations to God, or his prospects, but must be fought for with energy, watched at every turn with vigilance, and followed into endless mazes, not under the choice of the writer, but under the inexorable dictation of the argument.

Such a poem, so unwieldy, whilst at the same time so austere in its philosophy, together with the innumerable polemic parts essential to its good faith and even to its evolution, would be absolutely unmanageable from excess and from disproportion, since often a secondary demur would occupy far more space than a principal section. Here lay the impracticable dilemma for Pope's Essay on Man. To satisfy the demands of the subject, was to defeat the objects of poetry. To evade the demands in the way that Pope has done, is to offer us a ruin for a palace. The very same dilemma existed for Lucretius, and with the very same result. The *De Rerum Naturâ*, (which might, agreeably to its theme, have been entitled *De omnibus rebus*), and the Essay on Man, (which might equally have borne the Lucretian title *De Rerum Naturâ*), are both, and from the same cause, fragments that could not have been completed. Both are accumulations of diamond-dust without principles of coherency. In a succession of pictures, such as usually form the materials of didactic poems, the slightest thread of interdependency is sufficient. But, in works essentially and everywhere argumentative and polemic, to omit the connecting links, as often as they are insusceptible of poetic effect, is to break up the unity of the parts, and to undermine the foundations, in what expressly offers itself as a systematic and architectural whole. Pope's poem has suffered even more than that of Lucretius from this want

of cohesion. It is indeed the realization of anarchy; and one amusing test of this may be found in the fact, that different commentators have deduced from it the very opposite doctrines. In some instances this apparent antinomy is doubtful, and dependent on the ambiguities or obscurities of the expression. But in others it is fairly deducible: and the cause lies in the elliptical structure of the work; the ellipsis, or (as sometimes it may be called) the chasm may be filled up in two different modes essentially hostile: and he that supplies the *hiatus*, in effect determines the bias of the poem this way or that—to a religious or to a sceptical result. In this edition the commentary of Warburton has been retained, which ought certainly to have been dismissed. The Essay is, in effect, a Hebrew word with the vowel-points omitted: and Warburton supplies one set of vowels, whilst Crousaz with equal right supplies a contradictory set.

As a whole, the edition before us is certainly the most agreeable of all that we possess. The fidelity of Mr. Roscoe to the interests of Pope's reputation, contrasts pleasingly with the harshness at times of Bowles, and the reckless neutrality of Warton. In the editor of a great classic, we view it as a virtue, wearing the grace of loyalty, that he should refuse to expose frailties or defects in a spirit of exultation. Mr. Roscoe's own notes are written with peculiar good sense, temperance, and kind feeling. The only objection to them, which applies however still more to the notes of former editors, is the want of compactness. They are not written under that austere instinct of compression and verbal parsimony, as the ideal merit in an annotator, which ought to govern all such ministerial labors in our days. Books are becoming too much the oppression of the intellect, and cannot endure any longer the accumulation of undigested commentaries, or that species of diffusion in editors which roots itself in laziness: the efforts of condensation and selection are painful; and they are luxuriously evaded by reprinting indiscriminately whole masses of notes—though often in substance reiterating each other. But the interests of readers clamorously call for the amendment of this system. The principle of selection must now be applied even to the *text* of great authors. It is no longer advisable to reprint the whole of either Dryden or Pope. Not that we would wish to see their works mutilated.

Let such as are selected, be printed in the fullest integrity of the text. But some have lost their interest;\* others, by the elevation of public morals since the days of those great wits, are felt to be now utterly unfit for general reading. Equally for the reader's sake and the poet's, the time

has arrived when they may be advantageously retrenched: for they are painfully at war with those feelings of entire and honorable esteem with which all lovers of exquisite intellectual brilliancy must wish to surround the name and memory of POPE.

From the Quarterly Review.

### HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY.

*Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory, from the year 1769 to 1797, by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford; now first printed from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1848.*

WE have so often and so recently explained our views of the personal and literary character of Horace Walpole, that we shall on this occasion have little more to do than to give our readers a brief notice of an unexpected and by no means inconsiderable addition to the already vast harvest of his miscellaneous correspondence. In our number for September, 1843 (vol. lxxii, p. 516), we stated that his published letters (including the last batch of those to Sir Horace Mann then announced) fell little short of two thousand, and we expressed an opinion that the discovery of many others might be reasonably looked for. These volumes are come to confirm our former, without diminishing our further, expectation; for they are from a source which he had not anticipated. We knew that Lady Ossory had been an early and intimate acquaintance of Walpole, but we were not aware of their having been such frequent correspondents, as that her cabinet could supply us with above four hundred of his letters; and we now see some reason to believe that there must have been many more.

We are sorry to begin with repeating the complaints which we have had to make of the very defective way in which Walpole has been recently edited—perhaps our grievance on this occasion would be better

phrased if we said that these volumes are not edited at all. The title-page, indeed, tells us that they are *edited* by Mr. Vernon Smith; but there is scarcely any other page of the work that confirms this promise. This is a great disappointment; because of all Walpole's letters, this batch especially and peculiarly needed marginal illustration, and the talents and position of Mr. Smith raised a confident hope that the task he had undertaken would be not merely adequately, but brilliantly, executed. From what causes Mr. Smith has to so great a degree abdicated his editorial functions, and, in the rare instances in which he has done anything, done it so superficially, we cannot conjecture. The kind of apology he makes is not unmixed with a sneer at the duty he has thus neglected:—

“The few notes which I have added relate only to such circumstances as my relationship enabled me to explain of family history. I have purposefully abstained from the repetition of accounts of persons which have been given in former editions of Walpole's letters, which are derived from registers and magazines, open to the observation of *all who think it worth while to pursue such inquiries.*”

We readily admit that if Mr. Smith considers his publication as a mere continuation—the 11th and 12th volumes as it were—of the vast mass of Walpole's letters,\* it would have been needless to identify or characterize persons incidentally mentioned, and who were already familiarly known to all Walpole's readers; but as this is edited as a separate work, and, as is stated, for

\* Mr. Bentley's collective edition of 6 vols., and the 4 vols. of the second set of the Letters to Man.

\* We do not include the DUNCIAD in this list. On the contrary, the arguments by which it has been generally undervalued, as though antiquated by lapse of time and by the fading of names, are all unsound. We ourselves hold it to be the greatest of Pope's efforts. But for that very reason we retire from the examination of it, which we had designed, as being wholly disproportioned to the narrow limits remaining to us.



"the amusement of the public," we think as much should have been told as would insure that necessary ingredient to amusement—the comprehending what and whom the correspondents are writing about; it is a little hard that those who take up a gossiping volume should be obliged to provide themselves further with the Annual Register, Gentleman's Magazine, and a succession of old Peerages, to discover the object and meaning of one of Walpole's jokes on Lady A. or Lord B. Mr. Smith must feel this, and has accordingly in a very few instances afforded us some such lights; but unluckily he holds up his candle—almost, we think, without exception—where there was the least call for one. When Walpole mentions "a dear old blind friend in Paris," Mr. Smith—habitually so sparing of illustrations—need hardly have told us (i. 25) that "*Madame du Deffand*" was meant: when Walpole, after having said that Lord Shelburne had married Lord Ossory's sister, calls him "*votre beau-frère*," it was rather superfluous in an editor usually so taciturn, to repeat that it means "Lord Shelburne," who had married Lord Ossory's sister, p. 93: or when Walpole says that Lord Waldegrave had died at Lord Aylesford's house in the country, and that the scene of the catastrophe was "Packington"—we could have guessed, without a note, that Packington was "Lord Aylesford's house," p. 401. And these, be it observed, are three of, we believe, not much above a dozen explanatory notes in the whole volumes.\* We don't object even to such almost superfluous information, but we wonder that one who thought it necessary in such cases should have neglected it in so many others where it was more wanted.

But Mr. Smith in his contempt of the humble duties of an annotator, mistakes we think the question. It is not merely of the want of such illustrations as may be collect-

\* And of the rest of the dozen, several are, we suspect, essentially erroneous; as these, for instance—in vol. i., p. 54, which is made nonsense by confounding a *Poussin* with a *Claude*—in p. 58, where a wrong name is given in p. 153, where irony, we believe, is mistaken for a serious statement, which makes a puzzle in another note, p. 203—in p. 259, where Mr. Smith has forgotten the old French jeu d'esprit (if it can be so called): *La Palisse*, whence Goldsmith pilfered his *Madam Blaize*. We submit these to Mr. Smith's reconsideration; two of them are of some importance. There are also some strange errors of the press. What do our readers think of a comparison of General Elliot, the governor of Gibraltar, to "the old man of the mountain, who destroyed enemies with his few Gregois?"—ii. 113.

ed from registers or magazines that we complain—they may be obtained, as Mr. Smith remarks, "by all who think it worth while to pursue such inquiries," or, as we should rather have said, by those who wish to be able to read his book without laying it down a hundred times to consult a hundred others—but what the reader most indispensably needs, and what registers and magazines cannot supply, is the explanation of small events, slight allusions, obscure anecdotes, traits of individual character, the gossip of the circle, and all the little items and accidents of domestic, social, and political life, which constitute in a most peculiar degree the staple of Walpole's correspondence—the most frequent occasions and chief objects of either his wit or his sagacity, and without some knowledge of which his best letters would be little more than a collection of riddles. Let us give a few examples. In describing a severe fit of the gout he says—

"I am still dandled in the arms of two servants, and not yet arrived at my go-cart. In short, I am fit for nothing but to be carried into the House of Lords to prophesy."—vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

Many of the present generation of readers would require here to be reminded of one of Lord Chatham's remarkable exhibitions in the House of Lords, which Walpole, who was at this time angry with Lord Chatham on General Conway's account, sneers at.

"Have you read the character of Lord Chatham by Dr. Robertson in to-day's Public Advertiser? It is finely, very finely written."—vol. i. p. 118.

"The character of Lord Chatham was written by the Irish Mr. Flood, and published in Dublin a year ago in a book called *Barataria*."—vol. i. p. 120.

Should not the editor have added, that this famous *Character* was written neither by Dr. Robertson nor by Mr. Flood, but by Mr. Grattan? It first appeared in a collection of *jeux d'esprit* against Lord Townsend's administration in Ireland, called *Baratariana* (p. 240): the editor of which, for the purpose of mystification, stated it to be an extract from Robertson's forthcoming *History of America*; and this led to Walpole's momentary mistake.

And again, when Horace Walpole (i. 299), on the first appearance of the celebrated verses to Mr. Crewe, attributed them to *Sheridan*, a note ought, we think, to have told that they were really *Fox's*.

Walpole makes frequent sarcastic allu-

sions to one Mr. Martin as his "*heir-apparent*"—a pleasantry unintelligible to those who may not have discovered that Mr. Martin, Secretary of the Treasury in 1760, had, to Walpole's great annoyance, obtained a reversion of his lucrative sinecure in the Exchequer.

"I believe I am really Xottoho, a Chinese that comprehends nothing he sees or hears."—vol. i. p. 350.

This enigma should have been corrected and explained by observing that amongst Walpole's fugitive pieces, in the 4to. edition, vol. i. p. 205, is "A Letter from *Xo Ho*, a Chinese philosopher, to his friend at Pekin." We doubt whether Mr. Smith has found time even to look into that edition of his author, for we see that he has reprinted in these volumes a stupid Irish tale already published there. But, stranger still, he seems not to have consulted the contemporaneous letters of Walpole to his other correspondents. Walpole, offering a visit to the Ossorys at Amptill, calls it *Houghton Park*, upon which one of the editor's rare notes observes—

"Either a slip of the pen for Amptill, or an allusion to the ruin of Houghton on Lord Ossory's estate.—Ed."—vol. i. p. 7, note.

Mr. Smith, we suppose, is good authority on all matters relating to Amptill; but this is assuredly no *slip of Walpole's* pen. In a letter to Conway, 17th June, 1771, and elsewhere, he mentions *Houghton Park* synonymously with Amptill.

"I tremble lest Mr. Conway should have an opportunity of being romantic and defending a pebble because he has nothing else to defend."—vol. i. p. 358.

This *pebble* was Jersey—then menaced by the French—of which General Conway was governor.

"La Signorina I have not seen, and, in truth, did not ask to see her. I love David too well not to be peevish at an Abishag of eight years old."—vol. i. p. 382.

If this was worth printing, it was worth telling that George Selwin and his little pupil Mademoiselle Fagniani are meant.

"In short, alas! your ladyship's gazetteer is grown such a favorite at a certain tiny *Court in Cavendish-square*, that he is called to *sit at the board three nights in a week*. I really think that I should *accept*, if I was sent for to the Queen's

house, if only to recover my liberty, as Lord North set a precedent of being as idle as one pleases."—vol. ii. p. 146.

This pleasantry—written in the celebrated ministerial crisis of March, 1783—is unintelligible to those who do not happen to remember that Lord North had been just turned out of the Home Office, which he had accepted reluctantly and executed with indifference; and that Princess Amelia lived at the corner of Cavendish Square, where Walpole was *too often* honored with invitations to the *loo-table*.

In August, 1783, after stating the "such sums of money" that his maid Margaret gets by showing Strawberry Hill, and pleasantly hinting an intention to marry her himself, lest some fortune-hunter should carry off so great a prize, he proceeds—

"Mr. Williams said this morning that Margaret's is the best *place* in England, and wondered Mr. Gilbert did not insist on knowing what it is worth. Thank my stars he did not! Colonel Barré, or Dunning, would propose to suppress housekeepers, and then humbly offer to *show my house themselves*; and the first would calculate what he had missed by not having shown it for the last ten years, and expect to be indemnified."—vol. ii. p. 165.

In order to understand these allusions, it is necessary to recollect that Mr. Gilbert had taken a forward part in some recent inquiries into public offices, which had discovered—to Walpole's great vexation, and a little to his discredit—that one of his many places, the Ushership of the Exchequer, which he returned as producing £1800 a-year, really produced £4200; and that Barré and Dunning, who had been great economical reformers while in opposition, had lately obtained, the one a great pension, and the other a lucrative sinecure.

"I was told 't' other night that Lady Cathcart, who is still living, danced lately at Hertford, to show her vigor at past fourscore—ware and Abbé de Gedoyne!"—vol. ii. p. 280.

This must be obscure to those who do not remember two very extraordinary stories. The Abbé Gedoyne was the hero of the, we believe, fabulous story of Ninon de l'Enclos' octogenarian flirtation. The Lady Cathcart was Sarah Malyn, who died in 1789, aged 98. She had four husbands, of whom Lord Cathcart was the third; the fourth was a Captain Macguire, an Irish officer, who, not much pleased with the posy on her wedding-ring—



*If I survive  
I will have five—*

took her to Ireland, and kept her there in solitary durance for near 20 years, when he died, and her ladyship came back to dance at Welwyn assembly. Some details of her treatment are told in "Castle Rackrent."

"I have seen good old Lord George, and would have persuaded him to read the pamphlet, which I acknowledged I admired, as I have to Mrs. Bouverie; but did not prevail."—vol. ii. p. 429.

One is curious to know who the "good old Lord George" was, who would not so much as read Mr. Burke's great work on the French Revolution. We, on behalf of all other Lord Georges, venture to guess that it was Lord George Cavendish.

"My servant's death was shocking indeed, and incomprehensibly out of proportion to his fault, and to the slight notice taken of it; and that gentle treatment is my consolation, as I had in no-wise contributed to, nor could foresee nor prevent, his sad catastrophe!"—vol. ii. p. 455.

This relates to the suicide of a young footman, which exposed Walpole to some obloquy. It should, we think, have been stated that the story is told by Pinkerton in his "Biographical Sketch," who shows that Walpole was wholly blameless.

We have noted on the margin of our copy a hundred desiderata of this kind—some more important, which we could not explain without more space than we can spare to such notes. It may be said that the matters themselves are trivial—they are so—the whole book will by some persons be thought trivial; but if it be worth while to print trivialities—supposing even they were such—it is surely worth while to enable us to see whatever little meaning they may have. But we do not rate them so lightly—they are items in the history of society always entertaining and sometimes curious, and ought to be made intelligible. In short such letters are amusing or valuable exactly in proportion to the degree in which the present reader is able to understand them, as the original receiver did. Mr. Smith seems to despise those who think it worth while to pursue such inquiries; but, for our parts, we belong to the old-fashioned school of wishing to understand what we read, and to taste of the banquet which Mr. Smith—worse than Sancho's Doctor—serves up to us in covered dishes.

These observations are applicable to all familiar letters, but especially to Walpole's, and above all to the series now produced, which, from peculiar circumstances, are

likely to be more obscure to common readers than any other class of his correspondence. The reason, as we think, is this:—In the former successive batches we had grown acquainted with his personages; the contemporaneous letters to different quarters illustrate each other, and the subjects are commonly of general interest, public or political, or of fashionable notoriety; and the notes of other editors, however imperfect they may have been, have still thrown a good deal of light on the more obscure passages; but this collection is—particularly in the earlier portion, and in some degree throughout—of a somewhat different complexion—the chief personages are not those we have been in the habit of meeting in Walpole's society—*Lady Ossory's* name is not, that we recollect, to be found in the preceding ten volumes. One letter to her, but *omitting her name*, closes the correspondence published by Mr. Berry in 1798, and has been reprinted with her name at the end of the collective edition. The main cause of this reserve is to be extracted from the following short note at the bottom of one of his pages, which contains, strange to say, all that Mr. Smith tells us of the history of the lady to whom the letters were addressed:

"The Earl of Upper Ossory was married to the Hon. Miss Liddell, late Duchess of Grafton, daughter of Lord Ravensworth, March 8, 1769.—Ed."—vol. i. p. 2, note.

The plain truth is, she had been *divorced* by Act of Parliament from her first husband, Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, and married immediately after the partner of her offence, John, second and last Earl of Upper Ossory. There was almost as much excuse for this poor lady as there could be in any case. A formal separation by deed had taken place between the Duke and Duchess in January, 1765. The cause was incompatibility of temper, and we know that the Duchess's patience was severely tried. There was no imputation on the lady's personal character, while Junius has immortalized the public immorality of the Duke's conduct. It was in this state of *quasi* widowhood, and under such provocation and insult, that she became intimate with Lord Ossory; and was at last, about the middle of August, 1768, secretly, as she hoped, brought to bed of a daughter—but the fact could not be concealed, and a divorce necessarily ensued. Walpole, in a letter to Conway, of the 19th of June, 1768—when we know from the

evidence given on the trial that the Duchess was in deep perplexity at finding herself within two months of an accouchement—says that “he called on the Duchess, and found her *looking melancholy enough*<sup>1</sup>, but he did not ask wherefore:” but he has in the same page afforded an excuse for the Duchess's fault by recording that “The Duke of Grafton, like an apprentice, thinks the world should be postponed to a w—— and a horse-race.”

In consequence of this error, however extenuated by the Duke's behavior, Lady Ossory found herself, by the severe but salutary rule of English society, excluded from the circle of which she was originally a distinguished ornament, and confined to a limited one composed principally of the family and immediate connexions of Lord Ossory. Walpole, who had been so intimate an acquaintance of hers that he familiarly called her “*My Duchess*,”\* seems to have good naturedly adhered to her under this cloud, and he maintained to his last days a correspondence with her, of which these volumes are the produce. We have already pointed out the kind of instinctive discrimination with which Walpole selected his topics, and even varied his style, with reference to his correspondents; and it is evident that the circumstances in which Lady Ossory was placed have given to these letters a character different in some respects from his usual style. He does not entertain her with the chit-chat and anecdotes of *la haute société* of London which she had forfeited—we meet few of the once familiar names and scenes of the general correspondence. Though there is of course a proportion of politics and of literature, his communications are rather of a more domestic character—he takes more notice than in his other correspondences of plays and players, on which topics many of his opinions seem very heterodox—and is sometimes driven to fill up his pages with very insignificant matters, and with superabundant details of his growing age and ailments. This certainly makes the letters less amusing, but it gives them *en revanche* an air of good nature, which, to borrow Mr. Smith's odd expression, “places Lord Orford in a more amiable attitude as to feelings and friendships than he has hitherto stood.” (*Preface*, p. vi.)

\* We have little doubt that Walpole must have written a great number of letters to the *Duchess of Grafton*. Perhaps in the giddy heyday of her life she may have neglected to preserve them.

But there is another circumstance that very disagreeably in our opinion distinguishes these letters, and in palliation of which we hesitate to accept Mr. Smith's prefatory explanation:—

“As they are written to a lady, they illustrate the tone of society of that day; for while they preserve a formality of address which no one would now use after so long an acquaintance, they contain allusions and anecdotes scarcely permissible to the more refined taste of our own times.”—*Preface*, p. v.

We are well aware that the style of that day was, though tagged with more ceremonies, much less refined than ours; but it must be observed that Walpole's numerous letters to his other female correspondents have nothing (except, we believe, one obscure hint to Lady Aylesbury) that can be called indelicate. Either former editors have chastened the style of his correspondence with other ladies, which we doubt, or else he had the bad taste of talking more freely—we might even say more grossly---to *Lady Ossory* than we think he would have done to the *Duchess of Grafton*. And much as we dislike mutilations, there are some most offensive sneers at sacred subjects, as well as many breaches of delicacy and even decency, which we wish had been omitted; and the rather because Mr. Smith has observed in one instance, and we fancy that we can trace in some others, that these freedoms were by no means to the taste of Lady Ossory herself, with whose name it is unfortunate, and we believe unjust, that they should be in any way connected.

We have made the foregoing observations, and we submit them to Mr. Smith's better judgment, because we cannot doubt that these letters—forming as they do, a not unimportant portion of *Walpole's great History of his Own Times*—will sooner or later be reprinted, and we should hope that Mr. Smith, in preparing them for republication, may be induced to pay some attention to our certainly not unfriendly suggestions.

Every reader is so well acquainted, not merely with the style of Walpole's letters, but with all the principal events on which he exercises his indefatigable pen, that it would be absurd to exhibit specimens of this correspondence, either in a literary or historical view, but we shall select, for their amusement a few passages that seem to us to have some novelty or interest:—

“11 March, 1773.—Mr. Burke is returned from Paris, where he was so much the mode, that, happening to dispute with the philosophers, it



grew the fashion to be Christians. St. Patrick himself did not make more converts."—vol. i. p. 54.

This little extract is not only interesting as evidence of the sincerity of Mr. Burke's religious opinions, and of the zeal, talent, and success with which he professed them, even in the infidel society of Paris, but it reveals the motive of a splendid passage of a speech made in the ensuing session, in which he pointed out "this conspiracy of atheism to the watchful jealousy of governments;" adding—

"and though not fond of calling in the aid of the secular arm to suppress doctrines and opinions, yet, if ever raised, it should be against those enemies of their kind who would take from man the noblest prerogative of his nature—that of being a religious animal. Already, under the systematic attacks of these men, I see many of the proofs of good government beginning to fail. I see propagated principles which will not leave to religion even a toleration, and make virtue herself less than a name."—*Prior's "Life,"* vol. i. p. 247.

The eye and tongue of a prophet!

On the subject of the "Heroic Epistle," of which Walpole was early suspected to be the author, he says,—

"March 16, 1773.—Your ladyship is but too apt to think of me far above my merit; yet never did you overrate my parts so much as in bestowing the Heroic Epistle on me. However, excuse me for saying, that, if in one respect you have done me greatly too much honor, you have at least lowered my character in another. What must I be, if, living in intimacy with Lord Holland, and being a frequent witness of his unhappiness, I had stabbed him by a most barbarous line? I must be a rascal, and a brute; after that need I, and yet I do, give you my honor solemnly that that Epistle is not mine. I hope you, madam, and Lord Ossory will treat me as I should deserve, if you ever find it is."—vol. i. p. 55.

The passage referred to must be,—

"On Tyburn tree  
Hung fragments dire of Newgate's history,  
On this shall Holland's dying speech be read,  
Here Bute's confession and his wooden head."

We confess we do not see the deep malignity which Walpole attributes to this line, unless it was supposed to allude to the precarious state of Lord Holland's health; it may have had, however, some more secret venom that escapes us; but we cannot read without surprise Walpole's protestations of good feeling towards Lord Holland,\* con-

\* There is no letter of 1778—an hiatus occasioned, Mr. Smith supposes, by the death of Lord Ossory's sister, Lady Holland; but this must be a

cerning whom we find in his memoirs of George III.—written about this time, and left for posthumous publication—such (amongst many) passages as these;—

"Detested by the public, Fox never could recover from the stain contracted at this period."—vol. i. p. 197.

"Fox had boldness and wickedness enough to undertake whatever the Court was led to compass."—vol. i. p. 249.

"Lord Holland was cruel, revengeful, daring, and subtle."—vol. iv. p. 126.

And this last passage must have been written nearly contemporaneously with the exculpatory letter to Lady Ossory. We have had but too many instances of Walpole's double-dealing and strange insincerity, but this is, we think, one of the most indisputable and revolting. It would lead us to attach very little faith to his disclaimer of the Heroic Epistle, but other evidence satisfies us that he might with truth disclaim the actual writing of it; it was no doubt written essentially by Mason, but we have equally no doubt that Walpole's head guided Mason's hand, supplying most of the wit, all the local allusions, and probably the sharpest points. Mason versified what, we are satisfied, Walpole prompted, and this is not at all inconsistent with the letter in the collective edition in which he compliments Mason on the success of his poem.

Here is another instance of his sincerity:—

"The publication (of certain letters) in question comprehends many of these offences, for it appears by the letters that the authors were much afraid of their being seen, though more goodness of heart appears than anything else. Merciful! if all the foolish things one writes in confidence were to be recorded! For my part, *I never care how silly I am in my letters, as I trust nonsense carries its own mortality along with it.* At least, if one is supposed to have common sense, one may trust, as Sir Godfrey Kneller did about his wretched daubings, that people will say, 'Oh! to be sure these could not be his.'"—vol. i. p. 172.

And again:—

"*'Such letters as mine!'* I will tell you a fact, madam, in answer to that phrase. On Mr. Chute's death, his executor sent me a bundle of letters he had kept of mine for above thirty years. I took the trouble to read them over, and *I bless my stars they were as silly, insipid things as ever I don't desire to see again.* I thought, when I was young

mistake; Lady Holland did not die till the October of that year; even if her death had occasioned a subsequent interruption of the correspondence, it could not have affected the nine preceding months.

and had great spirits, that I had some parts too, but now I have seen it under my own hand, that I had not, I will never believe it under anybody's hand else."—vol. i. p. 225.

All this from one whose chief occupation was letter-writing, of whom we have already near 2,400 published letters, the greater part carefully recalled by himself from his correspondents, and in some, we believe the majority of instances—and in this very one of the "*silly insipid*" correspondence with Mr. Chute—arranged and even annotated by himself for posthumous publication. There is nothing blamable in this, and, on the contrary, we are very much obliged to him, and wish that he could have annotated all his letters (as his editors will not); but what we do wonder at is the perverseness with which a man of such taste and sagacity volunteers, for some little egotistical motive which we cannot comprehend, statements notoriously at variance with both his feelings and the facts. Lady Ossory herself was so well apprized of his anxiety for epistolary fame, that she used, we are told, to relate that when they were near neighbors in town Walpole would omit to pay her the usual visit, if he had anything to say that he thought might be worked into an agreeable letter. There was certainly, as we have before said, some constitutional irregularity in his mind that seems on many occasions and topics to have been too strong for his veracity and common sense.

For the accuracy of the following strange story and stranger exhibition of the gullibility of Charles Fox, Walpole hesitates to vouch, but it was subsequently confirmed at the trial of the swindler.

"You have read in Fielding's *Chronicle* (the *Bow Street Report*) the tale of the Hon. Mrs. Grieve; but could you have believed that Charles Fox could have been in the list of her dupes? Well, he was. She promised him a Miss Phipps, a West Indian fortune of £150,000. Sometimes she was not landed, sometimes had the small-pox. In the mean time, Miss Phipps did not like a black man; Celadon must powder his eyebrows. He did, and cleaned himself. A thousand Jews thought he was gone to Kingsgate (his father's marine-villa) to settle the payment of his debts. Oh no! he was to meet Celia at Margate. To confirm the truth, the Hon. Mrs. Grieve advanced part of the fortune—some authors say an hundred and sixty, others three hundred pounds: but how was this to answer to the matron?—why, by Mr. Fox's chariot being seen at her door. Her other dupes could not doubt of her noblesse or interest, when the hopes of Britain frequented her home. In short, Mrs. Grieve's parts are in uni-

versal admiration, whatever Charles's are."—vol. i. p. 102-7.

This seems incredible—and of such a man as Fox! We find, however, that there really was such an adventuress—that "Elizabeth Grieve, *alias* the Hon. Mrs. Grieve, was tried and convicted at Hick's Hall of having defrauded several persons of money under false pretences, and was transported for seven years" (*Gent. Mag.* 1774, p. 492). It was then stated that she had been the year before brought up to Bow Street for having defrauded people by pretending to be the cousin of the Duke of Grafton, and being otherwise nobly connected. This was the affair mentioned by Walpole; but of the inimitable farce—better even than Foote's *Cozeners*, which was founded on it—of getting Charles Fox to wash himself and *powder his eyebrows*—we do not remember to have heard before,\* and are grateful to Walpole for having immortalized so remarkable a proof of Fox's early good sense.

We had hoped, when we saw Walpole's allusion to Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*, to find a solution of the question lately propounded by Mr. Crocker in his preface to that work, whether Walpole had seen the *Memoirs*—a curious point, and not unimportant to history; for if Walpole had not seen the *Memoirs*, the remarkable coincidence between them and his *Reminiscences* would give a double and mutual character of authenticity and authority to both. Here are Walpole's allusions to this matter:—

"Lord Bristol has left a paper, or narrative, of the Lord knows what, that is to be padlocked till his son is of age—nine years hence—and then not to be published while *whom God long preserve* is alive; this was leaving the boy a fortune indeed, if both live nine years! There, too, is another noble author—not for me, but for a supplement. I had rather the Earl Bishop would publish his father's memoirs."—vol. i. p. 392.

"My last intelligence was wrong; Lord Bristol's codicil, now printed, seems to relate entirely to his father's papers, to nothing of his own; nay, it seems rather civilly than rudely meant as to the

\* Sir Walter Scott, in his *Diary* of May, 9, 1828, gives the story with some confusion of names, but with one or two amusing variations of circumstance. One important point was, in that edition, that the heiress herself had been announced to Fox as a damsel of color; and Scott's informant told him, that in her youth it was universally understood what was alluded to—"when the black woman appeared in the *Cozeners*."—*Life of Scott*, vii. p. 131 (edit. 1838).



hour of publication, and to prevent disagreeable truths appearing with regard to the late Prince of Wales."—vol. i. p. 395.

"Lord Hervey did leave a Dialogue of one whole day in the late King's reign, that is, of what commonly passed there. It was not, I believe, exactly what I mean, but rather a ridicule on the individuals of the *dramatis personæ*. I never saw it, but Lady Hervey told me it was the best thing he ever wrote."—vol. ii. p. 15.

Now Walpole might mystify anybody about anything—but at least there is no expression in these passages that gives any support to the notion of his having seen the Hervey Memoirs. He certainly could not have read them if he was at any loss about the motive or the propriety of the Earl's injunction respecting their publication. There is no reason to suppose that the MS. ever belonged to Lady Hervey: Lord Hervey's son was of age at his father's death; and we know that the MS. passed successively to his brothers. Lady Hervey might very well tell Walpole, without having either the power or the wish to show him her husband's memoirs, that they were suppressed in consequence of their *disagreeable truths about the late Prince of Wales*; and that is all that Walpole *says* he ever knew about the matter. As to the *Dramatic Scene* in Queen Caroline's dressing-room on the supposed news of Lord Hervey's death, we readily believe Walpole's assertion that he knew it only from Lady Hervey's eulogistic report; for it has allusions to the Princess Caroline which it is not very likely that Lady Hervey should have been willing to show to any body—least of all to such a gossip as Walpole—during the lifetime of the Princess, which did not close until within a few months of the publication of the "Royal and Noble Authors." On the whole, then, we are nearly satisfied that Walpole never did see the Hervey Memoirs, and agree with what seems to be Mr. Croker's opinion, that the coincidences and variations between them and the Reminiscences are those of general truth conveyed through distinct and independent channels.

From many specimens of Walpole's peculiar style of wit, which it is in general difficult to exhibit in an extract, we select a few sparks:—

"What was in the letter that diverted Lord Ossory I remember no more than the man in the moon, whose memory lasts but a month."—vol. i. p. 187.

VOL. XV. No. II.

13

At a disastrous period of the American war he says,

"There was a Gazette this morning that will frighten the combined (French and Spanish) fleets out of their senses. We have destroyed a whole navy of walnutsells at a place as well known as Pharsalia, called Penobscot. . . . Flying from D'Orvilliers, beaten by D'Estaing and comforted by gathering a *wreath of sea-weeds* at Penobscot! How low is a nation sunk when its understanding may be so insulted!"—vol. i. pp. 364-5.

Happening to mention about the same time the virtues and generosity of two old ladies, Miss Stapylton and Lady Blandford, he adds,

"I wish we had some of these exalted characters in breeches! These two women shine like the last sparkles in a piece of burnt paper, which the children call the parson and clerk. Alas! the *rest of our old ladies* are otherwise employed; they are at the heads of fleets and armies."—vol. i. pp. 362-3.

"A *pism*," he says, "is the *grammar* of the rainbow." ii. 23.

To hint at some levities of the then Prince of Wales, he says he expects to be invited to revels "in *Eastcheap*," ii. 48.

Announcing the resignation of Lord Shelburne's Ministry before the successors were named, he dates his letter "13th March—*New Style*,"—which it was chronologically and politically—and concludes it,—

"Here ends the first chapter of *Exodus*, which, in Court Bibles, always precedes *Genesis*."—vol. ii. p. 148.

He describes one of the villas near Richmond Bridge as—

"a house in the middle of a village with nothing but a *short green apron* to the river."—vol. ii. p. 393.

There is a grievance of which all letter-writers are constantly complaining—the shortness of time between the arrival and the departure of the post; but never was it before conveyed in so epigrammatic a way:

"Our post, madam, which only *comes in. turns on its heel, and goes out again*, made it impossible for me to answer your ladyship's letter before dinner."—vol. ii. p. 438.

It is thus that by the metaphorical use of a single word he combines, condenses, and

exhibits in, as it were, one flash, a train of ideas that would cost an ordinary writer a long detail. This is, as we formerly noticed, the chief characteristic and merit of Walpole's epistolary style: even in this collection—the least pretentious series of his correspondence—it everywhere inspires and illuminates what would otherwise be very ordinary matter; though it must be confessed that here, as elsewhere, he frequently abuses his facility, and rides his metaphors too hard.

But there are things in these volumes more valuable than the best of their wit. He was during a great part of his life a very dishonest politician; but he really loved liberty, and well understood that it was inseparable from good order. His own temper, too, was cynical and selfish almost to infirmity, but he had a sure and prompt taste for kindness and generosity in others. He was the very reverse of what Swift said of himself, that "he loved *Jack* and *Tom*, but detested the human race in general." Walpole readily hated and ridiculed individuals, but he loved mankind; and under the surface of his wayward passions and strong prejudices there is always an undercurrent of good feeling, and, above all, of good sense. We have before applauded the sagacity and humanity with which from the very outset he reprobated the American war, and we see him here again writing in the same wise and generous spirit. But it is still more satisfactory to find him at the close of a long and factious life, reclaimed by experience into sounder opinions, and looking at the French revolution with the same ominous feeling as Mr. Burke—though (as might be expected in familiar letters) with a less extensive scope than the great political philosopher developed in his more elaborate works. The principles on which the shrewdest wit and the most sublime statesman of the age, or perhaps of any age, concurred—contrary to all their original prejudices—in auguring ill of the results of the French Revolution, were drawn from the nature of man and the experience of all human society; and Horace Walpole's anticipations of the results of the first revolution are well worthy of the consideration of those who are now speculating on the consequences of the last. The last has not yet (we write in May) been disgraced by the massacres that characterized the first, because there has been neither resistance on the one side nor enthusiasm on the other; but the germs of

anarchy, indigenous to such sudden and uncontrolled experiments on human tempers—not to say passions—are, to our conviction, as pregnant in 1848 as they were in 1789:—

"4th August, 1789.—The *Etats Généraux* are, in my opinion, the most culpable. The King had restored their old constitution, which all France had so idolized; and he was ready to amend that constitution. But the *Etats*, with no sense, prudence, or temper, and who might have obtained a good government and perhaps permanently, set out with such violence to overturn the whole frame, without its being possible to replace it at once with a sound model entirely new, and the reverse of every law and custom of their whole country—have deposed not only their King, but, I should think, their own authority; for they are certainly now *trembling before the populace*, and have let loose havoc through every province, which sooner or later will end in *worse despotism than that they have demolished*."—vol. ii. p. 382.

The despotisms of Robespierre and of Bonaparte!

So early as a fortnight after the taking of the Bastille the prophetic old man—

"For old experience doth attain  
To something of prophetic strain,"

foresaw the murder of the King and the despotism of the Emperor:—

"4th August, 1789.—When they have deposed their monarch, or worse, and committed ten thousand outrages, they will rebound to loyalty, and out of penitence confer on *whoever shall be their king unbounded power of punishing their excesses*."—vol. ii. p. 383.

Then how applicable to the Abbé de Lamennais' recent plan of a constitution is the following observation on the *constitution-mongering* that was then going on in France—

"An Abbé de Sieyes excused himself to the *Etats* from accepting the post of speaker, as he is busy in forming a *Bill of Rights* and a new constitution. One would think he was writing a prologue to a new play!"—vol. ii. p. 386.

Any one who reads the *National* or the *Réforme* of the present day will see that Walpole had been reading some exactly similar publications: one would suppose he had especially before him the *procès verbal* of the 15th of May, 1848.

"They have launched into an ocean of questions that would take a century to discuss, and, suppose that a mob of prating legislators, under the rod of



the mob of Paris, and questionable by every tumultuous congregation in the provinces, are an all-powerful senate, and may give laws to other kingdoms as well as to their own: and have already provoked, as they have injured, a very considerable part of their own countrymen. In the midst of this anarchy, is it not supremely ridiculous to hear of a young gentlewoman presenting her watch to the national fund, and a life-guardsmen five-and-twenty livres? Nay, there are some tradesmen's wives appointed commissioners for receiving such patriotic oblations! . . . They have either entailed endless civil wars on, perhaps, a division of their country, or will sink under worse despotism than what they have shaken off. To turn a whole nation loose from all restraint, and tell them that every man has a right to be his own king, is not a very sage way for preparing them to receive a new code, which must curtail that boundless prerogative of free will, and probably was not the first lesson given on the original institution of government."—vol. ii. pp. 391, 2.

This seems as if written yesterday. We suspect that the following prophecy of what then ensued will be found equally true of what is now in progress:—

"When all Europe is admiring and citing our constitution, I am for preserving it where it is. The decay of prerogative on the Continent is a good counter-security to us; I do not think the season will invite anybody to encroach on liberty; and I hope liberty will be content to sit under her own vine and fig-tree, and receive the advantages that France is flinging into her lap. . . . I own I shall be curious to see the new constitution of France when it shall be formed, if formed it can be. It must be a curious patchwork composed from sudden and unconnected motions, started in a hurlyburly of disputes, without any plan or system, and voted as fluctuating interests and passions preponderate, sometimes one way, sometimes another, with no harmony in the compost, but calculated to contradict every view of the old government,—or secretly to preserve enough of it to counteract the new."—vol. ii. p. 394.

And the following sketch of the issue of such attempts, which turned out to be literally true, will, we fear, be found equally true on the repetition of a still more inexcusable experiment:—

"A pack of pedants are going to be replaced by a pack of cobblers and tinkers, and confusion will be worse confounded. I should understand the Revelations, or guess the number of the Beast, as soon as conjecture what is to ensue in that country. Till anarchy has been blooded down to a *caput mortuum*, there can be no settlement, for all will be struggling different ways, when all ideas have been disjointed and overturned: no great bodies can find their account in it, and no harmonious

system is formed that will be for the interest either of the whole or of individuals. Even they who would wish to support what they now call a constitution will be perpetually counteracting it, as they will be endeavoring to protract their own power, or to augment their own fortunes—probably both: and since a latitude has been thrown open to every man's separate ideas, can one conceive that unity or union can arise out of such a mass of discord?"—vol. ii. p. 450.

And finally we recommend to Lamartine's serious consideration (if, indeed, he has time or disposition for serious consideration) the example of one of his predecessors in revolutionary popularity. We might remind him of Roland, Pétion, Danton, and also Robespierre; but a lighter example will be in every respect more appropriate:—

"Madame de Coigny, who is here and has a great deal of wit, on hearing that the mob at Paris have burnt the bust of their late favorite, Monsieur d'Epremenil, said, '*Il n'y a rien qui brûle sitôt que les lauriers secs.*'"—vol. ii. p. 484.

Here we must close our extracts and remarks with thanking Mr. Smith for what he has now given us—with recommending a search for letters to the *Duchess of Grafton*—and with expressing a hope that he will not be offended by the freedom with which we have suggested the little that is wanted to make these very acceptable volumes, if not more instructive, at least, in their lighter and more gossiping parts, more amusing.\*

CHILDREN IN WORKHOUSES.—The total number of children in the workhouses of 116 unions in England Wales, on the 18th Jan. 1847, was 52,227, viz —boys, 26,788; girls, 24,449. Of these there were boys under three years old, 4456; three years old and under seven, 6138; seven years old and upwards, 16,194; girls under three years old, 4340 three years old and under seven, 5543; seven years old and upwards, 14,565.

\* We cannot forbear extracting in a note an anecdote, new to ourselves, for which we could find no fit place amidst the subjects of our text:—

"26 Nov. 1789.—One story will touch you: the little Dauphin, who is but four years old, and a beautiful child, was learning fables: the *one in waiting* ended by saying of the animal that was the subject of it, that though she had great misfortunes, she became at last *heureuse comme les reines*. He said, '*Hah! toutes les reines ne sont pas heureuses, car maman pleure depuis le matin jusqu'au soir.*'"—vol. ii. p. 407.

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE GENIUS OF JOHN MILTON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

PERHAPS some may be astonished at the subject selected—the Genius of John Milton. Can anything new, that is true—or true, that is new, be said on such a theme? Have not the ages been gazing upon this “mighty orb of song” as at the sun? and have not almost all its gifted admirers uttered each his glowing panegyric, till now they seem to be ranged like planetary bodies round his central blaze? What more can be said or sung? Is it not impossible to add to, however easy to diminish, our sense of his greatness? Is not the ambition rash and presumptuous which seeks to approach the subject anew? Surely the language of apology, at least, is the fit preface to such a deed of daring.

No apology, however, do we intend to make. We hold, that every one who has been delighted, benefitted, or elevated by a great author, may claim the privilege of gratitude, to tell the world that, and how, he has. We hold, too, that the proof of the true greatness of a man lies in this, that every new encomiast, if in any measure qualified for the task, is sure to find in him some new proof that the praises of all time have not been wasted or exaggerated. Who that reads or thinks at all has not frequent occasion to pass by the cairn which a thankful world has reared to Milton's memory? and who can, at one time or other, resist the impulse to cast on it another stone, however rough and small that stone may be? Such is all we at present propose.

Every man is in some degree the mirror of his times. A man's times stand over him, as the sun above the earth, compelling an image from the dewdrop, as well as from the great deep. The difference is, that while the small man is a small, the great man is a broad and full, reflection of his day. But the effects of the times may be seen in the baby's bauble and cart, as well as in the style of the painter's pencil and the poet's song. The converse is equally true. A man's times are reflective of the man, as well as a man of the times. Every man acts on, as well as is acted on by, every other man. The cry of the child who falls in yonder gutter as really affects the progress of society as the roar of the French

Revolution. There is a perpetual process going on of action and reaction, between each on the one side, and all on the other. The characteristic of the great man is, that his reaction on his age is more than equal to its action upon him. No man is wholly a creator, nor wholly a creature of his age. The Milton or the Shakspeare is more the creator than he is the creature.

It is easier to separate the thought of some men from their age than others. Some men pass through the atmosphere of their time as meteors through the air, or comets through the heavens—leaving as little impression, and having with it a connexion equally slight; while others interpenetrate it so entirely, that the age becomes almost identified with them. Milton was intensely the man of his time; and, although he shot far before it, it was just because he more fully felt and understood what its tendencies really were; he spread his sails in its breath, as in a favorable gale, which propelled him far beyond the point where the impulse was at first given.

A glance at the times of Milton would require to be a profound and comprehensive one; for the times that bore such a product must have been extraordinary. One feature, perhaps the chief, in them was this: Milton's age was an age attempting, with sincere, strong, though baffled endeavor, to be earnest, holy, and heroic. The Church had, in the previous age, been partially and nominally reformed; but it had failed in accomplishing its own full deliverance, or the full deliverance of the world. It had shaken off the nightmare of popery, but had settled itself down into a sleep more composed, less disturbed, but as deadly. Is the Reformation, thought the high hearts which then gave forth their thunder throbs in England, to turn out a mere sham? Has all that bloody seed of martyrdom been sown in vain? Whether is worse, after all, the incubus of superstition, or the sleep of death? We have got rid of the Pope, indeed, but not of the world, or the devil, or the flesh; we must, therefore, repair our repairs—amend our amendments—reform our Reformation—



and try, in this way, to get religion to come down, as a practical living power, into the hearts and lives of Englishmen. We must squeeze our old folios into new facts—we must see that dead blood turned into living trees of righteousness—we must have character as well as controversies—life, life at all hazards, we must have, even though it be through the destruction of ceremonies, the damage of surplices, the dismissal of bishops—ay, or the death of kings. Such was the spirit of that age. We speak of its real onward tendency—the direction of the main stream. We stay not to count the numerous little obstinate opposing eddies that were taking chips and straws—Lauds and Clarendons, backwards; thus, and no otherwise, ran the master current of the brain, the heart, and the hand of that magnificent era.

Are we not standing near the brink of another period, in some points very similar to that of English Puritanism? Is not our age getting tired of names, words, pretensions; and anxious for things, deeds, realities? We have all heard the story of the man, who—according to the old good-for-nothing custom of telling at baptism to the congregation that he and his wife Janet, in solemn conclave assembled, have come to the resolution of calling their child Peter—when asked his child's name, said it was Acts; having had before four sons, whom he had christened Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and thinking it but fair to go on with the rest of the inspired authors, till, we hope, he got the length of a 2d Corinthians, or even a 3d John. In this age, like the worthy man, we have taken a liking for acts—acts—acts. We care nothing for such terms as Christendom—Reformed Churches—Glorious Constitution of 1688. We want a Christendom where the character of Christ—like that of Hamlet—is not omitted by special desire; we want re-reformed churches, and a glorious constitution, that will do a little more to feed, clothe, and educate those who sit under its shadow, and have long talked of, without tasting, his blessed fruits. We want, in short, those big, beautiful words—Liberty, Religion, Free Government, Church and State, taken down from our flags, transparencies, and triumphal arches, and introduced into our homes, hearths, and hearts. And, although we have now no Cromwell and no Milton, yet, thank God, we have thousands of gallant hearts, and gifted spirits, and eloquent tongues, who have vowed

loud and deep, in all the languages of Europe, that falsehoods and deceptions, of all sorts and sizes, of all ages, statures, and complexions, shall come to a close.

To Milton's times we may apply the words of inspiration—"The children are brought to the birth, but there is not strength to bring forth." The great purpose of the age was formed, begun, but left unfinished—nay, drowned in slavery and in blood. How mortifying to a spirit such as his! It was as if Moses had been taken up to Pisgah, but had been struck dead before he saw the land of milk and honey. So Milton had labored, and climbed to the steep summit, whence he expected a new world of liberty and truth to expand before him, but found instead a wilder chaos and a fouler hell than before. But dare we pity him, and need we pity ourselves? But for Milton's disappointment, and disgust with the evil days and evil tongues on which he latterly fell, he would not have retired into the solitude of his own soul; and had he not so retired, the world would have wanted its greatest poem—the "Paradise Lost." That was the real fruit of the Puritanic contest—of all its tears, and all its blood; and let those who are still enjoying a result so rich, in gratitude declare—

"How that red rain did make the harvest grow."

No life of Milton, worthy of the name, has hitherto been written. Fenton's sketch is an elegant trifle. Johnson's is, in parts, a heavy invective—in parts, a noble panegyric; but in nowise a satisfactory life. Sir Egerton Brydges has written rather an ardent apology for his memory, than a life. There is but, perhaps, one man in Britain, since Coleridge died, fully qualified for supplying this desideratum—we mean Thomas De Quincey. We have repeatedly urged it on his attention, and are not without hopes that, in that serene evening which, we rejoice to know, has at length succeeded a somewhat stormy life-day, he may address himself to a work which shall task even his learning, genius, and eloquence. We propose to refresh ourselves and others, by simply jotting down a few particulars of the Poet's career, without professing to give, on this head, anything new.

John Milton was born in Bread Street, London—a street lying in what is called, technically, the City, under the shadow of St. Paul's—on the 9th of December, 1608. His father was a scrivener, and was distin-

guished for his classical attainments. John received his early education under a clergyman of the name of Young; was afterwards placed at St. Paul's School, whence he was removed, in his seventeenth year, to Christ's Church, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself for the facility and beauty of his Latin versification. We are not aware, although placed at such a mathematical university, that he ever excelled in geometry; it is uncertain whether he ever crossed the *Pons asinorum*, although it is certain that he was whipped for a juvenile contumacy, and that he never expresses any gratitude to his *Alma Mater*. Universities, in fact, have often proved rather step-mothers, than mothers, to men of genius, as the cases of Gibbon, Shelley, Coleridge, Pollock, and many others, demonstrate. And why? Because their own souls are to them universities; and they cannot fully attend to both, any more than they can be in two places at the same time. He originally intended to have entered the Church, but early formed a dislike to subscriptions and oaths, as requiring, what he terms, an "accommodating conscience"—a dislike which he retained to the last. He could not stoop his giant stature beneath the low lintel of a test. He was too religious to be the mere partizan of any sect. From college he carried nothing with him but a whole conscience, and the ordinary degree of A.M., for he never afterwards received another; indeed, the idea of Dr. Milton is ludicrous. As well speak almost of Dr. Isaiah, Professor Melchisedec, or — Ezekiel, Esq.

His father, meanwhile, had retired from business, to Horton, Buckinghamshire, where the young Milton spent five years in solitary study. Of these years, little, comparatively is known; but, to us, they seem among the most interesting of his life. Then, the dark foundations of his mind were laid; then, those profound stores of learning, which were commensurate with his genius, and on which that genius fed, free and unbounded, as a fire feeds on a mighty forest, were stored up. There, probably, much time was spent in the contemplation of natural scenery, and in the exercises of devotion; and there he composed those exquisite minor poems, which, alone, would have made his name immortal—*L'Allegro*, *H Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. At the age of thirty, having obtained leave from his father to travel, he visited Paris, Florence, Rome, and Naples. His name had

gone before him, and his progress was a triumph. Public dinners and pieces of plate did not abound in those days; but the nobility of the country entertained him at their mansions, and the literati wrote poems in his praise.

We may conceive with what delight he found his dreams of the Continent realized—with what kindling rapture his eye met the Alps, gazed on the golden plains of Italy, or perused the masterpieces of Italian art in the halls of Florence, or the palaces of Rome. Milton in the Coliseum, or standing at midnight upon Mount Palatine, with the ruins of Rome dim-discovered around him—it were a subject for a painting or a poem. At this time a little incident of romance occurred. In his youth, he was extremely handsome, so much so, that he was called the lady of his college. When in Italy, he had lain down to repose during the heat of the day in the fields. A young lady of high rank was passing with her servant; she was greatly struck with the appearance of the slumberer, who seemed to her eye as one of the angels whom he afterwards described reposing in the vales of heaven. She wrote a few extempore lines in his praise with a pencil, laid them down at his side, and went on her way. When Milton awoke, he found the lines lying, but the fair writer gone. One account says that he spent some time in searching for her, but in vain. Another (on which Bulwer has founded a poem) relates that she, still stung by the recollection of his beauty, followed him to England; and was so mortified at finding him by this time married, that she died of a broken heart. Milton had intended to extend his tour to Sicily and Greece, but the state of affairs in England drew him home. "I deemed it dishonorable," he said, "to be lingering abroad, even for the improvement of my mind, while my fellow-citizens were contending for their liberty at home." There spoke the veritable man and hero, John Milton, one who measured everything by its relation not to delight, but to duty; and felt himself ever in his great Taskmaster's eye. The civil war had by this time broken out in flames which were not to be slaked for twenty years, and into which even a king's blood was to fall like oil. Milton, though an admirable fencer, and as brave as his own Michael, thought he might serve the popular cause better by the pen than by the sword. He calmly sat down, therefore to write down royalty, pre-



lacy, and every species of arbitrary power. At the same time, he opened a school for the education of the young. This has actually formed a count of indictment against him. Milton has been thought by some to have demeaned himself by teaching children the first elements of knowledge; although it be, in truth, one of the noblest avocations—although angels might honorably engage in it—although the fact of the contempt in which it is held ought to be a count of indictment against an age foolish enough to entertain it—although it be an avocation rendered illustrious by other names besides that of Milton, the names of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Buchanan, Parr, Johnson, and Arnold—and although the day is coming when the titles of captain, or colonel, or knight-at-arms—yea, and those of king, kaiser, and emperor, will look mean and contemptible compared to that of a village-schoolmaster who is worthy of his trade. Louis Philippe, if we are not mistaken, once taught a school; and it is, perhaps, a pity that he ever did anything else. The ingenious Mr. Punch lately proposed an asylum for discredited continental monarchs; we think a better idea would be, if they would set up a joint-stock academy in the neighborhood of London—Louis Philippe teaching French and fortification—the Emperor of Austria German and Italian—the King of Prussia metaphysics, and the King of Bavaria, assisted by Lola Montes, the elements of morality and religion; Nicholas might, by and by, be appointed president of the academy—Metternich would make a capital head-usher; and the whole might be called the *New Royal Institution*.

Schoolmaster as he was, and, afterwards, Latin secretary to Cromwell, Milton found time to do and to write much in the course of the eighteen or twenty years which elapsed between his return to England and the Restoration. He found time for writing several treatises on divorce, for publishing his celebrated tractate on education, and his still more celebrated discourse on the liberty of unlicensed printing, for collecting his minor poems in Latin and English, and for defending, in various treatises the execution of Charles I., and the Government of Cromwell, besides commencing an English History, an English Grammar, and a Latin Dictionary. Meanwhile, his first wife, who had born him three daughters, died in child-bed. Meanwhile, too, a disease of the eyes, contracted by intense

study, began gradually to eclipse the most intellectual orbs then glowing upon earth. Milton has uttered more than one noble complaint over his completed blindness. We could conceive him to have penned an expostulation to the advancing shadow, equally sublime and equally vain, for it was God's pleasure that this great spirit should, like himself, dwell for a season in the thick darkness. And scarcely had the last glimmer of light been extinguished, than, as if the coming calamities had been stayed and spell-bound hitherto by the calm look of the magician, in one torrent they came upon his head; but although it was a Niagara that fell, it fell like Niagara upon a rock. In an evil hour, as it seemed at the time at least, for Britain, for Milton, for the progress of the human race, the restored Charles arrived. The consequences were disastrous to our hero. His name was proscribed, his books burned, himself obliged to abscond, and it was what some would call a miracle that the blinded Samson was not led forth to give his enemies sport, at the place of common execution, and that the most godlike head in the world did not roll off from the bloody block. But, "man is immortal till his work be done." We speak of accidents and possibilities; but, in reality, and looking at the matter upon the God-side of it, Milton could no more have perished than he could a century before. His future works were as certain, and inevitable, and due at their day, as "summer and winter, as seed-time and harvest."

Even after the heat of persecution had abated, and his life was, by sufferance, secure—it was never more—the prospects of Milton were aught but cheering. He was poor, he was blind, he was solitary—his second wife dead; his daughters, it would appear, were not the most congenial of companions; his country was enslaved; the hopes of the Church and of the world were blasted;—one might have expected that disappointment, regret, and vexation would have completed their work. Probably his enemies expected so too. Probably they said, "We'll neglect him, and see if that does not break his heart—we'll bring down on his head the silence of a world, which was wont to ring with his name." They did not know their man. They knew not that here was one of the immortal coursers, who fed on no vulgar or earthly food. He, like his Master, "had meat to eat that the world knew not of."

It was the greatest crisis in the history of the individual man. Napoleon survived the loss of his empire; and men call him great, because he survived it. Sir Walter Scott not only survived the loss of his fortune, but he struggled manfully amid the sympathy of the civilized species to repair it. But Milton, amidst the loss of friends, fortune, fame, sight, safety, domestic comfort, long-cherished hopes, not only survived, but stood firm as a god above the ruins of a world; and not only stood firm, but built, alone and unaided, to himself an everlasting monument. Whole centuries of every-day life seem condensed in those few years in which he was constructing his work; and is it too daring a conception—that of the Great Spirit, watching from on high its progress, and saying of it, as he did of his own Creation, when finished, “It is very good?”

But, indeed, *his own work* it was. For, strong as this hero felt himself, in his matured learning—his genius, so highly cultured, yet still so fresh and young, in his old experience, he did not venture to put his hand to the task till, with strong crying and tears, he had asked the inspiration and guidance of a higher power. Nor were these denied him. As Noah into the Ark of old, the Lord “shut” Milton in within the darkened tabernacle of his own spirit, and that tabernacle being filled with light from heaven, “Paradise Lost” arose, the joint work of human genius and of divine illumination.

We have seen the first edition of this marvellous poem—a small, humble duodecimo, in ten books, which was the original number; but to us it seemed rich all over, as a summer’s sunset, with glory. As Charles Lamb once took up “Chapman’s Translation of Homer,” and kissed it, we were tempted to pay it a similar tribute. Every one has heard, probably, of the price, the goodly price, at which it was prized and bought—five pounds, with a contingency of fifteen more in case of sale. For two years before it seems to have slumbered in manuscript, and very likely was the while carried round the trade, seeking for one hardy enough to be its literary accoucheur. But let us not imagine that in our day it would have met with a different reception. We can well fancy Adam Black, or John Murray, saying to Milton, “Splendid poem, Sir.—great genius in it; but it won’t sell, we fear—far too long—too many learned words in it—odd episode that on Sin

and Death. If you could rub it down into a tragedy, and secure Macready for Satan, and Helen Faucit for Eve, it might take; or, if you could write a few songs on the third French Revolution, or something in the style of ‘Dombey & Son.’ Good morning Mr. Milton.” It appeared in 1667, but was a long time rising to its just place in public estimation. The public preferred Waller’s insipid commonplaces, and Dryden’s ranting plays, to the divine blank verse of Milton. Waller himself spoke of it as a long, dull poem in blank verse; if its length could not be considered a merit, it had no other. The case is not singular. The two greatest poems in English of this century are, in our judgment, “Wordsworth’s Excursion,” and “Bailey’s Festus.” Both were for years treated with neglect, although we are certain that both will survive the “Course of Time,” and the “Pickwick Papers.” Between his masterpiece and his death, little occurred, except the publication of some minor, but noble, productions, including “Paradise Regained,” “Samson Agonistes,” “A System of Logic,” “A Treatise of True Religion,” and a collection of his familiar epistles in Latin. At last, in November, 1674, at the age of sixty-six, under an exhaustion of the vital powers, Milton expired, and that spirit, which was “only a little lower than the angels,” went away to mingle with his starry kindred. It is with a certain severe satisfaction that we contemplate the death of a man like Milton. We feel that tears and lamentations are here unbecoming, and would mar the solemn sweetness of the scene. With serenity, nay, with joy, we witness this majestic man-child caught up to God and his throne, soaring away from the many shadows which surrounded him on earth, into that bright element of eternity, in which he seemed already naturalized, and for which his life had been a long sigh. Who seeks to weep, as he sees the river, rich with the spoils of its long wandering, and become a broad mirror for the heavens, at length sinking in the bosom of the deep? or, were we permitted to behold a star re-absorbed, into its author, melted down in God, would it not generate a delight, graver indeed, but as real, as had we stood by its creation; and although there were no shouting, as on its natal morn, might there not be silence—the silence of joyous wonder—among the sons of God? Thus died Milton—the prince of modern men, accepting death as gently and silently as the sky receives into



its arms the waning moon. We are reminded of a description in "Hyperion," of the death of Goethe: "His majestic eyes looked for the last time on the light of a pleasant spring morning. Calm like a God, the old man sat, and, with a smile, seemed to bid farewell to the light of day, on which he had gazed for more than eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which had just dropped from his dying fingers. 'Open the shutters, and let in more light,' were his last words. Slowly stretching forth his hand, he seemed to write in the air, and, as it sank down again and was motionless, the spirit of the old man was gone."

The next portion of our task is, to speak of the constituents of Milton's mind. Many critics have spoken of him as one who possessed only two or three faculties in a supreme and almost supernatural degree. They speak of his imagination and intellect as if they were his all. Now, in fact, Milton, not Goethe or Shakspeare, seems to us the many-sided Man of the modern world. He was complete in all powers and accomplishments, almost as his own Adam. He had every faculty, both of body and of mind, well developed and finely harmonized. He had philosophic sagacity, and could, upon occasion, reason as acutely as Thomas Aquinas. He had broad grasp, as well as subtle discrimination; and some of his treatises nearly exhaust the topics of which they treat. He had, in vast measure, understanding, the power which comprehends; memory, the power which retains; imagination, the power which combines and reproduces; will, the power which moves; and eloquence, the power which communicates. He had, besides, the subordinate talents of wit, sarcasm, invective, rhetoric, and logic; even the characters of the sophist and the buffoon he could adopt at pleasure. In what species of literature did he not shine? In the epic, in the drama, in the pastoral, in the ode, in the elegy, in the masque, in the sonnet, in the epistle, in the song, in the satire, in the argument, in the essay, in the religious discussion, in the history, and in the etymological treatise he was equally a master. He added more than the versatility of Voltaire to more than the sublimity of Homer. While Voltaire skips from topic to topic with the agility of an elated monkey, Milton's versatility reminds you of the great Scripture image, "The mountains leaping like rams, and the hills like lambs." And

if it be asked, what was it that gave him that august air of unity, which has made many overlook his multiform nature? we answer, it was the subordination of all his varied powers to a religious purpose, such as we find in no other uninspired man; and it was, again, that glare of awful grandeur which shone around him in all his motions, and made even his least efforts, even his failures, and almost his blunders great. As St. Peter's in Rome seems one, because it unites, condenses, and rounds in all the minutiae and details of its fabric into a dome, so lofty and proud that it seems a copy of the sky to which it points—to imitate as well as to adore—so Milton gathers in all the spoils of time, and all the faculties of man, and offers them as in one sacrifice, and on one vast altar to Heaven.

In attempting a climactic arrangement of his poetical works, we may trace his whole life over again, as in a calm undercurrent; not that, in point of chronological order, his works form a complete history of the man, inasmuch as "Paradise Lost," in which his genius culminated, preceded *Samson Agonistes*—still, some of the epochs of his life are distinctly marked by the advancing stages of his writings. Lowest in the scale, then, are usually ranked his Latin poems, which, with many beauties, are rather imitations and echoes of the classical poets than the native utterances of his mind; it is in them as in many modern Latin and Greek poems, where the strange dress, the graceful veil, the coy half-perceived meaning, as with the beauty of female coquettes, give a factitious interest to very ordinary and common-place thoughts. Half the merit of the Classics themselves springs from the difficulty we have in understanding them, and if we wish effectually to disguise nonsense, let us roll it up in Greek or Latin verse, and it may lie there snug and unsuspected for centuries together. Milton could not write nonsense, to be sure, even in Latin, but his usual power and majesty here well nigh forsake him; and in hexameters and pentameters he walks like a Titan in irons, and in irons which are too narrow for his limbs. We may rank next, as next lowest in popular estimation, his sonnets. We are not sure, however, but that popular estimation has underrated those productions. Dr. Johnson certainly did. When asked once his opinion of Milton's sonnets, he said, "Milton could hew out a Colossus from a rock, but he could not carve heads upon Cherry-

stones." Literally, of course, he could not do either the one or the other; but had he been a sculptor, we believe that the slightest stroke of his chisel would, as well as his most elaborate work, have evinced the master. Hogarth's genius appeared as really in those sketches which he used to draw on his thumb-nail, as in his "Rake's Progress," or "Marriage à la Mode." So Milton's sonnets are sonnets which Milton, and none but Milton, could have written. We see, in the compass of a crown-piece, his most peculiar qualities: his gravity, his severe and simple grandeur, his chaste and chary expression, his holy purpose, and the lofty and solitary character of his soul. His mind might be compared to a mountain river, which first tears its way through high rocks, and then polishes the pebbles over which it rolls at their base; or we may apply to him the words of the Poet—

"'Tis the same wind unbinds the Alpine snow,  
And comforts violets on their lowly beds."

We confess, however, that we are not much in love with the structure of the sonnet. Its principle, which is to include into fourteen lines one thought or sentiment, seems too artificial, and savors too much of the style of taste from which have sprung anagrams and acrostics, and the like ingenious follies. When a large thought is successfully squeezed into it, it reminds us irresistibly of a big head which has worked and wriggled its way into a narrow night-cap; and when a small thought is infused into it, it becomes almost invisible in the dilution.

We come next to that delightful class of Milton's poems, which we call pastorals, namely, "Arcades," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." They breathe the sweetest spirit of English landscape. They are composed of every-day life, but of every-day life shown under a certain soft ideal strangeness, like a picture or a prospect, through which you look by inverting your head. Your wonder is, how he can thus elevate the tame beauties of English scenery, which are so tiny that they might be fitly tenanted by Lilliputians, and through which men stalk like monstrous giants. "L'Allegro" is an enumeration of agreeable images and objects, pictured each by a single touch, and set to a light easy measure, which might accompany the blithe song of the milkmaid and the sharp whetting of the mower's scythe. "Il Pensero-

so" is essentially the same scenery, shown as if in soft and pensive moonlight. Both, need we say, are exquisitely beautiful; but we think the object would have been better gained, could two poets, of different temperaments, have, in the manner of Virgil's shepherds, exchanged their strains of joy and pensiveness in alternate verses, or if Milton had personated both in this way. As the poems are, it is too obviously one mind describing its own peculiar sources of gratification in different moods. A modern poet might now, if he had genius enough, effect what we mean, by describing a contest between Horace and Dante, or Moore and Byron—the one singing the pleasures of pleasure, the other the darker delights which mingle even with misery, like the spray rising from and beautifying the torture of the cataract; or like strange, scattered, bewildered flowers, growing on the haggard rocks of hell!

An acute critic, in an Edinburgh periodical, has undertaken the defence of "The Town" *versus* "The Country" as the source of poetry—has called us, among others, to account for preferring the latter to the former—and has ventured to assert that, *ceteris paribus*, a poet residing in the town will describe rural scenery better than one living constantly in the country, and adduces Milton in proof. We admit, indeed, that there will be more freshness in the feeling of the Cockney, let loose upon the country in spring, be he poet or porter, just as there will be more freshness in the feeling of the countryman entering London for the first time, and gaping with unbounded wonder at every sign, and shop, and shop-keeper he sees. But we maintain, that those always write best on any subject who are best acquainted with it, who know it in all its shades and phases; and that such minute and personal knowledge can only be obtained by long residence in, or by frequent visits to the country. We cannot conceive, with this writer, that the country is best seen in the town, any more than that the town is best seen in the country. Ben Nevis is not visible from Edinburgh any more than Edinburgh from Ben Nevis. We can never compare the beggarly bit of blue sky seen from a corner of Goosedubs, Glasgow, with the dread magnificence of heaven broadly bending over Benlomond; nor the puddles running down the Wellgate of Dundee, after a night of rain, with the red-roaring torrents from the hills, which meet at the sweet village of



Comrie. And even the rainbow, when you see it at the end of a dirty street, loses caste, though not color, and can hardly pass for a relation to that arch of God, which seems erected by the hands of angels, for the passage of the Divine footsteps between the ridges which confine the valley of Glencoe. And among our greatest descriptive poets, how many have resided in the country, either all their lives, or at least in their youth! Think of Virgil and Mantua, of Thomson and Ednam, of Burns and Mossiel, of Shelley and Marlowe, of Byron and Lochnagar, of Coleridge and Nether Stowey, of Wilson and Elleray, of Scott and Abbotsford, of Wordsworth and Rydal Mount, and of Milton and Horton, where, assuredly, his finest rural pieces were composed! and say with Cowper, the Cowper of Olney, as we have said with him already—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

We pass to two pieces, which, though belonging to different styles of poetry, class themselves together by two circumstances—their similar length, and their surpassing excellence—the one being an elegy, and the other a hymn. The elegy is "Lycidas"—the hymn is on the Nativity of Christ. To say that "Lycidas" is beautiful, is to say that a star or rose is beautiful. Conceive the finest and purest graces of the Pagan Mythology culled and mingled, with modest yet daring hand, among the roses of Sharon and the lilies of the valley—conceive the waters of Castalia sprinkled on the flowers which grow in the garden of God—and you have a faint conception of what "Lycidas" means to do. Stern but short-sighted critics have objected to this as an unhallowed junction. Milton knew better than his judges. He felt, that in the millennial field of poetry—in the "lap of this lovelier nature"—the wolf and the lamb might lie down together; that everything at least that was beautiful might enter here. The Pagan Mythology possessed this pass-word, and was admitted; and here Truth and Beauty accordingly met, and embraced each other. A *museum*, he felt, had not the severe laws of a *temple*. There, whatever was curious, interesting, or rare, might be admitted. Pan's pipe might lean upon the foot of the true Cross—Apollo's flute and David's lyre stand side by side—and the thunder-bolts of Jove rest peacefully near the fiery chariot of Elijah.

But what shall we say of his hymn? Out of the Hebrew Scriptures, it is (besides his own "Hymn of our First Parents," and Coleridge's "Hymn to Mount Blanc") the only one we remember worthy of the name. When you compare the ordinary swarm of church hymns to this, you begin to doubt whether the piety which prompted the one, and the piety which prompted the other, were of the same quality—whether they agreed in any thing but the name. We have here no trash, as profane as it is fulsome, about "sweet Jesus! dear Jesus!"—no effusions of pious sentimentalism, like certain herbs, too sweet to be wholesome; but a strain which might have been sung by the angelic host on the plains of Bethlehem, and rehearsed by the shepherds in the ears of the Infant God. Like a belated member of that deputation of sages who came from the East to the manger at Bethlehem, does he spread out his treasures, and they are richer than frankincense, sweeter than myrrh, and more precious than gold. With awful reverence and joy, he turns aside to behold this great sight—the Eternal God dwelling in an infant! It is as if the star which led the wise men to the spot had spoken as well as shone—and if it had, could it have been made to utter language sweeter or more harmonious? Here the fault (if fault it be), with which "Lycidas" has been charged, is sternly avoided. From the *stable* he repulses the heathen deities, feeling that the ground is holy. And yet, methinks, Apollo would have desired to stay—would have lingered to the last moment—to hear execrations so sublime:—

"The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs thro' the arched roof in words, deceiving  
Apollo from his shrine,  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance or breathed spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.  
He feels from Judah's land  
The dreadful Infant's hand:  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne.  
Nor all the gods beside  
Dare longer now abide,  
Nor Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine:  
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,  
Can, in his swaddling bands, control the damned crew."

"Samson Agonistes" is perhaps the least poetical, but certainly by no means the least characteristic of his works. In style and imagery, it is bare as a skeleton, but you see it to be the skeleton of a Samson.

It is the purest piece of *literary sculpture* in any language. Cold and vast, it stands before you, like a statue, bloodless and blind. There can be doubt that Milton chose Samson as a subject, from the resemblance in their destinies. Samson, like himself, was made blind in the cause of his country: and through him, as through a new channel, does Milton pour out his old complaint, but more here in anger than in sorrow. It had required—as the Nile has seven mouths—so many vents to a grief so great and absolute as his. Consolation Samson has little, save in the prospect of vengeance, for the prospect of the resurrection-body had not fully dawned on his soul. He is, in short, a hard and Hebrew shape of Milton. Indeed, the poem might have been written by one who had been born blind, from its sparing natural imagery. He seems to spurn that bright and flowery world which has been shut against him, and to create, within his darkened tabernacle, a scenery and a companionship of his own—distinct as the scenery and the companionship of dreams. It is, consequently, a naked and gloomy poem—and as its hero triumphs in death, so it seems to fall upon and crush its reader into prostrate wonder, rather than to create warm and willing admiration. You believe it to be a powerful poem, and you tremble as you believe.

What a contrast in "Comus," the growth and bloom rather than the work of his youth! It bears the relation to the other works of Milton, that "Romeo and Juliet" does to the other works of Shakspeare. We can conceive it the effluence of his first love. He here lets his imagination run riot with him—"in the colors of the rainbow live and play i' the plighted clouds." It is rather a dream than a drama—such a dream as might have been passing across the fine features of the young Milton, as he lay asleep in Italy. It is an exercise of fancy, more than of imagination. And if our readers wish us, ere going farther, to distinguish fancy from imagination, we would do so briefly, as follows:—They are not, we maintain, essentially different, but the same power under different aspects, attitudes, and circumstances. Have they ever contemplated the fire at even-tide? then must they have noticed how the flame, after warming and completely impregnating the fuel, breaks out above it into various fantastic freaks, motions, and figures, as if, having performed its work, it were disposed

to play and luxuriate a little, if not for its own delectation, for the amusement of the spectator. Behold in the evening experiences of the fire, the entire history of the mind of Genius. There is first the germ, or spark, or living principle, called thought, or intuition, or inspiration, or whatever similar term you choose. That fiery particle, coming into contact with a theme, a story, with the facts of history, or the abstractions of intellect, begin to assimilate them to itself, to influence them with its own heat, or to brighten them into its own light. That is the imaginative, or shall we call it the transfiguring process, by which dead matter is changed into quick flame—by which an old fabulous Scottish chronicle becomes the tragedy of "Macbeth"—or by which some lascivious lie, in an Italian novel, is changed into the world-famous, and terribly-true story of "Othello, the Moor of Venice." But after this is done, does the imaginative power always stop here? No: in the mere exuberance of its strength—in the wantonness of its triumph—it will often, like the fire on the hearth, throw out gushes of superfluous but beautiful flame; in other words, images, "quips, cranks, and wreathed smiles"—and thus and here we find that glorious exuberance or luxury, which we call fancy. Fancy is that crown of rays round the sun, which is seen in the valley of Chamouni, but not on the summit of Mont Blanc, where a stern and stripped stillness proclaims collected and severe power. It is the dancing spray of the waterfall, not the calm, unfettered, voluminous might of the river; or it may be compared to those blossoms on the apple-tree, which that tree pours forth in the exuberance of its spring vigor, but which never produce fruit. Or we may liken it to the spectre, who, after his *tread* had startled and appalled us, were to soothe and divert us by his *trip*. Imagination is the war-horse pawing for the battle—fancy, the war-horse curvetting and neighing on the mead. Imagination is Death in his darker shape, whetting his scythe for the sides of Satan, or grinning his ghastly smile of vengeance at the prospect of carnage. Fancy is Death, jesting with his hideous paramour, or leading her out to dance upon the bridge between earth and hell. From such notions of imagination and fancy, there follow, we think, the following conclusions: First, that true fancy is rather an excess of a power than a power itself. Secondly, that it is generally youthful, and ready to vanish away with the energy and



excitement of youth. Thirdly, that it is incident, though not inseparable from the highest genius—abounding in Milton, Shakspeare, and Shelley; not to be found, however, in Homer, Dante, or Wordsworth. Fourthly, that the want of it generally arises from severity of purpose, comparative coldness of temperament, or the acquired prevalence of self-control; and, fifthly, that a counterfeit of it abounds, chiefly to be known by this, that its images are not representative of great or true thoughts; that they are not original, and that, therefore, their profusion rather augurs a mechanical power of memory than a native excess of imagination. In “Comus” we find imagination, and imagination with a high purpose; but more than in any of Milton’s works do we find this imagination at play, reminding us of a man whose day’s work is done, and who spends his remaining strength in some light and lawful game. Our highest praise of “Comus” is, that when remembering and repeating its lines, we have sometimes paused to consider whether they were or were not Shakspeare’s. They have all his mingled sweetness and strength, his careless grace or grandeur, his beauty as unconscious of itself as we could conceive a fair woman in the moon, where there is not even a river, or lake, or drop of water to mirror her charms. In this poem, to apply his own language, we have the “stripling cherub,” all bloom, and grace, and liveliness; in the “Paradise Lost,” we have the “giant angel,” the emblem of power and valor, and whose very beauty is grave and terrible like his strength.

“Paradise Regained” stands next in the catalogue. No poem has suffered more from comparison than this. Milton’s preference of it to “Paradise Lost” has generally been quoted as an instance of the adage, that authors are the worst judges of their own works; that, like some mothers, they prefer their deformed and sickly offspring. We should think, however, that even were the work much worse than it is, Milton’s liking for it might have been accounted for on the principle that authors are often fondest of their last production; like the immortal Archbishop of Granada, whom Gil Blas so mortally offended by hinting that his sermons were beginning to smell of his apoplectic fit, instead of, as a wise flatterer would have done, stretched out his superlatives till they threatened to crack against the sky. But, in truth, Milton was not so much mistaken as people suppose.

There are men who, at all times, and there are moods in which all men prefer the 23d Psalm to the 18th, the first Epistle of John to the Apocalypse; so there are moods in which we like the “Paradise Regained,” with its almost supernatural quiet—with its Scriptural simplicity—with its insulated passages of unsurpassed power and grandeur—with its total want of effort—and with its modest avoidance of the mysterious agonies of the Crucifixion, which Milton felt was a subject too sublime even for his lyre—to the more labored and crowded splendors of the “Paradise Lost.” The one is a giant tossing mountains to heaven in trial of strength, and with manifest toil; the other is a giant gently putting his foot on a rock, and leaving a mark inimitable, indelible, visible to all after time. If the one remind you of the tumultuous glories and organ-tempests in the Revelation, the other reminds you of that silence which was in heaven for the space of half-an-hour.

The principal defect of this poem is the new and contemptible light in which it discovers the Devil. The Satan of the “Paradise Lost” had many of the elements of the heroic, and even when starting from his toad-shape, he recovers his grandeur instantly by his stature reaching the sky. But the Satan of the “Paradise Regained” is a mean, low, crawling worm—a little and limping fiend. He never looks the Saviour full in the face, but keeps nibbling at his heels. And although in this Milton has expressed the actual history of intellect and courage, when separated from virtue, happiness, and hope, and degraded into the servile vassals of an infernal will, yet it is not so pleasing for us to contemplate the completed as it is the begun ruin. Around the former, some rays of beauty continue to linger; the latter is desolation turned into despicable use; as when, some months ago, we saw St. John’s Gate, from which of yore issued the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” and which Dr. Johnson beheld with reverence, changed into a low tavern, whence British gin is dispensed instead of British genius. The Satan of the “Paradise Lost,” the high, the haughty, the consciously second only to the Most High, becomes, in the “Paradise Regained,” at best, a clever conjuror, whose tricks are constantly baffled, and might, as they are here described, we think, be baffled by an inferior wisdom to that of incarnate Omnipotence.

We pass to the greatest work of Milton’s genius; and here we feel as if, in using the

word art or genius, we were guilty of profanation; for so long have we been accustomed to think and speak of the "Paradise Lost," that it seems to us to rank with the great works of nature themselves. We think of it as of Enoch or Elijah, when just rising out of the sphere of earth's attraction, and catching a brighter radiance than any that earth owns upon their ascending forms. And there are works of genius which seem standing on tiptoe, and stretching up towards the measure and the stature of the works of God, and to which *these* seem to nod in responsive sympathy. For, as the poet says—

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon  
As the best gem upon her zone;  
And Morning opes with haste her lids  
To gaze upon the Pyramids;  
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky  
As on its friends with kindred eye;  
For out of Thought's interior sphere  
These wonders rose to upper air,  
And Nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat."

Such a work is that of "Paradise Lost," where earth and heaven appear contending for the mastery—where, as over the morning star, the night and the dawning seem engaged in contest as to the possession of a thing so magnificent, because in it, and in fine proportions, Gloom and Glory—the Gloom of Hell and the Glory of Heaven—have met and embraced each other.

"Paradise Lost" has sometimes been called the most perfect of human productions—it ought to be called the most ambitious. It is the Tower of Babel, the top of which did not, indeed, reach unto heaven, but did certainly surpass all the other structures then upon earth. Like the Pyramid of Cheops, it stands alone, unequalled—*Man's Mountain*. It is a Samson throw, to reach which, in our degenerate days, no one need aspire. Even to higher intelligences, it may appear wonderful, and strange as to us those likenesses of the stars and of man which are to be found in flowers and animals. In the language of Pope, they may

"Admire such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And show a *Milton* as men show an ape,"

But in proportion, perhaps, as this work rises above the works of man, and hangs, knitting the mountain to the sky, like a half-born celestial product, it loses a portion of its interest with "human mortals;"

and therefore while, in purpose and in power, the first of poems, it must, in effect, and in sweet symphony with the ongoing tide of man's nature, take a secondary place. It is not, on the one hand, a book like the Bible, commanding all belief as all admiration; it is not, on the other hand, a popular and poetic manual, like the Pilgrim's Progress, commending itself to the hearts of all who have hearts to feel its meaning; nor is it a work valuable to a party, as having enshrined and transfigured some party notion, which, like a gipsy in the wild, had been wandering undistinguished, till a sudden slip of sunshine had bathed him in transient glory. It is the written-out, illuminated creed of a solitary, independent, daring, yet devout man, which all ages have agreed to admire in Milton's poem. And hence the admiration awarded has been rather general than particular—rather that of the whole than of the parts—rather that of stupefied and silent amazement than of keen, warm, and anxious enthusiasm—rather the feeling of those who look hopelessly upon a cloud, or a star, or a glowing west, than of those who look on some great, yet inimitable perfection, in the arts of painting, statuary, or poesy.

We must be permitted a word about the hero of this poem, about its picture of hell, about its picture of paradise and heaven, about the representation of Adam and Eve, about its subordinate machinery of angels and devils, and about its place and comparative merits when put beside the other masterpieces of the human mind. Its hero is undoubtedly, as Dryden long ago asserted, Satan, if the most interesting character in the book deserves the name of hero; if, for example, Fergus MacIvor, and not Waverley, is the hero of that tale—if of Ivanhoe, not that insipid personage himself, but Richard, the lion-hearted, be the real hero. Wherever Satan appears, he becomes the centre of the scene. Round him, as he lies on the fiery gulf, floating many a rood, the flames seem to do obeisance, even as their red billows break upon his sides. When he rises up into his proper stature, the surrounding hosts of hell cling to him, like leaves to a tree. When he disturbs the old deep of Chaos, its Anarchs, Orcus, Hades, Demorgorgon own a superior. When he stands on Niphates, and bespeaks that sun which was once his footstool, Creation seems to become silent to listen to the dread soliloquy. When he enters Eden, a shiver of horror shakes all its roses, and makes the



waters of the four rivers to tremble. Even in heaven, the Mountain of the Congregation on the sides of the north, where he sits, almost mates with the throne of the Eternal. Mounted on the night as on a black charger, carrying all hell in his breast, and the trail of heaven's glory on his brow—his eyes eclipsed suns—his cheeks furrowed not by the traces of tears, but of thunder—his wings two black forests—his heart a mount of millstone—armed to the teeth—double armed by pride, fury, and despair—lonely as death—hungry as the grave—entrenched in immortality—defiant against every difficulty and danger, does he pass before us, the most tremendous conception in the compass of poetry; the sublimest creation of the mind of man. There is but one other, which approaches it at a distance; that of Lucifer, in Dante, who appears with three faces:

—“Under each shot forth  
Two mighty wings, enormous, as became  
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw  
Outstretched on the wide sea. No plumes had they,  
But were in texture like a bat, and these  
He flapped i' the air, that from him issued still  
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth  
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept the tears  
Adown three chins, distilled with bloody foam.  
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champed,  
Bruised as with ponderous engine.  
Judas is he that hath his head within.  
And plies the feet without; of the other two,  
The one is Brutus: lo! how he doth writhe,  
And speaks not. The other Cassius, that appears  
So large of limb.”

Nothing can be more frightfully picturesque than this description, but it is, perhaps, too grotesque to be sublime; and the thought of the Devil being a vast windmill, and creating ice by the action of his wings, is ludicrous. One is reminded of Don Quixote's famous mistake of the windmills for giants.

Burns, in one of his letters, expresses a resolve to buy a pocket-copy of Milton, and study that noble character, Satan. We cannot join in this opinion entirely, although very characteristic of the author of the “Address to the De'il;” but we would advise our readers, if they wish to see the loftiest genius passing into the highest art—if they wish to see combined in one stupendous figure every species of beauty, deformity, terror, darkness, light, calm, convulsion—the essence of man, devil, and angel, collected into a something distinct from each, and absolutely unique—all the elements in nature ransacked, and all the characters in history analyzed, in order to deck that brow with terror—to fill that eye with fire,

to clothe that neck with thunder—to harden that heart into stone—to give to that port its pride, and to that wing its swiftness—and that glory so terrible to those nostrils, snorting with hatred to God, and scorn to man—whoever wish to see all this, must buy, beg, or borrow a copy of Milton, and study the character of Satan, not like Burns, for its worth, but for the very grandeur of its worthlessness. An Italian painter drew a representation of Lucifer so vivid and glowing, that it left the canvas, and came into the painter's soul; in other words, haunted his mind by night and day—became palpable to his eye, even when he was absent from the picture—produced at last a frenzy, which ended in death. We might wonder that a similar effect was not produced upon Milton's mind, from the long presence of his own terrific creation, (to be thinking of the Devil for six or ten years together looks like a Satanic possession), were it not that we remember that his mind was more than equal to confront its own workmanship. Satan was not a spasm, but a calm, deliberate, production of Milton's mind; he was greater, therefore, than Satan, and was enabled, besides, through his habitual religion, to subdue and master his tone of feeling in reference to him.

Milton's Hell is the most fantastic piece of fancy, based on the broadest superstructure of imagination. It presents such a scene, as though Switzerland were set on fire. Such an uneven colossal region, full of bogs, caves, hollow valleys, broad lakes, and towering Alps has Milton's genius cut out from chaos, and wrapped in devouring flames, leaving, indeed, here and there a snowy mountain, or a frozen lake, for a variety in the horror. This wilderness of death is the platform which imagination raises and peoples with the fallen thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, and powers. On it the same power, in its playful, fanciful mood, piles up the Pandemonian palace, suggests the trick by which the giant fiends reduce their stature, shrinking into imps, and seats at the gates of Hell the monstrous forms of Sin and Death. These have often been objected to, as if they were unsuccessful and abortional efforts of imagination; whereas they are the curvettings and magnificent nonsense of that power after its proper work—the creation of Hell—has been performed. The great merit of Milton's Hell, especially as compared to Dante's, is the union of a general sublime indistinctness with a clear statuesque mark-

ing out from, or painting on, the gloom, of individual forms. From a sublime idea of Hell, he descends to severely-selected particular forms and features. Dante, on the contrary (although *literally* descending), in reality ascends, on endless lost spirits, as on steps, to that dreadful whole which he calls the Inferno; and in the strange, inverted climax lies much of the power of the poem. Milton is the synthetist, Dante the analyst of Hell—the one here practises the transcendental, the other the ascendant method. The one describes Hell like an angel, passing through it in haste, and with time only to behold its leading outlines—the other, like a pilgrim, compelled with slow and painful steps to thread all its highways and byeways of pain and punishment. Milton has pictured to us the virgin flames, and unpeopled wastes of Hell as well as of earth. By Dante's time, it is overflowing with inhabitants, and teeming with sad incidents. The Hell of each has its root as much in the heart as in the imagination—it is to each a red reservoir, into which he pours his ire and disappointment; but as Milton's sadness was of a milder type than Dante's, so his Hell is less savage and more sublime. He gazes reverently, and from a distance, on the awful scene—whereas the fierce Florentine enters into its heart, goes down on his knees to watch more narrowly the degradations of the down-trodden damned—nay, applies a microscope to their quivering flesh and fire-shrivelled skin; nor did Ugolino, over the skull, go to his task with a more terrible and tingling gusto.

In Milton's Paradise, no less than in his Pandemonium, we find the giant character of his genius. It is no snug garden-plot, with two walking vials of syrup, called a happy couple, enclosed in it—it is no tame, though wide, landscape; no English hall, with garden and park—it is a large undulating country, as bold as beautiful; and as in Hell he had made Switzerland run fire, in Paradise he makes Britain flow with milk and honey. As the one was a wilderness of death, this is a wilderness of sweets. There are roses in it, but there are also forests. There are soft vales, but there are also mountains. There are rippling, dancing streams; but there is also a large, grave river, running south. There are birds singing on the branches; but there is also Behemoth reposing below. There is the lamb; but there is the lion too, even

in his innocence awful. There is a bower in the midst; but there is a wall vast and high around. There are our happy parents within; but there are hosts of angels without. There is perfect happiness; but there is also, walking in the garden, and running amid the trees, a low whisper, prophesying of change, and casting a nameless gloom over all the region.

Such is the Paradise of Milton. It is not that of Macaulay, whose description of it in "Byron," vivid as it is, gives us the idea of a beautiful, holy, and guarded *spot*, than of a great *space*, forming a broad nuptial crown to the young world.

In his Heaven, Milton finds still fuller field for the serious, as well as sportive, exercise of his unbounded imagination. He gives us the conception of a region immeasurably large. Many earths are massed together to form one continent surrounding the throne of God—a continent, not of cloud, or airy light, but of fixed solid land, with steadfast towering mountains, and soft slumbrous vales; to which Pollock, in his copy of it, has added, finely, wastes and wildernesses—retreats, even there, for solitary meditation; and it is a beautiful thought, that of there being hermits even in Heaven. Afar, like a cloud, rises, as the centre and pinnacle of the region, the throne of Jehovah, now bathed in intolerable light, and now shaded by profound darkness. Thus far imagination, sternly and soberly, accomplishes her work. But when she describes the cave, whence, by turns, light and darkness issue—the artillery employed by the rebel angels—their punning speeches to each other—their tearing up mountains—the opening and closing of their wounds—she runs wild; nor is her wildness beautiful; it is the play rather of false, than of true, fancy—rather a recollection of the "Arabian Nights," than the carol and leap of a Titanic original faculty. The councils of the Godhead are proverbial for feebleness and prolixity. Milton's hand trembles as it takes down the syllables from the Divine lips; and he returns, with eager haste, to the consult, on the midnight Mount of the Congregation. But the coming forth of the Messiah to destroy his foes is the most sublime passage in the poem. It is a torrent rapture of fire. Its words do not run, but rush, as if hurrying from the chariot of the Son. They seem driven, even as the fiends are driven, before him. Suggested partly by "Hesiod's War of the Giants," and partly



by Achilles coming forth upon the Trojans, it is superior to both—indeed, to anything in the compass of poetry. As the Messiah, in his progress, snatched up his fallen foes, and drove them before him like leaves on the blast, Milton, in the whirlwind of his inspiration, snatches up words, allusions, images, from Homer, Hesiod, and the Book of God, and bears them, in terror and in triumph, on. As soon call a tornado the plagiarist of the boughs, rafters, houses, and woods which it tears up, and carries forward in the fury of its power, as Milton, in a mood like this. To quote any part of it, were as wise as to preserve a little of the air of a hurricane. We must read it at a sitting; nay, we cannot; for, though sitting as we commence it, we will be standing up—feet, hair, and soul—ere we are done. And would, we cry aloud, that the same pen of living fire had described for us that second and sublimer rising of the Son of Man, when he shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels; which must now remain undescribed, till every eye shall see it, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of it. Even so. Amen.

The difficulty which met Milton in his portrait of our first parents was, obviously, to make them perfect, without being unnatural—to make them sinless, and yet distinguish them from angels—to show them human, yet unfallen; to make, in short, a new thing on the earth, a man and woman, beautiful beyond desire, simple beyond disguise, graceful without consciousness, naked without shame, innocent but not insipid, lofty but not proud; uniting, in themselves, the qualities of childhood, manhood, and womanhood, as if, in one season, spring, summer, and autumn could be combined. This was the task Milton had to accomplish; and, at his bidding, there arose the loveliest creatures of human imagination, such as poet's eye never, before or since, imaged, in the rainbow or the moonshine, or saw in the light of dreams; than fairies more graceful, than the cherubim and the seraphim themselves more beautiful. It is the very image of God set in clay; and, in proportion to the baseness of the material, is the costliness and the masterdom of the work. "Oh, man! over all, we exclaim, be thou blessed for ever. And thou, his sister and spouse, his softer self, man's moon and miniature, may every flower be thy lover, every bird thy morning and evening songstress; may the day be but thy sunny man-

tle, and the stars of night seem but gems in thy flowing hair."

Milton's Adam is, himself, as he was in his young manhood, ere yet the cares of life had ploughed his forehead or quenched his serene eyes. Eve, again, is Milton's life-long dream of what woman was, and yet may be—a dream, from which he again and again awoke, weeping, because the bright vision had passed away, and a cold reality alone remained. You see, in her every lineament, that he was one who, from the loftiness of his ideal, had been disappointed in woman. In the words, frequently repeated as a specimen of a bull—

"Adam, the goodliest man of men, since born  
His sons—the fairest of her daughters Eve."

He has unwittingly described the process by which his mind created them. Adam is the goodliest of his sons, because he is formed from them, by combining their better qualities; and thus are the children the parents of their father. Eve is the fairest of her daughters; for it would require the collected essence of all their excellences to form such another Eve. How beautiful the following words of Thomas Aird! "Lo! now the general father and mother! What a broad, ripe, serene, and gracious composure of love about them! O! could but that mother of us all be permitted to make a pilgrimage over the earth, to see her many sons and daughters! How kindly would the kings and queens of the world entreat her in their palaces! How affectionately would her outcast children of the wilderness give her honey and milk, and wash her feet! No thought of the many woes she brought upon us! No reproaches! Nothing but love! So generous is the great soul of this world!"

Let the world, however, take comfort. If Eve has not accomplished such a pleasant peregrination, (not so pleasant, by the way, for her to pass through such infernal nurseries as the "high-iced" cities and reeking battle-fields of the earth), her picture and her lord's have visited some millions of her children, who have shown their affection for her by admiring two of the most monstrous of that progeny which French affectation and self-conceit, mistaking the pressure of nightmare for the stoop of the god, have ever produced. Approach, ye admirers of Milton's matchless pair, and see them translated into French, and tell us whether you think Monsieur Adam—himself a proof (were he a portrait) that the species did

not need two progenitors, being as much a black as a white; or Madame Eve, smacking more of the Palais Royal than of Paradise—the *first* man and woman, or the *last* man and woman—the first noble beginning, or the last meretricious and degraded end of their species? Such artificial beings, you feel, are quite secure. They cannot fall; they are fallen already, and too far ever to arise. One is reminded of the words of Shakspeare:—"If Adam fell in his innocency, no wonder though John Falstaff fall in his sin." We cease to wonder at their fall, and humbly think that that of Sir John, in the gutter before the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, might as soon have provoked the fantastic and forced symptoms of nature's sympathy with which the "Expulsion" abounds.

Milton's management of his angels and devils proves as much as anything in the poem the versatility of his genius, the delicacy of his discrimination of character, that Shakspearean quality in him which has been so much overlooked. To break up the general angel or devil element into so many finely-individualized forms—to fit the language to the character of each—to do this in spite of the dignified and somewhat unwieldy character of his style—to avoid insipidity of excellence in his seraphs, and insipidity of horror in his fiends—to keep them erect and undwindled, whether in the presence of Satan on the one side, or of Messiah on the other—was a problem requiring skill as well as daring, dramatic as well as epic powers. No mere monotonist could have succeeded in it. Yet, what vivid portraits has he drawn of Michael, Raphael, (how like, in their difference from each other, as well as in their names, to the two great Italian painters!) Abdiel, Uriel, Beelzebub, Moloch, Belial, Mammon—all perfectly distinct—all speaking a leviathan language, which, in all, however, is modified by the character of each, and in none sinks into mannerism. If Milton had not been the greatest of epic poets, he might have been the second of dramatists. Macaulay has admirably shown *how*, or rather *that* Shakspeare has preserved the distinction between similar characters, such as Hotspur and Falconbridge; and conceded even to Madame d'Arblay a portion of the same power, in depicting several individuals, all young, all clever, all clergymen, all in love, and yet all unlike each other. But Milton has performed a much more difficult achievement. He has represented five devils, all

fallen, all eloquent, all in torment, hate, and hell, and yet all so distinct that you could with difficulty interchange a line of the utterances of each. None but Satan, the incarnation of egotism, could have said—

"What matter where, if I be still the same?"

None but Moloch—the rash and desperate—could thus abruptly have broken silence—

"My sentence is for open war."

None but Belial—the subtle, far-revolving fiend, could have spoken of—

"Those thoughts that wander thro' eternity."

None but Mammon, the down-looking demon, would ever, alluding to the subterranean riches of hell, have asked the question—

"What can heaven show more?"

Or, who but Beelzebub, the Metternich of Pandemonium, would have commenced his oration with such grave, terrific irony as—

"Thrones, and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,  
Ethereal virtues, or these tides now  
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called  
Princes of hell?"

Shakspeare could have done a similar feat, by creating five men, all husbands, all black, and all jealous of their white wives; or else, five human fiends, all white, all Italian, and all eager to throw salt and gunpowder on the rising flame of jealousy, and yet each distinct from our present Othello and Iago; and this Shakspeare might have done, and done with ease, though he did not.

Perhaps, to settle the place, and comparative merit, of the "Paradise Lost," is an attempt which appears more difficult than it really is. Milton himself may have, and has a considerable number of competitors, and in our judgment, two superiors: Shakspeare and Dante. His work can be compared properly to but two others: the "Iliad" and the "Divina Comedia." These are the first three among the productions of imaginative genius. Like Ben Nevis, Ben-Macdhui, and Carintoul, still contesting, it is said, the sovereignty of Scotland's hills (now rising above, and now sinking below each other, like three waves of the sea), seem those surpassing master-



pieces. We cannot, in our limits, even enter into a field so wide as the discussion of all the grounds on which we prefer the English poem. It is not because it is of later date than both, and yet as original as either. Time should never be taken into account, when we speak of an immortal work; what matters it whether it was written in the morning, in the evening, or at noon? It is not that it was written amid danger and darkness—who knows how Homer fared as he rhapsodized the *Iliad*? or who knows not that Dante found in his poem the escape of immeasurable sorrow? It is not (Warton notwithstanding) that it has borrowed so much from Scripture: such glorious spangles we are ready to shear off, and deduct, in our estimate of the poem's greatness. It is not that it bears unequivocal traces of a higher path of genius, or that it is more highly or equally finished. But it is, that begun with a nobler purpose, and all but equal powers, it has called down, therefore, a mightier inspiration. Homer's spur to write or rhapsodize was that which sends the war-horse upon the spears; and the glory of the "*Iliad*" is that of a garment rolled in blood. In Dante, the sting is that of personal anguish, and the acmé of his poem is in the depth of hell—a hell which he has replenished with his foes. Milton, in fact, as well as in figure, wrote his work to vindicate the "ways of God to men;" and this purpose never relinquished—penetrating the whole poem straight as a ray passing through an unrefracting medium, gathering around it every severe magnificence and beauty, attracting from on high, from the very altar of celestial incense, burning coals of inspiration—becomes at last the poem's inaccessible and immortal crown.

Let us glance for a moment, ere we close, at what was even finer than Milton's transcendent genius—his character. His life was a great epic itself. Byron's life was a tragi-comedy. Sheridan's was a brilliant farce. Shelley's was a wild, mad, stormy tragedy, like one of Nat Lees's. Keats's life was a brief, beautiful lyric, beginning and ending with "Oh." Moore's has been a love-song. Coleridge's was a "*Midsummer Night's Dream*." Schiller's was a harsh, difficult, wailing, but ultimately victorious war ode, like one of Pindar's. Goethe's was a brilliant, somewhat melodramatic, but finished novel. Tasso's was an elegy. But Milton, and Milton alone,

acted as well as wrote an epic complete in all its parts—high, grave, sustained, majestic. His life was a self-denied life. "Susceptible," says one, "as Burke, to the attractions of historical prescription, of royalty, of chivalry, of an ancient church, installed in cathedrals, and illustrated by old martyrdoms—he threw himself, the flower of elegance, on the side of the reeking conventicle—the side of humanity, unlearned and unadorned." It was a life of labor and toil; labor and toil unrewarded, save by the secret sunshine of his own breast, filled with the consciousness of Divine approbation, and hearing from afar the voice of universal future fame. It was a life of purity. Even in his youth, and in the countries of the south, he seems to have remained entirely unsullied. Although no anchorite, he was temperate to a degree, saying with John Elliot, "Wine is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be thankful for it, but water was made before it." Rapid in his meals, he was never weary of the refreshment of music; his favorite instrument, as might have been expected, being the organ. It was a life not perfect: there were spots on his fame, acerbities of temper, harshness of language, peculiarities of opinion, which proved him human, and grappled him with difficulty to earth, like a vast balloon ere it takes its bound upwards. It was in some measure a complete life, not a tantalizing fragment, nor separated segment; but it evolved as gradually and certainly as a piece of solemn music. It was the life of a patriot, faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he; and Abdiel, that dreadless angel, is just Milton transferred to the skies. It was, above all, the life of a Christian,—yes, the life of a Christian, although the Evangelical Alliance would now shut its door in his face. It was a life of prayer, of faith, of meek dependence, of perpetual communing with Heaven. Milton's piety was not a hollow form, not a traditional cant, not a bigotry, not the remains merely of youthful impression, as of a *scald* received in childhood; it was founded on personal inquiry; it was at once sincere and enlightened, strict and liberal; it was practical, and pressed on his every action and word, like the shadow of an unseen presence. Hence was his soul cheered in sorrow and blindness, the more as he lived in daily, hourly expectation of Him whom he called "the shortly-expected King," who, rending the heavens, was to,

and shall yet, give him a house from heaven, where they that look out at the windows are not darkened.

Thus faintly have we pictured John Milton. Forgive us, mighty shade! wherever thou art, mingling in whatever choir of adoring spirits, or engaged in whatever exalted ministerial service above, or whether present now among those "millions of spiritual creatures which walk the earth;" forgive us the feebleness, for the sake of the sincerity of the offering; and reject it not from that cloud of incense which, with enlarging volume, and deepening fragrance, is ascending to thy name, from every country, and in every language!

We say, with enlarging volume, for the fame of Milton must not only continue, but extend. And perhaps the day may come, when, after the sun of British empire is set, and Great Britain has become as Babylon, and as Tyre, and even after its language has ceased to be a living tongue, the works of Milton and of Shakspeare shall alone preserve it—for these belong to no country, and to no age, but to all countries, and all ages, to all ages of time—to all cycles of eternity. Some books may survive the last burning, and be preserved in celestial

archives, as specimens and memorials of extinguished worlds; and if such there be, surely one of them must be the "Paradise Lost."

In fine, we tell not our readers to imitate Milton's genius—that may be too high a thing for them; but to imitate his life, the patriotism, the sincerity, the manliness, the purity, and the piety of his character. When considering him, and the other men of his day, we are tempted to say, "There were giants in those days," while we have fallen on the days of little men—nay, to cry out with her of old, "I saw gods ascending from the earth, and one of them is like to an old man whose face is covered with a mantle." In these days of rapid and universal change, what need for a spirit, so pure, so wise, so sincere, and so gifted, as his! and who will not join in the language of Wordsworth?—

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour.  
England hath need of thee. She is a fen  
Of stagnant waters. We are selfish men.  
Thy soul was like a star; and dwelt apart;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on itself did lay."

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

[Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for September.]

### CHAPTER V.

HOUSES OF THE MANDARINS—THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT AND FIREWORKS—INVITATIONS TO, AND DESCRIPTION OF, A FEAST OR DINNER.

THE houses of the principal Chinese inhabitants in cities stand within walled enclosures; in the country they occupy the centre of their gardens, which are arranged in a very grotesque manner. Bridges are apparently erected for the mere sake of ascending on one side in order to descend on the other; artificial rocks are surmounted with summer-houses, overgrown with creepers. Contiguous to these are large reservoirs for gold and silver fish, which multiply incredibly. Jets-d'eau, of which

they are very fond, issue from the mouths, &c., of imaginary monsters. Diminutive grottoes offer cool retreats for porcelain mandarins, gorged with the presumed excesses of the table, their clothing loosened, and their pendant bellies presenting the complete picture of masculine Chinese beauty.

Being very fond of birds, aviaries of lattice-work are always attached to their dwellings, with sloping, ornamented roofs, having bells hanging from the cornices. Artificial trees, for the use of the feathered captives, are planted within. Close to the dwelling an artificial sheet of water—a lake in miniature—offers moorage for a small boat, and luxurious dabbling for aquatic birds. A covered gallery sweeps round it, from one angle of the house to another, and



separates it from the garden. Distributed about it in pots and beds are a variety of oaks, bamboos, and fruit-trees, all dwarfed. The flower-beds are so formed, and the flowers are so disposed, as to produce the most grotesque patterns. These vegetable pictures are very pleasing, from the brilliancy and variety of the colors. Amongst these beds, porcelain monsters ludicrously divert the attention. Subterranean apartments are devoted to the opium-pipe, and convenient chambers are appropriated to gambling.

The rooms in their dwellings, which, according to our notions, are very small, communicate with each other. The style of some of the furniture reminds us of the Elizabethan age—high-backed chairs, richly carved, and couches like *settees*. Arm-chairs are placed in rows against the walls, with small tables between each on which tea-cups and sam-shoo vessels may rest conveniently. On the couches are placed small tables, about one foot high, and eighteen inches wide, by two feet long. These are usually made of ebony or lacquer-ware, highly ornamented, and are used for tea and cards. From the ceiling are hung lanterns, gaily decorated, amongst which may occasionally be seen an English lamp or chandelier of ancient date. The walls are hung with various colored inscriptions, selections from the virtuous and moral maxims of Confucius and other sages. The following translations may serve as examples:—

“Let a respectful memory of your ancestors be constantly present, whereby you will preserve peace and unanimity in your family.”

“Let your rule of conduct be frugality, temperance, modesty, and economy.”

“Let each person confine himself to his particular calling, and its duties, which will ensure their being well performed.”

In strange contrast with these precepts, the most immodest and filthy representations are suspended beside them.

Square tables, of various sizes, of stone, wood, and lacquer-ware, are scattered through the rooms, on which antiques and curiosities of all descriptions repose. Antique Chinese bronzes, white china, and jade-stone ornaments, are prized more highly than any others. Very beautiful ornaments and vases are made of this mineral, which is brittle, hard, and opaque, and varies from a dirty stone-color to a bright emerald green. The prices given for the

dark are enormous. Bracelets, and rings of jade, are worn by the males and females of the wealthy classes, and it is frequently cut into the form of a sceptre, and carved. Two sceptres are often sent from one mandarin to another of equal rank with himself. When the mandarin who has received this present, pays a visit to the donor, or to another of similar rank, these sceptres are borne before him. Indeed, so highly are they prized, and so much weight is attached to forms and ceremonies by the Chinese, that no mandarins below the rank of first and second class, are allowed to use them. From the description given in the narrative of Lord Macartney's embassy to China, of the sceptre sent by the Emperor to our King, I conclude it was manufactured from jade. It is, in fact, the only substance manufactured into sceptres by the Chinese.

The library in every mansion is fitted up with great care and attention, and is exclusively devoted to the one object. The proprietor even retires to a smaller room adjoining, to read and study. The books, with their gaily-colored bindings of figured silk and satin, and of gold and silver tinsel, glare gorgeously upon the eye. Adjoining this chamber is the hall of ancestors, where the continual perfume of incense ascends before the domestic shrine, which is gaily decorated with artificial flowers. Ranged in regular order around this hall are a series of tablets, detailing the family history and pedigree, interspersed with further selections from their ancient sages. In this hall, and at their tombs, the family burn paper-offerings to the manes of their ancestors, on the anniversary of their deaths. Here also the master of the mansion keeps his coffin, it being the custom for the head of every family to provide himself with his last covering as soon as he becomes a housekeeper. This usage prevails amongst all classes, from the highest to the lowest. The Emperor sets the example on the very day he ascends the throne. The coffins used by the wealthy are very expensive, ornamented, and lacquered over. Some are in-laid with mother-of-pearl, and so great is the variety of prices at which they can be bought, that they vary from one to two thousand dollars. On the coffin is inscribed the title and pedigree of the intended occupant, a blank space being left that the family, after his decease, may add his various good and laudable qualities. These coffins are much larger than ours; the lids

are of a semi-circular form. Those of the poor are formed by sawing off the exterior of a log of timber, in four equal slabs, which are roughly nailed together.

Before the door of each apartment is a gauze screen, painted in rich colors, together with a silken curtain, which either falls loose, or is fastened back, as the occupant may wish for air or privacy. The bedchambers are small, containing only a bed, and a press for clothes. The bedstead consists of a raised wooden platform, on which is either laid a thin mattress of cotton, in winter, or a rattan-mat in summer. Instead of sheets, they use coverlets of cotton, or of richly embroidered silk, either wadded or not, as the season requires. The pillows are of an oblong form, covered with cloth, and embroidered at each end with silken or golden flowers, or animals. The curtains are either of thin gauze, to keep out mosquitoes in summer, or of silk, for warmth in winter. Some of the bedcurtains are most richly worked in silk and gold. The presses, or wardrobes for clothes, are in general beautifully carved, and are provided with latticed doors, lined with silk, and carved drawers beneath; some of them are of richly-gilt lacquer. These chambers are defiled with obscene paintings. Never having visited one of their female-apartments, I am obliged to a lady, who did, for the following revelations: The sitting-apartment is similar to that which has been already described, with the exception of its having a domestic shrine. The goddess here presiding they call the Queen of Heaven. To her the married women pray for children, and make vows—the unmarried supplicate her for husbands. Their decorations of their bedrooms were of such a nature as to raise a blush on the cheeks of my informant, and to forbid their recital. The toilet of a Chinese lady has more cosmetics and paints than a Parisian belle. The odors of their chambers, however, are disgusting, occasioned by their filthy habits and their bandaged feet. The dressing-mirror, when they are unprovided with an European one, is manufactured of white metal, most highly polished. On the black surface of the back are represented all sorts of dragons, and strange animals in relief, which, when the sun shines on it, appear in front. Hence some suppose they are seen through from the back, whereas, in reality, they are imperceptibly traced on the front. The females frequently have on their tables a

sort of "multum in parvo" box, measuring about ten by six inches. Within the lid is a looking-glass, with a double hinge, the bottom of which rests on the front of the box. Attached to it are two small drawers, in which they keep cosmetics and paints. The exterior of these boxes is always very prettily ornamented with silver, inlaid with mother-of pearl, and lacquered.

The crippled ladies being unable to walk without the aid of sticks, a great variety of them, very handsomely ornamented, are to be found in their apartments. They hang their dresses on bamboos stretched across the room, and take the utmost pride in exhibiting their wardrobes.

To the houses of the rich a theatre is generally attached. The stage is a separate building, with a small area between it and one side of the house. From one of the lower apartments the performances are witnessed. In the upper floor there is a lattice-work, constructed exactly like the *loge grillé* of Paris, behind which the ladies sit to enjoy, unseen, the entertainments. On the roofs of the houses, monsters in china and bamboo, of all descriptions, are placed.

The houses of the lower classes are, of course, much inferior, and much less expensively furnished. A single roof for them answers the purpose of an eating-apartment, hall of ancestors, and shrine (for in the poorest hut a Joss is to be found, as well as quotations from their sages). In such a house, three or four generations reside, and each generation has its separate apartment fitted up as a dormitory. The beds of each person are divided by mats suspended from the ceiling. They sit and eat in the common room. The houses, as a matter of course, are less commodious and comfortable, in proportion to the poverty of the owner, until they descend to a wretched bamboo-hut, plastered with mud.

Chinese feasts have often been described, but little justice has been done to them. It is true their dishes no more correspond with our ideas of good living, than ours do with theirs. The mode of living in all countries must be national, and vary according to taste and climate. And thus, were we to see a table spread according to the custom of ancient Rome, it would be no more consonant with our habits, than it would be congenial to our tastes. Although bowls are used by the Chinese instead of dishes, yet their tables are spread with as



great a regard to order and elegance as our own. The wealthy Chinese live in a most expensive and luxurious manner, and they pay very high wages for good cooks. Their *artistes de cuisines* are as famous for their *chef-d'œuvres*, as *Ude* was for his, and they are considered just as important personages as *Monsieur le Chef* is at Paris. A Chinese gastronomer is as celebrated for good feeds in his country, as any gourmand of London or Paris is in his own, and invitations are equally acceptable to them. A repast at the house of a wealthy Chinese is by no means despicable. I will attempt the description of a feast at which I was present, according to the impressions produced upon my mind and palate, particularly as the host is celebrated for good taste and admirable arrangements. Some particulars must be premised.

Invitations vary always according to the rank of the guest, or the respect accorded to him. By the comparative value of the material, whether paper, silk, and gold or silver tinsel, and by its length, is to be measured the respect intended to be paid to the guest. This document, pressed into narrow folds, and written, after the Chinese fashion, in columns, which correspond with the folds, is turned over as read, from right to left, enclosed in a fold of silk, and tied round; it is conveyed with great ceremony by the servant of the mandarin, who always expects a present in money.

The Chinese are so punctilious, that their code of etiquette outvies the most ceremonious courts in Europe. As soon as a guest alights from his sedan-chair, he is met by the host, who bows his head, bends his body, and knees, joins both hands in front, and with them knocks his chest: when he wishes to be very polite, he takes his guest's hand within his, and knocks it against his chest. This is their mode of shaking hands. Now follows a polite contest as to precedence, which after various knockings, bowings, and genuflections, terminates by the host and guest entering the house together. In the sitting apartment another ceremony takes place equally protracted and irksome. The point to be determined is, where each shall sit, and who shall be seated first. Etiquette extends even to a decision on the size of a chair, by which invariably the rank or importance of a guest is determined. The host now motions to a large chair, and attempts to take a smaller one himself. Good breeding compels the guest in his turn to refuse this

compliment, and after a wearying contest of politeness, the point is amicably adjusted to the satisfaction of the belligerents, either by both parties sitting down simultaneously on the same couch, or upon two chairs of equal dimensions. The fatigue of this courtesy may easily be conceived, as the same routine is performed on the arrival of each guest. As soon as the guests are assembled, tea is handed round in covered cups, which are placed in silver stands in the form of a boat. These are fluted and beautifully chased. The cups, on the occasion to which I refer, were of that antique porcelain so exceedingly valued, which is thin as paper, pure white, perfectly transparent, and ornamented with obscure figures, whose dark outlines are only perceptible when the vessel is filled with tea. The mode of making tea in China is similar to that in which coffee is made in Turkey. The tea is put into the cup, boiling water poured over it, and instantly covered, to prevent the escape of the aroma, with a lid which is used as a spoon to sip the tea. They never use sugar and milk in China with their tea.

After tea, the host ushered the guests into the room where the repast was prepared. We found the table was laid out for six persons, and nothing could be more elegant. On the table was spread a silk cover, whose edges were embroidered with gold and silver. China jars were filled with the choicest flowers, those of the orange, China aster, and camelia japonica, &c. These flowers were so disposed in the jars as to form exact patterns. Interspersed were animals formed of bamboo, and covered with tuberoses, jessamine, and small colored flowers, so skilfully arranged, as perfectly to conceal the bamboo. There were also various fruits—pine-apples, lei-chees, bananas, together with dry sweetmeats, in carved ivory and tortoiseshell baskets. The meats were served in bowls, but they were arranged upon the table with the strictest attention to form and order. The largest were placed in the centre, and those around corresponded accurately with each other. The sauces were placed in smaller bowls, or cups, upon silver stands. Sam-shoo, both hot and cold, and an acid wine made in China, were conveniently arranged in highly-chased silver pots, of a slender, upright form, with handles and spouts. Before each person was placed a small embossed silver cup, about two inches high, for drinking Sam-shoo and wine; beside each cup was

placed a case containing a knife and chop-sticks. The chop-sticks were of ivory; but the handles of the knives and the cases were ornamented, and made either of jade, chased silver, carved ivory, or sandal-wood. Although these chop-sticks were provided for the guests, yet it is customary for the Chinese to carry their own with them. Chairs of equal size were placed round the table, and the whole party sat down together.

The first course was served up in antique white porcelain, which was very beautiful, but not to be compared with the tea-service. This course consisted of salted meats of various descriptions, pounded shrimps moulded into the forms of various animals, and a soup, or stew, which at first I took for turtle, but afterwards discovered to be freshwater tortoise. The whole of the meats were dressed with various sauces; but the Chinese invariably add a quantity of soy, vinegar, oil, and capers.

It has often been stated that earth-worms are to be found at the tables of the wealthy; but this I believe to be unfounded. There were, however, on this occasion, what might easily be mistaken for them—the grubs which are found at the root of the sugarcane. A bowl of rice was placed before each person to be eaten with the various dishes. The food was cut up in small pieces, which were taken up with chop-sticks: some persons find great difficulty in their use, but I experienced none. After each dish, a small quantity of Sam-shoo was taken, and occasionally wine. It must not be forgotten that the fashion of asking persons to take wine, whether national or borrowed, was here observed. One asked another to take Sam-shoo or wine, and the compliment was immediately returned by the party asked, and the cups were reversed and knocked upon the thumb-nail, to show that they had been emptied.

The next course was served up on colored porcelain, and consisted of variously-dressed poultry of every description, cut into small pieces, in the forms of animals and fishes. With this course appeared the celebrated birds'-nest soup, which is a gelatinous substance, tasting like unflavored calves'-foot jelly, until the various condiments which they use are added, when it becomes exceedingly piquant and palatable. The soup was ladled out of the bowl in which it was served by means of a cup, and each person sipped it from his bowl with a small cup.

The succeeding course was served up on white china, ornamented with green dragons, each having four claws; those with five claws are only used by the emperor. This course was composed of aquatic birds of all kinds, among which was the mandarin-duck, which is fattened to an enormous extent, salted, dried, and smoked. This, like their other food, was cut up into small pieces, and although very rich, it is not unlike a highly-flavored Westphalia ham in taste. The rice-bird was also here, which is one delicious morsel of fat. The various vegetables on the table were so immersed in oil and soy that I could not partake of them.

Next followed a course of pastry. Some dishes were formed into the shapes of fishes and animals, colored like nature, and the interiors were filled with sweetmeats, some of which were delicious. This was succeeded by other courses, the numbers and varieties of which were too great for description.

One of the greatest marks of attention, on the part of a host, is to press his friends continually to eat more. Sometimes morsels out of the same bowl are transferred to that of his guest; at others they are put directly into his mouth with the chop-sticks. Sam-shoo is most requisite after this rich food, to assist digestion; and the best Sam-shoo is not at all unpalatable. But the wine is wretched. Those whose digestive organs are good, and who are fond of rich living, would enjoy the Chinese style.

The only thing inconsistent with our notions of good breeding, to be witnessed at the tables of the Chinese, is, that during dinner and after dinner, for the purpose of showing how good the food is, and how well they have satisfied their cravings, eructations are emitted to a disgusting extent; and, according to their ideas, a stigma would be cast upon the host were this omitted.

As soon as the repast was over, tea was handed round as before, and the entertainment was concluded with theatrical representations and fire-works. The ancient costume is that which is adopted on the stage, but it differs little from that of the present day. The parts of women are performed by boys, and each character, coming on the stage, describes what he is about to perform.

A singer, dressed in female attire, excited much applause, while twanging on a three-stringed guitar. A buffoon caused much laughter, and a procession perpetually walked across the stage, making its exit and



reappearing on the other side. I did not understand the various good things which were uttered, but concluded they must have been excellent, from the shrill laughter and applause heard from the lattice above, where the ladies were sitting, and from the evident delight of the numerous friends who were invited to witness the performances. This entertainment, in Anglo-Chinese, is termed a Sing-Song.

The Chinese are certainly masters of the pyrotechnic art. Fire dragons ascend into the air, and are metamorphosed into fire-vomiting lions. One large lantern succeeds this spectacle in a mass of fire, from which numerous smaller lanterns issue, which, in their turn, send forth various and innumerable forms. Some of the fire-works on the present occasion, were in the form of fishes and animals of all sorts, both real and imaginary. On the top of some were seated huge mandarins, from whose enormous corporations innumerable streams of fire issued forth, causing the greatest mirth amongst the spectators. The last was by far the most beautiful. It represented a mandarin's house, with all the external ornaments, and animals on its roof. After a short time this changed into a mandarin seated in a sedan-chair, with his train of attendants, and the usual appurtenances, lanterns, silk-flags, and gongs.

It is customary, after an entertainment, to send presents to the host. It is also usual to give, as an equivalent, three or four dollars amongst the servants of the person who sends these presents. The system of presents is universal in China. If a quantity of tea is purchased, a present of tea is given to the purchaser, and silk and other articles in like manner.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE SOCIAL AND MORAL POSITION OF WOMEN IN CHINA—MARRIAGE, ETC.—TRADITIONS—SUPERSTITIONS OF THE CHINESE CONCERNING WOMEN—INFANTICIDE.

WOMAN is in a more degraded position in China than in any other part of the globe, and her humiliation is rendered more conspicuous by the extent to which civilization and education have been carried in the empire. In no rank is she regarded as the companion of man, but is treated solely as the slave of his caprice and passions. Even amongst the females of the highest ranks,

few are found who can read or write; their education is confined to the art of embroidery, playing on a horrid three-stringed guitar, and singing; but the obligation of obedience to man is early inculcated, and the greater portion of their time is spent in smoking and playing at cards. The women of the poorer classes have no education, and can be considered but little better than beasts of burden. A man of that rank will walk deliberately by his wife's side, while she totters under a heavy load, and frequently may she be seen yoked to a plough, while her husband guides it! Those of the lower classes who are good-looking, according to Chinese ideas of beauty, are purchased by the rich at about twelve or fourteen years, for concubines, and are then instructed according to their master's ideas. The Chinese cannot at all comprehend the European mode of treating ladies with respect and deference, and being naturally superstitious, attribute to devilish arts, practised by the fair sex, the just appreciation we entertain of their value; in short, they consider European ladies have an influence somewhat similar to that ascribed to an evil eye by Italian superstition. Chinese domestics have a very great objection to reside in a European family, over which a lady presides: and an old tradition of theirs curiously coincides with their superstition about our females—"That China should never be conquered until a woman reigned in the *far-West*." Some say that this prophecy was never heard of, until they were conquered by the army of Queen Victoria. Be this as it may, they all contend that it is to be found in some of their oldest works.

Many traditions are extant in China relative to women; and amongst other legends, the horrible practice of deforming the female foot is thus said to have commenced:—the wife of one of their ancient emperors was found by her lord and master near the apartment of one of the great officers of the court, who had the reputation of being very handsome. Receiving from the emperor a torrent of abuse for her misconduct, she pleaded, in her defence, that it was not *her* fault, but that of *her feet*, which were so very large, they took her to the spot sorely against her will. The emperor immediately ordered the forepart of her feet to be amputated. Such is the origin of the crippled foot, which from this time became the fashion. The appearance of these distorted extremities, which are mere taper-

ing stumps, is most disgusting to an European eye. Immediately after the birth of a female, her toes are doubled down, the big toe is made to overlap, and bandages are then applied with an incredible amount of pressure; as age advances, the whole becomes one mass of filth and abhorrent humors. A surgeon who had unbound and examined the foot of a Chinese lady, assured me that the effluvia arising from it was more offensive, and the sight more disgusting, than anything he had ever witnessed in a dissecting-room. The bandages employed are made of silk, which are rarely removed, and these are covered with fresh ones from time to time, and over all the dwarf-shoe is secured, the pointed toe of which is stuffed with cotton. Owing to their maimed feet, the women cannot walk any distance, even with the assistance of sticks or crutches, which they always use in the house. The hobbling motion of one who attempts to do so, is considered most graceful by the Chinese; and ladies who essay the exploit, are poetically called "Tottering willows." Women of the higher orders, when they go abroad, are carried in sedan chairs or boats, but those who cannot afford to command such equipages, are carried on the backs of men, or of women blessed with undeformed feet. In the families of the wealthy inhabitants, all the daughters are thus maimed for life; but among the poorer classes, if there are two or more daughters, one is always deprived of pedestrian power, and she is hence invariably considered superior to her sisters, and may become a *wife*. The others can never become more than handmaids, except they intermarry with the very lowest. This horrid and barbarous taste is most unaccountable in a nation, where the undistorted natural foot of woman is the very model of beauty; the high instep is equal to the Andalusian, and the arch of the sole rivals that of the Arab; the ankle, which in the distorted foot becomes revoltingly thick, is symmetry itself. Such a foot, of course, can only be seen among the lower classes. The whole female character seems to be completely changed by the barbarous practice in question; for the countenance of a Chinese beauty is always void of animation, and somewhat expressive of the suffering which her ligatured feet may produce, while the countenances of uncrippled females are full of vivacity.

In the course of conversation with Lum-Qua (the celebrated Chinese artist), who

is an exceedingly intelligent man, I asked his opinion of an English belle then in Canton, and his reply was truly characteristic of the Chinese ideas of beauty—"Her face is too round, her eyes too blue, too large; she's too tall, and too plump, and feet so large SHE CAN WALK ON THEM."

Chinese ideas of a beautiful face are as dissimilar to ours, as their notions of comely feet. A Chinawoman, to be considered handsome, must have a thin, flat face, high cheek-bones, a circular mouth, a very small, long eye, arched eyebrows, low forehead, and a countenance void of expression: her figure must be nearly devoid of flesh, and the slightest development of bosom would mar her pretensions. The skin must be of a pale yellow hue, convertible into a dirty white by means of cosmetics, for there is no nation where the women rely so much on foreign aid as the Chinese. They are literally one mass of paints, oil, pork-fat, and false-hair. Notwithstanding these prejudices, I have occasionally seen very good looking females in China, of a very dark brunette color, with much animation of countenance, and pleasing features. Although they smoke and chew betel, the teeth of the lower orders are very beautiful, and the hands and arms of this class, including even the boatwomen, are very finely shaped and proportioned—taking them as a nation, their hands and arms are the most beautiful I have ever seen. The Chinese have as strange ideas about nails as they have about feet—they allow them to grow to an incredible length, and the ladies suffer them to become so long that at night they soften them in oil, and twist them round their wrists to prevent them from being broken. I have seen men with the nails of the middle and small fingers as long as the fingers themselves; and these they put at night into silver cases, to preserve them, and to such an extent is this practice carried, that the upper servants and shopkeepers always endeavor to let a nail grow, as a sign that they do not work at a trade.

The price of a wife or handmaid varies from one dollar to five thousand or six thousand taels,\* and a man who cannot pay the whole amount at once, does so by instalments. At first they give what is termed the bargain-money, which binds the parents of the female to dispose of her to

\* A "tael" is a sum equal to six shillings and four pence.



no one else: when the last instalment is paid, and the presents given, then, and not until then, is the bride or concubine transferred to the purchaser. Presents are invariably given by the bridegroom to the bride's parents, which are sometimes of a very ludicrous kind, such as a fat pig, chests of tea, sugar-candy, preserved fruits, &c.; these are invariably agreed on, both as to description and quantity, when the bargain is made. Early marriages are encouraged in China, among the wealthy classes and the mandarins, as the matrimonial age varies from sixteen to twenty in males, and from twelve to fourteen amongst females. The poorer classes marry as soon as they acquire sufficient money to purchase a wife, and defray the attendant expenses. There are no Chinese customs so little understood as their marriages; thus we often hear of the number of a Chinaman's *wives*, while he can only have *one* wife. Among the mandarins and wealthy classes, the wife is always chosen from their own sphere of life, and the marriage is celebrated with solemn rites; and she takes her husband's name. There is some sort of religious ceremony performed in the bridegroom's house. The bride is conducted thither in great state in a sedan-chair, which is decorated most gaily, and covered over with artificial flowers, and white, being the mourning color in China, is carefully avoided on all bridal occasions. Numerous attendants precede and follow, carrying flags and lanterns, and beating gongs: some bear mandarin ducks, either alive or carved in wood, as emblems of conjugal fidelity; and, it is said, that when one of these ducks dies, the sorrowing mate immediately drowns itself, by putting its head under water. There is also a great display of ladies' dresses and presents, and the grandeur of the spectacle is measured by the number of attendants, and their enjoyment, by the amount of noise. Upon reaching the bridegroom's house, the bride, who is veiled, is carried over the sill of the door by matrons, her own friends, who must be the mothers of numerous families; and she is thus conveyed across the threshold, as it is considered unlucky for her to place her foot upon the ground. After various ceremonies, the husband and wife sit down to eat together, for the first and last time in her life.

The marriage tie can only be dissevered by the husband for one of seven causes—barrenness, adultery, disobedience to himself or his parents, talkativeness, thiev-

ing, ill-temper, and inveterate infirmities. Though the wife should be found guilty of any of these offences, yet she cannot be divorced if she has mourned for her husband's parents, if property has been acquired since their marriage, or if her own parents are dead. Thus the *wife* is in possession of established legal rights; it is otherwise with a handmaiden, who never receives the name of wife, and the handmaiden is invariably bought from a family inferior to that of the purchaser. She is brought home without ceremony, has no legal rights, and can be sold, or given away. The children by these handmaids inherit, but after the children by the wife, if she has any; if there is no male issue by the wife, then the son of a handmaid will succeed. A man may have as many handmaids as he can afford to purchase or support; indeed I knew an instance of a wealthy Chinaman who had one wife and nine handmaids. The upper class of servants have generally one wife and one handmaiden. The wife invariably has distorted feet, and amongst the wealthy, the handmaids have generally the same deformity. Amongst the higher orders there is a distinction in the dress: the wife wears a petticoat over her trowsers, as well as a jacket, while the handmaiden only wears a jacket and trowsers: the wife's dress is also much richer; and although they eat in the same room, still the wife sits at a separate table, and to a certain extent the handmaids are her servants. The chastity of women is so little trusted, that the Chinese will not allow a male attendant to approach them after ten years of age, and male children are always taken from their mothers at ten years' old, and educated with the men.

Smoking is carried to such an extent that female children acquire the habit at a very early age, and a bag to carry tobacco is a necessary appendage to a lady's suit. The anxiety of the Chinese for a family is very great, but they never reckon a daughter anything; if a man has not a son he adopts one, if possible, the son of a younger brother; and such adoption is under the sanction of the law. One great object of a Chinaman through life is to ensure the perpetuation of his name; without a son, he lives without estimation, as he dies without hope, and he sorrows that he has none of his name or race to sacrifice to his manes, and pay the usual tribute to his memory. So much value do the Chinese place upon male offspring, that it not unfrequently

happens a man will bribe the midwife to purchase a male child of some poor person, and substitute it for his own daughter. The power of a father over his children is absolute in China, and he may dispose of them in any manner he pleases. A widow in the higher ranks is prohibited by law from contracting a second marriage; but one in an inferior walk of life is at liberty to do so if she pleases, although the permission is seldom taken advantage of, owing to the fact that, during widowhood, she has sole control over the property and children of her deceased husband. This privilege would be lost to her if she married, as then the next brother, or next of kin, would be entitled to manage the property and become the guardian of the children: should the eldest son, however, be of sufficient age, the duty would devolve upon him.

Infanticide, as it regards female children, is commonly reported to be carried out to a frightful extent in China. That such a crime should occasionally occur is very possible, and by no means unlikely; but it appears contrary to reason and common sense to suppose that it can be generally practised, when we take into calculation the amount of the female population of the Empire, and the numerous handmaidens belonging to each man in addition to his wife, as they have generally two or three handmaidens, and more, in proportion to their means. Multitudes of females, also, are sold in their infancy, who are bred up in a course of infamy; it is, therefore, almost impossible to conceive that the births of females should so far exceed those of males in China, as to admit of female infanticide being carried to any extent.

## CHAPTER VII.

A MANDARIN PROPOSES TO PURCHASE AN ENGLISH LADY—INVITATION AND VISIT ON BOARD A WAR JUNK—MODE OF INVOKING DEITY FOR FAIR WIND.

A description of a Chinese war-junk, which I had the good fortune to visit, and of my introduction to her, may not be unentertaining to the reader. Having become acquainted with the second mandarin, who was about twenty-five years old, he invited me to go on board his ship, which was probably of the first class, as she had two mandarins on board. I had very nearly determined to abandon my inspection of his

vessel, as my indignation was excited by the mandarin's proposition to purchase a lady nearly connected with me. His mode of proceeding was not a little remarkable, and showed that he was well versed in the art of making a bargain, for in the true spirit of barter, he first proposed to take her off my hands at a low price, and proceeded to bid for her at a gradually increasing rate, till he offered the highest price ever given for a wife; studiously informing me at the same time, that he would neither require her wardrobe nor her jewels. Upon learning it was not the custom of British gentlemen to sell ladies, he expressed his regret, but begged to be allowed to buy her watch and chain! I am convinced, however, that he did not intend any insult by these propositions, as he was totally unacquainted with European habits. Observing that her feet were uncrippled, he could not reconcile to his mind the idea that she could be above the condition of a handmaid—a state to which no disgrace attaches in China, and which admits here of mercantile negotiation. Having satisfied my mind as to the real character of his proposals, I lent a ready ear to his courteous and pressing invitation to return his visit on the following day; and my new friend having obtained my promise to wait on him, rowed off from my vessel to his own, in a twelve-oared boat; the next day when our party came alongside the war-junk, my friend came forward, and made signs for me to wait. The delay, it afterwards appeared arose from the fact that the first mandarin had, in the mean time arrived on board, whom it became necessary to consult as to our reception; and after a short time we were ushered on deck, to which we ascended by a very rudely constructed ladder. We found an immense number of Chinese sailors on board, leading us to conclude that she was more numerously manned, in proportion to her size, than the ships of our navy. We were conducted by my friend into the cabin, which we entered by descending two or three steps from the main deck. The end of the cabin, comprising the whole breadth of the stern, was occupied as a joss-house, fitted up in the usual manner, with lanterns: on either side there was a smaller cabin, from one of which came forth, walking majestically, the first mandarin, clad in silken robes and velvet cape. He was a very fine-looking man, of commanding and stately appearance, with a remarkably intelligent countenance, and about thirty-six years of age.



He almost started back with amazement upon seeing my companion. The gentlemen of the party standing up as he entered, he motioned us to be reseated, and would not himself take a seat until we had resumed ours. He then sat down on one side of a table, opposite to the lady, and directed tea and sweetmeats to be produced, an order which was instantly complied with. It appeared most extraordinary to us, that he, a man of rank, in a nation holding females in such contempt, should have so far deviated from their prejudices and customs, as to rise, and with his own hand, present the lady first with tea, leaving the second mandarin to hand it to us. This he did with the same degree of courtesy with which a similar act would have been performed in Europe. Finding that the inferior officers and crew were pressing forward, and crowding the steps leading into the cabin, to stare at us, he rebuked them in a very peremptory tone, and was reluctantly obeyed. There was no door or partition of any kind to the cabin, which lay exposed to the view of all on deck. The crew did not seem to be under the same discipline that prevails with us, but possibly they were so according to Chinese notions. An order being given, two musicians stepped out from the midst of the crew, and seated themselves upon the steps, each supplied with a musical instrument resembling a guitar, but of different shapes, and they commenced one of their horribly-discordant songs—songs which the mandarins seemed to enjoy. They laughed and smiled most approvingly, and regarded us most anxiously, with a view apparently to discover from our countenances if the entertainment met with similar approbation on our part. During this performance, pipes were prepared, lighted, and handed round: the first mandarin offered one to the lady, which, of course, was refused; and we gentlemen were handed pipes, which we smoked with them: but the second mandarin jumped up, as if a sudden idea had flashed across his mind, and filling an opium-pipe, went into his cabin, where, having prepared his bed, spreading over it a silken coverlet, he made signs to my companion to induce her to lie down, and smoke the drug. Great was his surprise, and deep his apparent regret, at her refusal: and if ever one of Eve's daughters repented of gratifying the curiosity so natural to them, her repentance was genuine for having gone on board. At this moment

her countenance was the picture of terror, firmly believing, as she did, that some mischief or evil was contemplated; and she expressed great anxiety to depart as speedily as possible. During the time we were smoking, the first mandarin gazed upon her face and attire with evident astonishment, as one who had seen something strange for the first time; and standing up, with a courteous movement, he placed the forefinger of his right hand upon the cap and flowers under her bonnet, and then cautiously upon her cheek, as if he wished to discover whether the former were part and parcel of her person. He then pointed to her brooch and watch, which which were alternately handed to him for inspection, and having examined each with much attention, he returned them with much grace; he examined her nails, and finding them inadequate to his ideas of proportion, he looked down at her feet, which being uncrippled, he was evidently much puzzled, possibly from his inability to contemplate her as a wife, or to reconcile to his mind the idea of her having been refused to be sold for so large a sum to his junior offerer, who was evidently recounting to him the whole story connected with his mercenary proposition. His conduct and deportment towards her, however, was a perfect enigma, considering his prejudices concerning women; for his manner was even more polished and respectful than that of a European gentleman would have been. After we finished our pipes, he conducted us with the utmost pride over his ship, evidently deeming his arrangements, appointments, and various appendages, unexceptionable. He took both my hands in his, knocked them against his breast, and, at the same time, bent his body forward. He retained my hands within his, as he led me forward round each gun, and pausing now and then, looked for expressions of satisfaction and admiration; while I endeavored as much as possible to impress him with an idea of my acknowledgments and wonder.

The junk was a two-decker, and had thirty guns on each deck; and I found these guns varying in their calibre, construction, and form, to a considerable extent. Some were of a much more modern construction than others, which were evidently very ancient; one or two guns were of brass, and were well finished, which he seemed to regard with great pride. The guns on both decks corresponded in variety, and they were all firmly fixed, it never be-

ing contemplated that any occasion could arise, when it would be desirable to change their elevation or position. This arrangement was only in accordance with the Chinese system of gunnery; as it is their practice only to fire the gun which happens to be pointed most in the direction of the object to be struck, never thinking of making many guns bear upon the same point. A variety of national, warlike implements were hung about, such as pikes, axes, and spears, issuing from the centre of a half-moon (made to fit nicely on a man's neck), on the end of a handle ten feet long, bows and arrows, and such like. The dirt and filth were essentially Chinese. The crew wore no uniform on this occasion, and were distributed about in various messes, either cooking or eating. The second mandarin treated the first with the same, or even more respect than a first lieutenant would his captain. After seeing everything, the first mandarin conducted us to the top of the ladder, and in a most courteous manner took his leave of us, while my friend remained to see us off. I should mention that I took a present of cherry-brandy on board, which was quaffed by our hosts in an inconceivably short time, with evident satisfaction. In a day or two after the visit, this war-junk weighed anchor, and was relieved by another, which saluted her on her departure with a number of guns.

In every war-junk, as well as in all other vessels, the Chinese perform a kind of religious ceremony; or, in Anglo-Chinese, they "chin-chin Joss," morning and evening, by burning pieces of paper, and joss-sticks, accompanied with the beating of gongs. The larger the junk or boat is, the greater is the noise, as the gongs are more numerous and of greater size. Previous to the sailing of a ship, this rite is performed with much greater ceremony than on other occasions; they cut off the head of a cock (one of the largest and best which can be procured), besmear the bow with his blood, and finally throw him into the water; as by this sacrifice, they hope to propitiate the deity, and insure a favorable breeze. The cock is a bird used on various religious occasions, and a Chinaman's oath is taken by cutting off a cock's head—an act by which the deponent expresses his desire that, if he should state a falsehood, his head may be cut off in a similar manner, both in this world and in the next.

## CHAPTER VIII.

RELIGION OF THE CHINESE—THREE RELIGIOUS SECTS—DESCRIPTION OF JOSS-HOUSES—TEMPLE OF HANON AND SACRED SWINE—BOATWOMAN PROPITIATING HER HUSBAND'S MANES—PEASANT MAKING OFFERINGS TO QUI—VISIT OF ONE JOSS TO THE TEMPLE OF ANOTHER—ROMAN CATHOLIC PROCESSION OF SAINTS, ANGELS, AND DEVILS, AT MACAO.

THE Chinese are divided into three religious sects—those of Buddha, Tu-ki-a-su, and Ja-on; but the Buddhists are the most numerous. They appear to be imbued with little or no religious feelings, laugh at their padres or priests, enter their temples, and appear before their deities with the greatest indifference. Their sacred books consist of a series of moral lessons; and the writings of Confucius, their greatest and most celebrated philosopher, rank highest among them; yet immorality never reached a greater height than in China, for revelation has never shone upon their soil, nor applied its healing virtue there to the corruption of nature.

A visit to one joss-house or temple is a visit to all. The interior is hung with lanterns, in which the lamps are kept burning all the day, and which are decorated with tinsel, and painted with most gaudy colors; the walls glitter with the most glaring hues, according to Chinese notions of taste; but, on entering, the *coup-d'œil* is rather agreeable. In the temple near Canton, called Honan, are three large, gilt images of Buddha—the present, past, and future. The sacred swine kept here—fit emblems of an immoral people—are fed until they reach an incredible degree of obesity: these creatures are never killed, but are allowed to live the natural term of life, and when they die, are buried with the greatest solemnity. Their domiciles are never cleansed, filth accumulates until it reaches their backs, and no wallowing swine can be happier than these.

Their deities, like their mandarins, have their various grades; and as aldermanic proportions are the acme of beauty in man, according to Chinese ideas, so is their Joss number one, always represented with a pendant belly; his wife and son are usually seated behind him, and the son ranks number two. But the Chinese deities are innumerable. The altars before the Josses



are decorated according to their ranks; upon those before the image of Joss number one, in the wealthier temples, are placed massive silver candlesticks, the candles in which are kept ever burning. Silver vases and other ornaments add to the general effect, and the whole appearance fearfully corresponds with that of Roman Catholic churches. A profusion of artificial flowers appear in all directions; some of these are formed from the wing-feathers of a kingfisher, whose plumage is of the most surpassing brilliancy. Offerings are presented by the people to their gods, of fish, fat pork dressed in a variety of ways, rice, fruits, tea, and sam-choo—a spirit prepared from rice; these edible offerings are devoured by the priests at the end of the day. Perfumed incense-rods, or joss-sticks, like the incense in Romish temples, together with small oil-lamps, shed a perpetual light on each altar. With the exception of the silver candlesticks, similar appendages deck the altars of their infernal deities, who are continually consulted about the destiny of their votaries. Two hollow pieces of bamboo, called “sticks of fate,” are always at hand, which instruments must be thrown three times to obtain an omen, and the decision depends upon the manner in which they may twice happen to fall. I was amused by the information given me by an old priest, who said that a favorable augury might always be secured by sleight of hand, and I made a trial under his direction, and found his information to be correct. A variety of flags were suspended round about, and images reposed upon the altar, which the same old priest assured me were the votive offerings of those whose prayers were granted. Such offerings as these prevailed amongst the ancient Pagans, and are perpetuated, with many other heathen rites and forms, in Romish as well as in Chinese worship; some of these usages might have been borrowed from the Jesuits, who visited China nearly three centuries ago; but this is peremptorily and truly denied. The Chinese and Romish priests alike read their service in a language unknown to the people. The Pali is the language of Chinese devotion, and I have heard that, though written by the priests, they understand it not. To pursue the similitude, the priests walk up and down before the altar, mumble the service with great rapidity, use many bowings and genuflexions, and ring bells at stated intervals. They live in the greatest indolence, but whether they derive their support

from taxation or voluntary contribution, I was unable to discover; they affect a life of celibacy; but, even amongst the Chinese, there is no class more immoral.

The doctrine of the transmigration of souls is unequivocally maintained; hence all who now enter into the marriage state are held to have been thus allied in a former state of existence. All their notions concerning a future life are obscure; indeed future rewards and punishments, according to their theory, will be regulated by the laws of the Celestial Empire. They believe that, after their departure from the flesh, they will stand in need of the same goods, accommodations, and alliances they here enjoy. According to the prevailing superstition, these wants may be supplied by burning pieces of paper representing money, eatables, animals, and even servants, for the benefit of the departed, and they suppose that these papers, by passing through the fire, turn into the realities they represent. These puppets of colored paper portray, with great fidelity, the various articles and goods they would fain convey to their deceased friends; but dollars and sycee-silver are cut out in tinsel, and the viands, which cannot be thus shaped out by art, are written on separate pieces of colored paper.

Connected with this paper superstition, are two incidents, of which I was an eyewitness. I saw a boat-woman in Hong-Kong throwing into the fire, near a grave, several bits of paper, cut into the form of a China-woman; she fanned the flame with her hat, and uttered the most hideous cries: her countenance, notwithstanding, presented the appearance of the most complete indifference—I might almost say vacancy. I watched her for a considerable time, during which she both fanned the flame, and continued her yells with undiminished vigor. It was the anniversary of her husband's death, and she was burning paper wives to propitiate the manes of her deceased partner, in order to induce him to send her another husband.

The next incident of this character that I witnessed occurred at no great distance from Victoria. I was riding, accompanied by some friends, when we saw a Chinaman and his whole family round a long pole, which was erected in a paddy-field. On the top of this pole a cock was tied by the leg, beneath which hung the garments of an agricultural laborer, having the arms and legs of the dress distended by pieces of bam-

boo. At the foot of the pole a fire was kindled, into which the Chinaman continually threw small pieces of paper, and the whole family, during the process, uttered, in chorus, the most hideous noises. One of the party played a running accompaniment on a gong, while the father of the family, every now and then, struck the cock with a rod, to keep it fluttering in mid-air. This proved to be an incantation and vow to their infernal god, Qui; they promised to present him with a cock and a new suit of clothes on the first convenient opportunity, provided he secured them a plentiful crop of rice.

I was fortunate enough to witness a religious water procession, which was one of their high ceremonies; one Joss going by night to visit the Joss of another temple. The boat in which he was conveyed was decorated with flags, lighted lanterns, and flowers; festoons and fantastic forms of lighted lamps ornamented the exterior, and twined round the masts. In the cabin a variety of eatables, silver candlesticks, and flowers, were placed upon a long table, at the head of which the idol was seated; on either side were priests, habited in yellow silk embroidered robes. Musicians and singers enlivened the party with most inharmonious sounds. This vessel was followed and surrounded by a variety of smaller boats, illuminated with colored lanterns. Upon reaching the shore, where the temple of the other Joss stood, he was seen seated at the door, surrounded by his sacrificial attendants; the priests of the visitor arose, took the viands from the table, and carried them to their waiting brethren, by whom they were graciously received, and placed in their own temple. After this ceremony, the priests of both shrines took up their respective idols, and like children playing with dolls, caused them to salute each other, in a most becoming manner. The visitors then retired in the same order in which they had arrived, the musicians redoubled their efforts; and the compliment of the visit was returned the following evening.

The temples are rarely cleansed, and the Chinese not being remarkable for cleanliness, the accumulation of filth and dust can easily be imagined. Mendicants are permitted to reside in the outer portion of the temples, and are supported by the donations of the charitable.

The sect of the Tu-ki-a-su profess to be the followers of Confucius, whose writings

treat of the customs of their ancestors, of social virtues, and of government.

The sect of Ja-on are, on the other hand, the followers of La-on-ke-um, who is stated to have been a contemporary of Confucius; his writings relate to the same subjects, and the professors of this sect are alchemists and fortune-tellers.

There is a settlement of six or seven families of Jews in China, which was discovered some years ago by the missionaries, who stated that they have a synagogue, and keep themselves perfectly distinct, intermarrying amongst themselves. They observe most of the ceremonies of the ancient Jews, and are said to have first appeared in China about 200 years before the birth of Christ.

Painful as it was for a Christian to witness the procession of Joss, it was still more painful to me to behold a superstitious procession at Macao, got up by those who bear the name of Christ. It was the fete of a Roman Catholic saint, who awaited, at the church which bore his name, the visit of a brother saint, from a neighboring church. High mass having been performed, and an oration delivered in honor of the fêted saint, before a crowded congregation of the Portuguese inhabitants, and some Chinese women, the procession formed in the following order:—

First came, *des enfans de chœur*, in dirty white surplices, chanting, and swinging lighted incense-burners; then followed the priests, two and two, in their black robes, they also chanting; then appeared the saint, borne on the shoulders of four priests. The platform upon which he stood was very gay, with a profusion of gaudy-colored calico flowers, and tinsel leaves; a white bird stood by his side, but whether a stork or swan I could not discover, on which his right hand seemed to rest for support. The idol was followed by little girls, varying from three to five years of age, ludicrously dressed, to represent angels. These were attired in white frocks, over a yellow calico underdress, exceedingly short, in order to show the magnificence of their shoes and stockings—and with hoops, which made the width of the little mortals double their height. The bottoms of their frocks were ornamented with flowers and leaves resembling those which adorned the graven image, and they wore red silk stockings, with green clocks, on their little legs, and their tiny feet were encased in bright blue satin shoes. Some of their heads were en-



circled with wreaths of bright colored calico flowers; others were decorated with towering plumes of many-colored ostrich feathers; and last and least of them all, came a little mortal, about three years old, with a resplendent brazen helmet on her head, from the top of which issued a snowy plume; and most ludicrously did this minute specimen of humanity strut on with conscious pride. The hair of these children was dressed in the tight round curls of an English coachman's bob-wig, and large wings of golden tissue waved from their shoulders; around their bodies were bound broad belts of pink ribbon, with streamers reaching to their heels; and the poor little creatures walked with evident delight at their unaccustomed finery, and overloaded heads. Following the children were many men, who were doing penance, dressed as devils; they wore hideous masks on their faces, horns on their heads, and long black serge robes, tied round their waists by a thick hempen rope: to their feet were attached chains, which they dragged after them along the ground; their hands were also manacled, and they continually clanked their chains. The so-called penitents were continually passing jokes with their friends around them, and seemed highly amused with their own grotesque appearance. The rear was brought up by a vast concourse of spectators. I felt grieved at this terrible mockery of religion! this awful mummery, performed in the name of Christianity, before the eyes of the heathen, as it bore far too close an analogy to the visit of one heathen deity to the temple of another. What must be the estimate of Christianity in the minds of the Chinese, who witness such scenes as these! They may well ask where is the difference between pagan and papal idolatry?

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### THE MONARCHY, GOVERNMENT, LANGUAGE, AND CHARACTERISTIC QUALITIES OF THE CHINESE.

THE Chinese monarchy being absolute, without the slightest check, the punishments of the empire are most cruel, and ill-proportioned to the crimes for which they are severally inflicted: for the slightest offence, a mandarin is degraded, banished, and deprived of all property. It frequently happens that the emperor not only visits

the sins of the father upon his children, but extends his wrath to the collateral branches of the family, inflicting upon them the same punishment pronounced upon the offender. The abominable system of espionage was never carried to a greater extent either in France, or Austria, than that which is practised in China: the smallest expression, which may be construed into a reflection upon the emperor, is reported to him, and the culprit's punishment is death. The emperor, when he condemns an old favorite, as a mark of favor, sends him a sword, with an intimation that he may take away his own life; his death is frequently followed by the execution of his children, and nearest relations. Theft is punished with the bastinado, and torture. Manslaughter and homicide are classed with murder, and capitally punished: this makes the Chinese even hesitate to approach a dead body, or give information if they have seen one, lest they should be accused of the deed. There are various modes of inflicting capital punishments: sometimes the culprit is beheaded, or strangled by the bow-string; at others, that most cruel practice of hewing the living victim to pieces is resorted to. The extremities are first severed from the trunk, vital parts being carefully avoided in order to prolong the pain and suffering of the victim. Filial disobedience is considered a crime next in atrocity to murder, and is punished by the bastinado, and severe beating with bamboos of various sizes. When a man becomes rich, and, in his folly, or through parsimony, neglects to present offerings, or, in other words, to bribe the mandarin of his district, he is invariably accused of some offence, seized, and tortured, to extract some of his wealth. The modes of torture are various—but those generally adopted are, the rack, and gradual roasting before a slow fire. Traffic in opium is most severely punished; a man detected in smoking opium, is put to the torture, until he gives up the name of the person from whom he bought the poison—and each person, through whose hands it is traced, is similarly dealt with, until the smuggler is discovered. The offenders are punished by the bastinado, pillory, banishment and forfeiture of property. This punishment has often been extended to the son and brothers of the smuggler. The reason that punishments for smoking and smuggling opium are rarely heard of, is owing to the presents and bribes which are heaped

upon the mandarins by those who are guilty of practising those offences. A mandarin, when he discovers an offender, is able to carry on a most profitable trade, by holding the accusation *in terrorem* over him, till he has squeezed all he can out of him. Bribery and corruption are carried on to an enormous extent throughout the whole state, and are in a great measure countenanced by the emperor, if not the immediate result of his will. He remunerates his viceroys, mandarins, and other servants, with salaries so absurdly low, as to be quite inadequate to the support of their respective stations. There are no judges, properly speaking, to administer the laws, but each mandarin exercises the office of judge over all beneath him, including even the mandarins who are his inferiors in rank. All important cases, however, are referred to the emperor in person.

There are considerable differences of opinion relative to the population of China, the estimated amount varying from three hundred to three hundred and sixty-five millions—while the population of Canton alone is computed by some at eighty-four—by others, at one million, two hundred, and thirty-six thousand. When we take into consideration the vast multitude who reside upon the river of Canton, the numbers who reside in each boat, and the dense manner in which these boats are congregated together, the immense population residing in the streets of the city, and its suburbs—one house, amongst the lower and poorer classes, being often inhabited by three or four generations—it is far from incredible that the whole population on the river, in the city, and without the wall, may amount to 1,236,000. All the villages, towns, and cities of China, with the rivers in their vicinities, are crowded apparently to the same extent, and it must be remembered that the aquatic population possess no habitations upon the land. When these facts are considered in conjunction with the vast extent of the empire, whose inhabitants rarely, if ever, migrate—it would, by no means, be astonishing to find as the result of an accurate census, that its total population even exceeded the larger estimate of 365,000,000.

The sound of the spoken language is exceedingly disagreeable to an unaccustomed ear, from the peculiarity of its monosyllabic pronunciation, which is uttered in a measured tone. Although the written language is universally understood throughout China,

yet the spoken language of one province is unintelligible to the inhabitants of another, and they are constantly obliged to express their ideas by the formation of characters, and they may be frequently seen doing so, by means of their forefinger, writing them, as it were, in the air. In the written language, they say, there are 80,000 characters or hieroglyphics, each of which stand for a word. The difficulty, then, of acquiring a perfect knowledge of the written language must be apparent to all; but it has one great and evident advantage, that of always remaining the same, as the character or symbol will always represent the object or thing originally intended to be represented; unliable to variation, which is not the case in a spoken language alphabetically written, which is constantly subject to variations in the sound or orthography, arising from fashion or caprice. The Europeans who have studied the Chinese language usually divide it into four distinct dialects—namely, the *Kou-ou-en*, which is not used at present, except by philosophers and sages, who are much enamoured of it; *Ou-en-te-hang*, which is used for its sublimity, and adapted to complimentary compositions and high-flown flattery. This language, or dialect, is held next in estimation, by the literati, to the *Kou-ou-en*. The *Kou-ha-na*, or court language, is that which is invariably used by courtiers in all official correspondence, and by literary characters. It is considered to be possessed of a greater variety of expressions, whose significations slightly differ, and to be more adapted for the purposes of general intercourse than any other dialect. The *Hi-an-tang* is the Chinese patois; the variations are innumerable, each province and district having its peculiar patois, used by the lower orders. The mandarins and wealthy persons throughout the empire use the *Kou-ha-na*, or court-language, in their intercourse with one another, and those only can rise to eminence in the state who are proficient in it. There are obvious reasons for this: all ancient inscriptions, ancient records, and the official correspondence of the present day are in this language. It is presumed to be the original and unaltered language of the empire. The *Hi-an-tang*, or patois, can, after all, be only considered as various corruptions of the *Kou-ha-na*.

The characteristic good qualities of the Chinese are, parental affection, filial piety, veneration for learning, respect for age, submission to rule, hospitality, and indus-



try. There is, alas! another side to the picture: they are profligate to a frightful extent; chastity is unknown among the lower orders of women, and is only preserved amongst the higher, by strict seclusion; they are deficient in probity, both in word and deed. Distrusting all, they are cunning and jealous beyond measure; servile and abject to their superiors, they exhibit tyranny and injustice to all below them. Gain is the end of a Chinaman's life, and he regards not the means by which he attains it. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, are addicted to gambling, and fraud is prevalent in their very amusements. However, there is one trait in a Chinaman's character, which is worthy of imitation, and that is *filial piety*, which is certainly carried to a very great extent, and I have known instances where servants have hoarded up all their earnings with scrupulous care, in order to contribute to the comfort of their aged parents. A son is often permitted to suffer punishment for a father, who has infringed the laws of his country; and should the officers of justice be unable to find a son who has been guilty of any offence or crime, they deliberately put the father into prison, knowing full well that the delinquent will soon appear to liberate his parent. Nothing is so abhorrent to all, both high and low, as filial disobedience, which is severely punished by law, from policy. The emperor calls himself, what he ought to be, the father of his people, and wisely considers he will not be regarded in that light, or treated with becoming respect, should his subjects be deficient in filial obedience to their natural parents. The following are some of the moral maxims amongst the Chinese upon the subject, extracted from their ancient sages, and hung about their dwellings, which are worthy of the most refined and enlightened nation:—

“Let a son honor his parents, not observing their faults, which he should carefully conceal; he may, however, remonstrate three times with them relative to their faults; should they disregard him, he must observe towards them the same undiminished piety.”

“A son should never refer to old age or infirmities before his parents.”

“Let every other occupation be promptly laid aside to answer a parent's call.”

“Should his parents be in trouble, a son must not visit nor receive his friends. Should they be ill, his dress and countenance should express his sorrow; he should refrain from music, and he must particularly resist getting into a passion.”

“To have a proper estimation of filial duty, a

son should attend to his parents when they speak; he should see them, though not in their presence.”

“A son should be careful that his father and mother are warm in winter and cool in summer. He should visit their chamber night and morning, to enquire after them, and see they require nothing.”

“It is not proper that a son should sit on the same mat as his father.”

Would that all the other moral lessons inculcated by their ancient sages were equally observed with the preceding! Were such the case, China would be one of the most moral nations in the world, instead of the most depraved.

I must not omit to mention, that the Turks are not greater fatalists than the Chinese. I have heard of a Chinese merchant at Canton, who was smoking his pipe at the time the intelligence was brought to him, that his warehouse, which was filled with the most valuable merchandize, was on fire, who coolly replied, “Mas-kie,” (which is the Anglo-Chinese for “Never mind”) and added, “If it's to burn, it will burn; if not, it will not!” he then very quietly continued to smoke his pipe. The Chinese are all great stoics in their way, and have been known to endure the greatest bodily suffering and torture, rather than surrender their wealth, which they have borne without flinching. Still, during the late war, there were many instances where terror so far prevailed, that they seem to have been actuated to adopt very dissimilar courses; for instance, upon entering a town, our troops have found written, in large characters, in the Chinese language, over the doors of many houses, “Take all we have, but spare our lives.” In other towns, which they found completely deserted, horrible spectacles awaited them: in every house they entered, the wretched women were found with their throats cut, some cold, and others dying; in other places, the wells have been found filled with females, and the women have been seen in the act of drowning themselves and their offspring. Again, on entering the residence of a very wealthy man, the house was found deserted by all but the proprietor, who was discovered, partially consumed, seated in his richest robes, and bound to his chair, in the midst of his books, furniture, and valuables, which were piled in heaps around him, and set on fire. This again seems to be contrary to the character or profession of the individual, who proved to be one of their greatest philosophers.

There are three prevailing desires implanted in the breast of every Chinaman. First—he anxiously looks for male offspring, to perpetuate his name and sacrifice to his manes; secondly—he labors indefatigably to acquire landed property, to enrich his offspring; and, thirdly, he desires longevity, in order that he may live to see his children's children in the enjoyment of the wealth he has accumulated

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From the North British Review.

### MR. BROOKE'S RESIDENCE IN BORNEO.

1. *The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy; with Extracts from the Journal of JAMES BROOKE, Esq., of Sarawak, now Her Majesty's Commissioner and Consul-General to the Sultan and Independent Chiefs of Borneo.* By Capt. the Hon. HENRY KEPPEL, R.N. Third Edition. With an Additional Chapter, comprising recent Intelligence. By WALTER K. KELLY. In 2 vols. London, 1847.
2. *Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes, down to the occupation of Labuan; from the Journals of JAMES BROOKE, Esq., Rajah of Sarawak, and Governor of Labuan; together with a Narrative of the Operations of H. M. S. Iris.* By Captain RODNEY MUNDY, R.N. With numerous Plates, &c. In 2 vols. London, 1848.
3. *Borneo and the Indian Archipelago, with Drawings of Costume and Scenery.* By FRANK S. MARRYAT, late Midshipman of H. M. S. Samarang. London, 1848.
4. *Sarawak—Its Inhabitants and Productions; being Notes during a residence in that Country with His Excellency Mr. Brooke.* By HUGH LOW, Colonial Secretary at Labuan. London, 1848.
5. *Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang, during the years 1843-46, employed Surveying the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago; accompanied by a brief Vocabulary of the principal Languages; published under the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.* By Captain Sir EDWARD BELCHER, R.N., C.B., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., &c., Commander of the Expedition. With Notes on the Natural History of the Islands. By ARTHUR ADAMS, Assistant Surgeon, R.N. 2 vols. London, 1848.

It is interesting to study the variety of means by which Providence carries on its great work of progressive civilization. In the earlier stages of society, the arts of life followed the conqueror in his bloody career, and subjugated nations exchanged a wild independence for the blessings of stable government and salutary institutions. At other times, and these, too, of frequent occurrence, civilization has been the offspring of political and religious oppression. Chased by the tyrant from their fatherland, or driven by bigotry from their altars, families distinguished by patriotism and piety have fled for shelter to some friendly shore, and have repaid the hospitality which welcomed them by the noble truths which they imparted, and the holy life which they led. In a more advanced state of society, an exuberant population, in search of food or employment, have been dispersed among the uncultivated wastes, and the luxuriant woodlands of far-distant climes; and thus have the arts of peace, the principles of freedom, and the message of eternity, followed in the train of the starving emigrant,

and hallowed the resting-place of the persecuted saint and the patriot exile. No sooner has the temporary dwelling excluded the summer's heat or the winter's cold, than the sons of toil equip themselves for the destined task. The forest falls beneath the peasant's brawny arm, and under his skilful care a golden harvest waves over once barren plains. The village rises amid fruit and foliage—the germ peradventure of some gay metropolis—the centre, it may be, of some mighty empire. The school-house and the temple adorn and bless the exile's home, while light, secular and divine, emanating from this double source, diffuses itself around, and reaches even the homes and hearts of the savage population. In our own day, however, it is by the schoolmaster and the missionary that the great work of civilization must be carried on; and it is by means of our colonial establishments, and the extension of our commercial relations, that we can expect to obtain the most successful and permanent results. The interchange of European or American manufactures with the pro-



duce of savage or semi-barbarous nations, cannot fail to lead to a closer and more friendly intercourse, while the rapidity of locomotive travelling and steam navigation, and the electric transmission of intelligence over Europe, must give to all maritime states a power of control over barbarous nations which they could not otherwise have wielded. Should our missionary or colonial establishments be assailed by violence—should pirates interrupt our trade, and enslave their captives—a quick and condign punishment will soon reach the aggressors, and secure our countrymen, in their most distant settlements, from the cruelties and depredations to which they have been too frequently exposed. Even among the distant islands of the Indian and the Pacific Oceans, the British and the American flags have waved over the burning villages of the treacherous and bloody savage.

But it is only in seasons of European quiet that the arm of civilization can put forth its power to control the savage tribes that yet occupy and deface the fairest portions of the earth; and it is only in times of domestic peace that a Christian people can direct the undivided energy of their faith against the licentious orgies and the bloody rites of Pagan idolatry. While Freedom has to struggle against the despot, and enlightened nations have their liberties yet to conquer, the Christian and the Philanthropist must pause or falter in their aggressive movement against ignorance and superstition. It is but when nations are governed by equal laws—when rank and wealth exercise their just and salutary influence—when the civilized races are united by friendly ties, and the mutual interchange of food and industry:—it is only then that the national will can be concentrated on national objects, and that our armed battalions, and our ships of war can be summoned to the noble enterprise of wafting the teacher and the missionary to the land of darkness—of striking the fetters from the slave—and of breaking down the strong holds of cruelty and vice.

In the annals of philanthropy there are recorded many precious examples of individual and successful devotion to its cause. When Howard strove to ameliorate the prisoner's lot and to purify his living grave; when Elizabeth Fry labored to instruct and reform the convict—and Guthrie to teach and educate the ragged child—and Ashley to soften the agonies of female toil and of youthful labor, it was to one mind that

humanity owed each noble conception, and it was by one stern will that each arduous purpose was accomplished; but until our own day History has furnished us with no example in which a single individual has ventured to undertake, on any considerable scale, the civilization and improvement of barbarous communities.

This remarkable effort, which has excited the admiration of his countrymen, and will command the applause of every succeeding age, has been recently made by Mr. James Brooke, an English gentleman, who has devoted his fortune and his talents to the civilization and improvement of one of the loveliest portions of the globe. The numerous works placed at the head of this article, relate almost solely to this most interesting chapter of Modern History; and difficult as the task must be, we have felt it incumbent upon us to present our readers with a succinct and continuous narrative of those extraordinary operations in which Mr. Brooke has been engaged.

Mr. Brooke was borne at Coombe Grove, near Bath, on the 29th April, 1803. He was the second, but is now the only surviving son of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq., of the East India Company's Civil Service. At an early age he went to India, as a cadet in the Bengal army, where he held advantageous appointments. On the breaking out of the Burmese war, he accompanied his regiment to Assam; and in an action with the enemy, his gallantry was so conspicuous that he received the thanks of the Government. But having been shot through the lungs, he was obliged to return to England for the recovery of his health. Having made himself master of several modern languages, he made a tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and upon the expiry of his furlough he again embarked for India. The ship, however, was wrecked on the Isle of Wight, and this little incident, combined with the paltry and unjust regulation of the East India Company, deprived our Eastern empire of the services of a man who might have been its brightest ornament; and thus transferred to the cause of humanity the energies of his powerful mind, and the benefits of his transcendent talents. Owing to the delay which this misfortune had occasioned, Mr. Brooke's leave of absence had expired when he had reached Madras; and when he found that a troublesome and tedious correspondence with the Home authorities would be necessary to replace him in the position which

he had innocently forfeited, he at once relinquished the service, and resolved to proceed with the ship to China, in search of health and amusement. In crossing the China Seas, he saw for the first time the islands of the Indian Archipelago, inviting the traveller by their surpassing beauty, and teeming with Nature's rarest and richest productions. But while a tropical sun was shedding its pure light over the landscape, and tipping its rocks and mountains with gold, there lay above the valleys a moral darkness which time and toil only could disperse; and where animal and vegetable life arrested the eye by their magnificence and beauty, life intellectual stood forth a hideous blot upon Nature's scutcheon, drawn in the blackest lines of cruelty, treachery, and vice. The two antagonist pictures appear to have been simultaneously impressed upon the mind of our youthful adventurer, and the attractions of the one seem to have allured and impelled him to abate the deformity of the other. To visit and explore the lovely scenes which were now presented to him in the course of his voyage, was only a passing thought; but when he learned at Canton the true value and the singular variety of the products of the Archipelago, the idea took possession of his mind, and upon his return to England he resolved to realize it. In conjunction with a friend, to whom he had imparted his purpose, he fitted out a vessel of large burden, and proceeded to the China Seas, but circumstances and events which have not yet been made public, prevented him from carrying his plans into effect under any other auspices than his own.

Upon the death of his father in 1838, Mr. Brooke succeeded to a handsome fortune, and was thus enabled single-handed to carry out his darling project. When his preparations for sea were completed, he published a prospectus of his undertaking in the *Geographical Journal* for 1838,\* expressing his conviction that the tendency of his voyage was to add to knowledge, to increase trade, and to spread Christianity.

\* \* This communication, entitled *Proposed Exploring Expedition to the Asiatic Archipelago*. By James Brooke, Esq., and published in the Society's Journal, vol. viii., pp. 443-448, contains an admirable exposition of his plans, and shows how thoroughly and deliberately he had studied the subject, and weighed the various chances of failure or success which were likely to occur. In this paper, which was the first public notice of his intentions, his views were limited entirely to the object of exploring Borneo, Celebes, and the other islands of the Archipelago.

Animated by such noble objects, he left the Thames on the 27th of October, 1838, in his yacht the *Royalist* schooner, a vessel of 142 tons, belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, "which, in foreign parts, admits her to the same privileges as a man-of-war, and enables her to carry a white ensign." Her ship's company consisted of *nine* officers, *nine* seamen, and *two* boys. Most of the hands had been with Mr. Brooke three years and upwards, and in the course of a year spent in the Mediterranean he had tested both his vessel and his crew.\* The *Royalist* was a fast sailor, and was armed with six six-pounders, a number of swivels, and small arms of all sorts. She carried four boats, and provisions for four months, besides all the requisite instruments for observation, including three chronometers, and the means of collecting and preserving specimens of natural history. In concluding the proposal which he made to the Geographical Society, Mr. Brooke remarks, "I embark upon the expedition with great cheerfulness, with a stout vessel and a good crew, and I cast myself upon the waters, but whether the world will know me after many days is a question which, hoping the best, I cannot answer with any positive degree of assurance." "I go," he said to a friend, "to awaken the slumbering spirit of philanthropy with regard to these islands. Fortune and life I give freely, and if I fail in the attempt I shall not have lived wholly in vain."

Quitting England on the 16th of December, the *Royalist* made a good passage to Rio Janeiro, which occupied nearly two months. After a fortnight's stay, Mr. Brooke sailed on the 9th of March for the Cape, and having put into Table Bay on the 15th of March, 1839, and completed the repairs of his yacht, he again set sail on the 29th of the same month, and anchored at Singapore in the last week of May. In this delightful spot he spent the months of June and July, making preparations for his trip to Borneo, and arranging the plan of his future operations. Furnished with letters from the

\* In the course of this voyage, Mr. Brooke visited the Island and Gulf of Symi, in February, 1837, and communicated to the Journal of the Geographical Society a very interesting paper, entitled, *Sketch of the Island and Gulf of Symi, on the south-western coast of Anatolia*. By James Brooke, Esq. This well written article exhibits the learning and sagacity of the author, and is a most favorable earnest of what might have been expected from his future labors. We are surprised that it has not even been noticed in the multifarious works which relate to his proceedings in Borneo.



governor of Singapore to the Rajah Muda Hassim, governor of Borneo Proper (and uncle to the sovereign), who had shown much kindness and liberality to the crew of an English vessel wrecked on the coast, and taking with him valuable presents of various kinds, Mr. Brooke left Singapore on the 27th July, and anchored on the 1st of August, on the coast of Borneo, in a night "pitchy dark," amid torrents of rain and peals of thunder. Learning that the Rajah was at Sarawak, where he was detained by a rebellion in the interior, Mr. Brooke resolved to proceed thither, in place of Maludu Bay, at the north point of the island. On the morning of the 2d the clouds cleared away, and exhibited to him the majestic scenery of Borneo, with Gunong Palo, a mountain 2000 feet high, rising in the back ground, and throwing out its picturesque knolls into the wooded plains. On Sunday the 4th, after "performing divine service himself, manfully overcoming that horror which he had to the sound of his own voice before an audience," he landed near a forest of noble timber, clear of brushwood, and thus gives vent in the following beautiful passage to the sentiments which the scenery inspired :

"This dark forest," says he, "where the trees shoot up straight, and are succeeded by generation after generation, varying in stature, but struggling upwards, strikes the imagination with features trite but true. Here the hoary sage of an hundred years lies mouldering beneath your foot, and there the young sapling shoots beneath the parent shade, and grows in form and fashion like the parent stem. The towering few, with heads raised above the general mass, can scarce be seen through the foliage of those beneath, but here and there the touch of time has cast his withering hand upon their leafy brow, and decay has begun his work upon the gigantic and unbending trunk. How trite and yet how true ! It was thus I meditated in my walk. The foot of European, I said, has never touched where my foot now presses—seldom the native wanders here. Here I indeed behold Nature fresh from the bosom of creation, unchanged by man, and stamped with the same impress she originally bore ! Here I behold God's designs when he formed this tropical land, and left its culture and improvement to the agency of man. The Creator's gift, as yet neglected by the creature, and yet the time may be confidently looked for when the axe shall level the forest, and the plough turn the ground."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Képel's Expedition*, vol. i., pp. 18, 19.

Near the island of Talang-Talang, Mr. Brooke was welcomed on the 7th by the Bandar, or treasurer of the place, who came in his canoe, and assured him of a hearty welcome from the Rajah ; and having "dis-

patched his gig for Sarawak, in order to acquaint the Rajah of his arrival," he was met on the 13th by a canoe, containing a Pangeran of note (Illudeen) to welcome them, accompanied by other persons of distinction, and a score of followers. The party ate and drank, and talked with much ease and liveliness, and, from the state of the tide, were obliged to sleep in the Royalist. On the 15th the yacht anchored abreast of Sarawak, and saluted the Rajah with twenty-one guns, which was returned with eighteen from his residence. Mr. Brooke and his party were received in state, in the most flattering manner, in the Hall of Audience, a large shed erected on piles, but tastefully decorated in the interior. The strangers were seated in chairs on one hand of the Rajah, and on the other sat his brother Mohammed, and Macota and other chiefs, while immediately behind him were seated his twelve younger brothers. Tea and tobacco were served by attendants on their knees. A band played wild airs during the interview ; and after a visit of half an hour, the strangers rose and took their leave.

After various interchanges of visits and presents, some of them without the usual formality and reserve, Mr. Brooke obtained leave to travel into the country of the Dyaks, and to visit the Malay towns of Sadung, Samarahan, &c. ; and in pursuance of this plan, he left Sarawak (formerly Kuchin), accompanied by the prahus (boats) of Pangeran Illudeen and the Panglima, the former pulling twelve paddles, and having two brass swivels and twenty men, and the latter having a gun and ten men, while the Skimalong, a long boat of Mr. Brooke's, carried a gun and ten men. With this equipment, superior to any force of the Rajah's enemies, they "proceeded up a Borneon river (Morotaba) hitherto unknown, sailing where no European ever sailed before ; and admiring the deep solitude, the brilliant night, the dark fringe of retired jungle, the lighter foliage of the river bank, with here and there a tree flashing and shining with fire-flies, nature's tiny lamps, glancing and flitting in countless numbers, and incredible brilliancy." The expedition had proceeded about a hundred miles up the Samarahan river, admirably calculated for the purposes of navigation and trade, receiving hospitality and kindness at the different villages on its banks, when the Pangeran, dreading the hostility of the Dyaks, and alleging that the river was narrow, ra-

pid, and obstructed by trees, insisted upon returning to Sarawak, which they reached on the 25th. On the 30th, the same flotilla set out to explore the river Lundu, and to visit the Sibnowan Dyaks and their town of Tungong. This river is about half a mile wide at the mouth, and from 150 to 200 yards off Tungong, which stands on the right bank, and is enclosed by a slight stockade. Within this defence there is only *one enormous house* with three or four small huts, for the whole population of about 400 souls! This remarkable tenement is 594 feet long, and the front room or street is the entire length of the building, and 21 feet broad. The floor is 12 feet above the ground, and it is reached by means of the trunk of a tree, with notches cut in it, which performs the part of a ladder. The back part is divided by neat partitions into the private apartments of the various families, which communicate with the public apartments. The married persons occupy the private rooms, while the widowers and young unmarried men occupy the public apartments. There is in front of this extraordinary building a terrace, 50 feet broad, formed, like the floors, of split bamboo, and extending partially along the front of the building.

"This platform," says Mr. Brooke, "as well as the front room, beside the regular inhabitants, is the resort of pigs, dogs, birds, monkeys, and fowls, and presents a glorious scene of confusion and bustle. Here the ordinary occupations of domestic labor are carried on—padi ground, mats made, &c., &c. There were 200 men, women, and children counted in the room, and in front, whilst we were there in the middle of the day; and allowing for those abroad, and for those in their own rooms, the whole community cannot be reckoned at less than 400 souls. Overhead, about seven feet high, is a second crazy story, in which they stow their stores of food, and their implements of labor and war. Along the large room are hung many cots, four feet long, formed of the hollowed trunks of trees cut in half, which answer the purpose of seats by day and beds by night. The Sibnowan Dyaks are a wild-looking, but apparently quiet and inoffensive race. The apartment of their chief, by name Sejugah, is situated nearly in the centre of the building, and is longer than any other. In front of it nice mats were spread on the occasion of our visit, whilst *over our heads dangled about thirty ghastly skulls*, according to the custom of these people. \* \* \* I was informed that they had many more in their possession, all, however, the heads of enemies. On enquiry, I was told, that it is indispensable that a young man should procure a skull before he gets married."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Keppel's Expedition*, vol. i. pp. 52, 53-55.

The practice of *head-hunting*, as it is called, referred to in the preceding extract, is carried to a great extent in Borneo. It is necessary, in many places, to propitiate the bride by throwing down before her a number of heads in a net; and though one head may, in cases where there is no competition of lovers, satisfy the bride, yet the courage of the male, and consequently his success in love, is measured by the number which he can display. It is not, however, at marriages alone that these disgusting trophies are demanded. At the death of any person, a head must be procured previous to the celebration of the funeral; and it is confidently stated, that in the north as well as in the south of Borneo, human victims, generally slaves, are sacrificed on the death of a chief, and even on other occasions. Among the land tribes, the heads are the general property of the village, and are stored up in what is called the Head-House; but the Sea-Dyaks hold them as personal property, and occasionally wear them dangling at their loins. An old chief, when regretting the destruction of all his property by fire, stated to Mr. Low, that "he would not have regretted it so much if he could have saved the trophies of the prowess of his fathers—the heads collected by his ancestors." Baskets full of these heads, deprived of the brain, and dried over a slow and smoking fire, may be found at any house in the villages of the sea tribes; and the number of these disgusting objects is a measure of the distinction of the family. The mode of treating a captured head by the Sea-Dyaks is thus described by Mr. Low:—

"The head is brought on shore with much ceremony, and wrapped up in the curiously folded and plaited leaves of the Nipah palm, and frequently emitting the disgusting odors peculiar to decaying mortality. This, the Dyaks have frequently told me, is particularly grateful to their senses, and surpasses the odorous durian, their favorite fruit. On shore, and in the village, the head, for months after its arrival, is treated with the greatest consideration, and all the names and terms of endearment of which their language is capable are lavished upon it. The most dainty morsel called from their repast is thrust into its mouth, and it is instructed to hate its former friends, and that having been now adopted into the tribe of its captors, its spirit must be always with them: sirih leaves and betel-nut are given to it, and finally a cigar is frequently placed between its ghastly and pallid lips. None of this disgusting mockery is performed with the intention of ridicule, but all to propitiate the spirit by kindness, and to procure its good wishes for the tribe of



which it is now supposed to have become a member."—Low's *Sarawak*, &c., pp 206, 207.

After the feast which follows this barbarous ceremony, dancing generally commences, and this is "performed with the recently acquired heads suspended from the persons of the actors, who move up and down the verandah with a slow step and corresponding movements of their outstretched arms, uttering occasionally a yell which rises fierce and shrill above the discordant noises of the gongs, &c., to which the dancers move."

The mode of dealing with heads among the land tribes, is well described by Mr. Marryat, who had occasion to witness a *Head-House* whilst visiting three villages in the Serambo mountains, occupied by the hill Dyaks, under Mr. Brooke's sway. Mr. Marryat's party was escorted to a house in the centre of the village, differently constructed from the rest. It was raised and well ventilated by numerous port-holes in its pointed roof.\* A rough ladder conducted the party to the room above; and when they entered they were "taken aback" by finding that they were in the head-house, and that *the beams were lined with human heads, all hanging by a small line passing through the top of the skull.* "They were painted in the most fantastic and hideous manner; pieces of wood, painted to imitate the eyes, were inserted into the sockets, and added not a little to their ghastly grinning appearance. The strangest part of the story, and that which added very much to the effect of the scene, was that *these skulls were perpetually moving to and fro, and knocking against each other.* This, I presume, was occasioned by the different currents of air blowing in at the port-holes; but what with their continual motion, their nodding their chins when they hit each other, and their grinning teeth, they really appeared to be endowed with new life, and were a very merry set of fellows."

In the last week of September, Mr. Brooke undertook another expedition to the river Sadung, accompanied by the Pangerans, Illudeen and Subtu. The town called Songi is of considerable size, and along the river, from which there is a good deal of trade, the population may amount to 2000 or 3000 persons. After visiting an Illanun pirate, who resides up the Songi, a tribu-

tary of the Sadung, and also Seriff Sahib, the son of an Arab, who married a daughter of the Borneon Rajah, they sailed up the river to a point thirty miles from its mouth, where there was a village, consisting of three moderately long houses, inhabited by the Sibnowan Dyaks, where they found a collection of heads, some of them fresh, and said to be women's, hanging, ornamented with feathers, before the entrance of the chief's private apartments. After a night's exposure to torrents of rain and the vivid lightning of the tropics, the river party dropped down to the entrance into the Sadung, and passing over the sand flats to the Royalist, they were joined by the Pangerans, who next day returned to Sarawak, leaving the Panglima Rajah to pilot them out. When the Panglima, in his prahu, with twelve men, was lying close to the shore, they were roused from their sleep by a piratical attack of the roving Sarebus Dyaks, who stole upon them by surprise, wounded severely the Panglima and several of his men, and but for the timely discharge of a gun from the Royalist, which frightened the assailants, the whole party would have been slaughtered.

Returning to Sarawak on the 1st October, Mr. Brooke and his party accepted of a pressing invitation from the Rajah. From four o'clock they sat, and talked, and drank tea, and smoked, till eight in the evening, when dinner was announced. The table was laid à l'Anglaise—a good curry of rice, grilled fowls, and a bottle of wine. The party did justice to their cheer, and the Rajah, throwing off all reserve, bustled about with the proud and pleasing consciousness of having given an English dinner in proper style, now drawing the wine, now changing the plates, pressing his guests to eat, and saying you are at home. After dinner they drank and smoked and talked till the hour of rest. Mr. Brooke's couch was a crimson silk mattress, embroidered with gold, and covered with white, gold-embroidered mats and pillows. The others fared equally well, and greatly enjoyed their wine, in consequence of their own stock having been expended.

Having taken a cordial leave of the Rajah, and in the course of his three expeditions obtained much useful information respecting the natural history, geography, statistics, and language of the Dyaks, Mr. Brooke sailed for Singapore on the 2d October, carrying along with him letters for the merchants of that place, and a list of

\* A drawing of this *Head-House* is given by Sir E. Belcher, vol. i., p. 26.

the imports and exports of Sarawak. As it was probable that the civil war might continue for many months, he thought it would be injudicious to return to Sarawak, and he therefore decided on making an excursion to the island of Celebes, as he had contemplated in his original prospectus. Taking with him a large assortment of British goods, as presents to the chiefs and people, he set sail on the 20th November, and about the middle of December 1839, he arrived off Celebes. Captain Keppel has given only such extracts from Mr. Brooke's Journal of that "portion of his excursion to Celebes and among the Bugis, as particularly bears upon his Borneon sequel," amounting only to a portion of a chapter. But Captain Mundy has devoted *ten* chapters to the subject, and has given the whole of Mr. Brooke's Journal of this interesting expedition. As our object is to make our readers acquainted with Mr. Brooke's life and labors in his own territory of Sarawak, we can only devote a brief space to a notice of his visit to Celebes, or rather to his circumnavigation of the gulf of Boni.

On the 16th of December Mr. Brooke landed at Bonthian Bay, where he was kindly received by the officers of the Dutch fort. On the 18th he set out with three doctors and native guides, to see the splendid waterfall of Sapo, "inferior in body of water" to many falls in Switzerland, but superior to any of them in sylvan beauty, its charms being greatly heightened to the imagination, by its deep seclusion, its undisturbed solitude, and its difficulty of access. After passing through the glades and glens, grassy knolls and slopes, they plunged into the wood, and found themselves at the side of the stream below the waterfall. Having finished their breakfast, they all stripped to their trousers, entered the water, and waded along the bed of the river to the fall. The steep and woody banks prevented any other mode of approach, and as the stream rushed down, tumbling over huge rocks, this mode was anything but easy. Sometimes they were up to the arms in water, now stealing with care over wet and slippery stones, now favored by a few yards of dry ground, and ever and anon swimming a pool to shorten an unpleasant climb.

"In this manner," says Mr. Brooke, "we advanced about half-a-mile, when the fall became visible; thick trees and hanging creepers intervened; between and through the foliage, we just saw the water glancing and shining in its descent

The effect was perfect. After some little farther and more difficult progress, we stood beneath the fall of about 150 feet sheer descent. The wind whirled in eddies, and carried the sleet over us, chilling our bodies, but unable to damp our admiration. The basin of the fall is part of a circle, with the outlet forming a funnel; bare cliffs, perpendicular on all sides, form the upper portion of the vale, and above and below is all the luxuriant vegetation of the East; trees arched and interlaced, and throwing down long fantastic roots and creepers, shade the scene, and form one of the richest sylvan prospects I have ever beheld. The water foaming and flashing, and then escaping amid huge grey stones on its troubled course—clear and transparent, expanding into tranquil pools, with the flickering sunshine through the dense foliage, all combined to form a scene such as Tasso has described."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal*, Keppel's *Expedition*, vol. i., pp. 111, 112.

At Singapore Mr. Brooke met with Dain Matara, a well-born, affluent, and educated Bugis, who offered to accompany him in his expedition, refusing any remuneration for his services. Mr. Brooke agreed to take him and his servant, and found him a cheerful, good-tempered, and intelligent companion. On the 20th, Mr. Brooke, with a party of twelve, undertook the ascent of Lumpu Batang. They rested at different villages on the hill, where they saw the cockatoo in its wild state, and encountered a community of dusky baboons; and on the 22d, after mid-day, they attained the summit, never before reached by Europeans. On the top they saw the dung of wild cattle, which are said to be a species of *urus*;\* and found specimens of pumice stone, indicating the volcanic nature of the mountain. Mr. Brooke estimates the population of the villages in this district at about 5000. The chief product of the country is coffee, which is collected by the Bugis merchants to the extent of 80,000 peculs annually, the price being 15 or 16 Java rupees per pecul. Tortoise shell and mother of pearl shells are abundant.

On the 6th of January, 1840, Mr. Brooke intimated to the King of Boni, his arrival as a private individual, and his wish to visit him. His Majesty gave orders that all the wants of the party should be supplied; but in consequence of foolish reports that five ships were on their way to Boni, to expel the Dutch, no answer was given to Mr. Brooke's proposal. Having collected information respecting the condition and politics of Boni, and believing that some sinister influence was at work to prevent

\* See this *Journal*, vol. v. p. 202.



his meeting with the king, he resolved to proceed on his voyage.

The state of Boni, though of recent origin, is now the most powerful in Celebes. Its form of government is an aristocratic elective monarchy, the king, or the Patamankowe, being chosen by the Aru Pitu, or Rajah Pitu, that is by six men or Rajahs. These six men fill also the great offices of state, and each, in case of absence, can appoint a proxy. The Tomarilalan, who is prime minister or treasurer, is not one of the elective body, but is a sort of balancing power, and the medium of communication between them and the king, although there is reason to believe that this functionary wields a higher authority than even the Aru Pitu. The king decides when the Aru Pitu is equally divided; but in cases of election to the supreme power, the Tomarilalan decides between the contending parties. In such cases a general assembly of the inferior rajahs and the official functionaries is convened, whose voice influences, if it does not decide the election. The public voice, however, thus faintly developed in this elective monarchy, has not yet, as Mr. Brooke expresses it, "worked any benefit to the community generally."

On his arrival at Peneke, in the kingdom of Wajo, on the 26th January, Mr. Brooke met with a kind and affable reception from three rajahs. They visited the Royalist, and offered to show him and his party a deer hunt, and to take them to Tesora, the present capital of Wajo. They accordingly set out on the 30th, and passing through Doping, Piagaga, and Penrang, amid assembled thousands carrying arms and banners, and firing muskets, and uttering discordant yells, they reached Tesora, a large straggling city, the ancient boundary of which is marked by a fortification several miles in circuit. The houses are mostly large and well built, but old and tottering; and the remains of brick-built mosques and powder magazines indicate the former extent of the city. The population, now about 6,000, must have been four times that number. Mr. Brooke and his party were received at the house allotted to them by crowds within, and a mob without, and sat eating sweetmeats, and afterwards devouring their dinner—the gaze and wonder of a Bugis multitude. When they lay down to sleep, the crowd, particularly the female portion, pressed closer to look at their faces; and when they left the house, fresh hordes pursued them till midnight. The following

day they visited the Rajah, and after a luxurious collation, at which politics were unreservedly discussed, they were entertained with the brutality of cock-fighting. The Bugis consider themselves as a *free people*, and Mr. Brooke was unable to discover the faintest trace of any limit to the freedom of discourse. They are a manly and spirited, though an idle race. As colonists and traders they are enterprising. The women enjoy perfect liberty; and though talking often "in a very unladylike manner, on unladylike subjects, yet they are chaste." The population of the eastern and northern shores, and particularly of Wajo, is 67,800, reckoning 15 persons to a house, the number of houses being 4,520.

The southern limb of Celebes contains the four kingdoms of Luwu, Wajo, Boni, and Soping. Goa, the fifth, has been long under European domination, and Si Dendring, once part of Boni, is now an independent kingdom. The three states of Boni, Wajo, and Soping, have acted as one state for the purpose of defence. Wajo is governed by six hereditary Rajahs, three civil and three military, who elect the head, viz. the Aru Matoah. A chamber of forty nobles are appealed to on difficult emergencies, and three Pangawas, or tribunes of the people, who summon the council of forty, watch over popular rights. The three Pangawas are elected by the people, and generally hold office for life. The Rajah Penrang, next in rank to the six, "holds the privilege of advising or upbraiding the six Rajahs." The wealth of all classes consists in slaves, or rather serfs. There are fifty slaves or more to each freeman. They are neither imported nor exported. Debtors and criminals become slaves, and their masters have the power of life and death.

In returning through Boni, Mr. Brooke observed a ludicrous example of court etiquette. Although the country possesses a constitution, yet it has been reduced to a state of perfect despotism by the Patamankowe or king. "When this personage sits all sit—when he rises all rise. Should he ride and fall from his horse, all about him must fall from their horses likewise. If he bathe, all must bathe too, and whoever is passing at the time must plunge into the water in the dress good or bad, which they happen to wear."

Mr. Brooke had heard in the early part of his journey of the cave of Mampo, which was said to be "full of figures of men and

beasts," and he took much trouble to obtain leave to visit it. The hill of Mampo, 400 feet high, and composed of coral rock, is two miles from the town of Unii, and is flat-topped and covered with wood. The Patamankowe appointed the Aru Tanneté to accompany Mr. Brooke to the cave, and the party set out on the 3d of April, attended by a mob of 200 or 300 persons. The entrance to the cave, which immediately expands into a lofty hall, dropping with the fantastic forms of numerous stalactites, is at a short distance from the town of Alupang, consisting of seventy houses, and standing on the hill side.

"Mampo cave," says Mr. Brooke, "is a production of nature, and the various halls and passages exhibit the multitude of beautiful forms with which Nature adorns her works; pillars, and shafts, and fret-work, many of the most dazzling white, adorn the roofs or support them, and the ceaseless progress of the work is still going forward and presenting all figures in gradual formation. The top of the cave, here and there fallen in, gives gleams of the most picturesque light, whilst trees and creepers, growing from the fallen masses, shoot up to the level above, and add a charm to the scene. Yet was I greatly disappointed, and enjoyed the sight less than I should otherwise have done.

"These varied forms of stalactites the natives speak of as figures; a fallen pillar represents a rajah; and, by a like stretch of imagination, they call various stones dogs, horses, ships, rice, looms, &c. Names arbitrarily enough bestowed, but which retain their particular designations, and produce their uniformity of statement when they speak of the figures they each have seen in the cave. Some parts of the cave are inclosed with stones, and offerings of slight burning sticks, similar to those used in Chinese temples, are stuck round them. The path to these shrines is so well trodden, that they are evidently much frequented by the natives.

"The hundreds of dark figures with flaming torches mingling their light with the streams of sunbeams from the roof—their yells and shouts as they entered the spacious halls, and the time—the clime—the spot—all produced a highly picturesque effect; yet I could not enjoy, though I admired; and my chief comfort was, that I might spare other travellers from being misled by the exaggerated, but consistent account of the natives.

"The European imagination would deck this cave with all the semblance of a cathedral, with some slight approximation to the reality; they would see the shrines of saints or heroes—the Gothic arch—the groined roof—the supporting pillars.

"The natives, from tradition as well as imagination, bestow on the varied shapes of stalactites the names of men, of beasts, or of birds. The halls of Alhambra are the nearest approach to the

caves of Nature's formation, and we may suppose they were first imitations of Nature's subterranean works.

"The transition from the dim light and freshness of the cave into the bright glare of a tropical sun, was very displeasing; and I felt glad, after an excursion of some hours, to return to our quarters at Unii."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal*, Captain Mundy's *Narrative*, vol. i., pp. 141–143.

Leaving Tesora, and descending the Chinrana, Mr. Brooke joined the Royalist, and proceeded on his voyage northward, visiting Luwu, the oldest and most decayed of the Bugis states, and rounding the northern extremity of the gulf of Boni, where the river Uru discharges itself by seven mouths into the sea. He visited the Minkoka tribe, on the east side of the gulf, a people who are "keen barterers," marry only one wife, and have a language of their own. Mr. Brooke got 2½ lbs. of wax for a red cotton handkerchief, worth 8d.; 30 lbs. of sago for one worth a shilling, and from 70 to 100 cocoa nuts for a small red cotton handkerchief. Descending the coast by Pulo-Bassa, an island growing from the reef, the Royalist ran across the bay to Bonthian, and thence to Samarang, where Mr. Brooke was compelled to put in for provisions, and where he received money and hospitality from Mr. MacNeill. From Samarang he proceeded to Singapore, where he remained a few months to recruit his health and refit his vessel. Early in August he set out for Sarawak, where he arrived on the 29th of August, 1840.

Sick, languid, and disabled, Mr. Brooke's determination had been to remain only for a few days on his way northward, and this resolution was strengthened when he found that no progress had been made in suppressing the rebellion, which had lasted for four years. The cordial reception, however, which he met with from the Rajah Muda Hassim, the chiefs, and the people, and the earnest prayers of the first, that he would not leave him in his present disgraced and deserted position, induced him to join the miserable Borneo army; but such were "the scenes of cowardice, treachery, intrigue, and lukewarmness which he witnessed in the course of ten days, that he left them and returned to his vessel. The Rajah renewed his entreaties, and offered to make over to him the government of Sarawak, with its revenues and trade. Mr. Brooke refused to accept this offer while the war was pending; and considering the war as just and righteous, and



its speedy termination as a service to humanity, he started to join the Sarawak forces on the 3d of October at Leda Tanah, where he saw "the whole army bathe, with the commander-in-chief at their head." The army consisted of 200 Chinese, armed chiefly with swords and spears, 250 Malays, and about 200 Dyaks of various tribes. The enemy, who occupied the fort of Bolidah, were from 350 to 500 strong, half of whom were armed with muskets, and the other half with spears. The fort was on a slight eminence at the water's edge, defended by a few swivels and a gun or two, and by various snares, some like mole-traps, and others were holes filled with ranjows, or spiked bamboos. To assault the fort by a chain of three forts, and a stockade, was the resolve of the allied army. A reinforcement of men and guns, sent for by Mr. Brooke, having arrived, a breach was soon made in the wooden fort on the 31st October. Mr. Brooke proposed to storm the place with 150 Chinese and Malays; but though some of the chiefs agreed, and tried to influence the courage of those who dissented from the proposal, no attempt was made to attack the enemy. Neither persuasion nor ridicule had any influence upon them, and Mr. Brooke returned in disgust to his ship. The Rajah again induced him to return, and on the 10th December he rejoined the army. The campaign now assumed an active character. New recruits had arrived, and new forts were erected; and after a series of skirmishes, with varied success and little loss, the enemy advanced from the stockade into the open field. Mr. Brooke instantly saw their mistake, and profited by it. With his detachment of Englishmen, twelve in number, he charged quickly across the padi-fields, followed by one Illanun, named Si Tundo, and by the rest of the natives at a respectful distance. The manœuvre was completely successful. The moment the English appeared on the ridge above the river, in the hollow of which the rebels were seeking protection, they were completely routed, and the victory was decisive and bloodless. The rebels lost their arms and ammunition, several forts were captured, the remnant of the defeated troops were disheartened, and in a few days a treaty was signed, Bolidah delivered up, and at the close of 1841, the rebellion at an end. Mr. Brooke made it a condition with the Rajah that the lives of the prisoners should be spared, and that their women and children, who were given as hostages,

should be treated kindly, and preserved from wrong.

In the beginning of January 1841, the army broke up from its encampment near Siniavin, and returned to Sarawak. When Mr. Brooke "was winding up his affairs, in order to have an agreement drawn up between the Rajah and himself," a fleet of Illanun pirates appeared on the coast, and with the Rajah's permission anchored off Sarawak. It was reported that their object was to seize fifty lacks of dollars, which were supposed to be on board the Royalist, whose figure head was believed to be of solid gold. The fleet consisted of eighteen prahus, decorated with flags and streamers, and firing cannon and musketry. The smallest carried 30, and the largest 100 men, and each had from 30 to 50 oars. Their armament was one or two six-pounders on the bow, one four-pounder stern-chaser, and a number of swivels, besides musketry, spears, and swords. Mr. Brooke "put himself into a complete posture of defence," lest hostilities might ensue. The interview with the Rajah, however, was friendly, and the fleet departed in peace. Magindanao, Sooloo, and the northern part of Borneo, are the great nests of piracy; and as no measures have been adopted for its suppression, the greatest devastation and misery are inflicted on the rest of the Archipelago.

Having received from the Rajah the papers duly signed and sealed, which declared him "resident at Sarawak," that is, which gave him permission to live in the province, and "to seek profit by trade," Mr. Brooke engaged to "bring a vessel for trade, laden with a mixed cargo for the Sarawak market;" and the Rajah promised in return to build him a house, and to procure antimony ore in return for his goods. Under these arrangements, Mr. Brooke sailed for Singapore, on the 16th February, and after a stay of three months, during which he purchased, for 5,000 dollars, the Swift, a schooner of ninety tons, and put a suitable cargo on board her, he returned with his two vessels to Sarawak early in April 1841. Though he was received with honors and salutes, and with renewed kindness on the part of the Rajah and the people generally, yet Mr. Brooke found that the house promised him was not even begun, and that the antimony ore was not ready for delivery. The wooden tenement, however, was speedily erected; but though the whole cargo of the Swift was delivered to the Rajah, yet the price of it in antimony was not paid.

When suffering under this disappointment, a fleet of 100 prahus, manned by two or three thousand wild Dyaks and Malays, swept past his house and up the river, for the purpose of slaughtering the inoffensive people on its banks, and procuring slaves and plunder. By a firm remonstrance with the Rajah this expedition was prevented, and hundreds of lives probably spared. It was at this time also that Mr. Brooke learned that the crew of an English ship, wrecked on the north-west coast, were detained as prisoners at Bruni, the capital. He in vain requested the Rajah to apply to the Sultan for their release, and at last determined to dispatch the *Royalist* for that purpose. A portion of the antimony ore (750 peculs) having been now shipped on board the *Swift*, and no further remittance being probable, she was sent to Singapore, both vessels sailing for their different destinations on the 20th of July, and Mr. Brooke and his three companions remaining at Sarawak.

Although Mr. Brooke, with his three companions, without the protection of his vessel or his crew, was now at the mercy of the Rajah, he did not scruple to urge him to the fulfilment of his promises, and to point out his injustice in withholding the antimony ore, and in delaying to assist him in the release of his countrymen, and his want of faith respecting the negotiation for the government of Sarawak, and the detention of the female prisoners taken in the rebellion. These representations were met with more abundant promises, but no exertion was made to fulfil them. After returning from an excursion into the interior, and waiting with anxiety the return of his ship, Mr. Brooke received a letter from Captain Gill of the *Sultana* of Bombay, which had been destroyed by lightning on the 4th January 1841. Forty-one of her crew had reached Borneo in an indescribable state of starvation and misery. The sultan had allowed Captain Gill and Mr. and Miss De Souza, with three servants, to proceed to Singapore, but they were obliged to put in dismayed to the island Sirhassan, and were afterwards detained by a fleet of piratical prahus. Afflicted by this intelligence, Mr. Brooke took measures for the relief of the parties at Borneo and Sirhassan, but before he learned the effect of these, the *Royalist* arrived at Samarang near Sarawak on the 18th, and the *Swift* on the 19th August. The intelligence brought by the *Royalist* was in every respect unfavorable. Pretending that the prisoners had entered into an

agreement with him, the Sultan refused in a letter to Mr. Brooke to release them; but this miserable subterfuge served only to increase his exertions in their favor. The Honorable Company's steamer *Diana*, had been sent by the Governor of Singapore to communicate with Mr. Brooke, and then to proceed to Bruni to demand the release of the wrecked British subjects. Influenced no doubt by this event, the Rajah sent some Pangerans to Bruni with the same humane object, and in a short time the *Diana* returned with Captain and Mrs. Page, Mr. Young, the second officer, and all the rest of the *Sultana's* crew, save only a few who had landed at the north part of Borneo, and been afterwards brought as slaves to Borneo Proper.

Mr. Brooke's position at Sarawak was now a critical one. The Pangeran Macota, a cruel and faithless chief, had shown the bitterest hostility to him. By threats and violence he had "prevented or driven all persons from visiting him," and he had used every means to prevent the Rajah from completing the transference of Sarawak to Mr. Brooke. In this state of affairs, Mr. Brooke determined to make a bold and decisive movement; and having obtained the fullest proof of the intrigues and crimes of Macota, he laid the information before the Rajah Muda Hassim, and demanded an investigation.

"My demand, as usual," says he, "was met by vague promises of future enquiry, and Macota seemed to triumph in the success of his villany: but the moment for action had now arrived. My conscience told me that I was bound no longer to submit to such injustice, and I was resolved to test the strength of our respective parties. Repairing on board the yacht, I mustered my people, explained my intentions and mode of operation, and having loaded the vessel's guns with grape and canister, and brought her broadside to bear, I proceeded on shore with a detachment fully armed, and taking up a position at the entrance of the Rajah's palace, demanded and obtained an immediate audience. In a few words I pointed out the villany of Macota, his tyranny and oppression of all classes, and my determination to attack him by force and drive him from the country. I explained to the Rajah, that several chiefs and a large body of Siniawan Dyaks (200) were ready to assist me, and that the only course left to prevent bloodshed was immediately to proclaim me governor of the country.

"This unmistakeable demonstration had the desired effect: a resistance, indeed, on his part would have been useless, for the Chinese population, and the inhabitants of the town generally, remained perfectly neutral. None joined the party of Macota, and his paid followers were not



more than twenty in number. Under the guns of the Royalist, and with a small body of men to protect me personally, and the great majority of all classes with me, it is not surprising that the negotiation proceeded rapidly to a favorable issue. The document was quickly drawn up, sealed, signed, and delivered; and on the 24th of September 1841, I was declared Rajah and Governor of Sarawak, amidst the roar of cannon and a general display of flags and banners from the shore and boats in the river."—*Mr. Brooke's Journal in Capt. Mundy's Narrative, &c.*, vol. i. pp. 270, 271.

Thus confirmed in his government, Mr. Brooke devoted his highest powers to the interests of humanity and the civilization of his people: he released upwards of a hundred of the unfortunate females whom the fate of war had left in the power of the Rajah; he substituted a moderate tax on rice in room of the arbitrary exactions of his predecessor; he established a court for the administration of justice, in which he himself presided with the assistance of such of the Rajah's brothers as chose to attend; he protected the Dyaks from the oppression and rapacity of the Malays; and he prepared a naval force for defending himself against the incursions of the sea-pirates.

The year 1842, the first of Mr. Brooke's reign, began under favorable auspices. In the code of laws which he printed and promulgated in the Malay language, he adopted the criminal law of Borneo, he granted freedom of trade in everything but antimony ore, and he laid down rules for fixing and collecting the revenue. After experiencing many difficulties, and facing many dangers to which he was exposed in the administration of justice, he undertook an excursion, about the middle of April, to his diamond mines at Sunta. On the 26th April they entered the small river Slabad, but it was so obstructed by fallen trees that they were forced to return after ascending about four miles. Leaving their boats they walked to the steep mountain Tubany, about 400 feet in length. About half-way up they gained the entrance of a cave into which they descended through a hole. "It is 50 or 60 feet long, and its far end is supported on a colonnade of stalactites, and opens on a sheer precipice of a 100 or 150 feet. Hence the spectator can overlook the distant scene; the forest lies at his feet, and only a few trees growing from the rock reach nearly to the level of the grotto. The effect is striking and panoramic, the grotto cheerful; floored with fine sand; the roof groined like Gothic, whence the few clear drops which filter through, form here

and there the fantastic stalactites common to such localities. The natives report the cave to be the residence of a fairy queen, and they show her bed, pillow, and other of her household furniture. Within the cave we found a few remnants of human bones, probably those of some poor Dyak who had crawled there to die."

After his return to Sarawak, where he found "peace and plenty, the poor not harassed, and justice done to all," Mr. Brooke undertook an expedition against the Singé Dyak Chief Parimban. The mountain of Singé with its groves of fruit trees, is inhabited by 800 males, the most ignorant and wild of the Dyaks. Their chief, Parimban, had made himself unpopular by his extortion, and had illegally made war upon the Siges, one of the Dyak tribes of Sarawak. Mr. Brooke gave the chieftainship of the tribe to a younger and more popular chief of the name of Bibit, and making Parimban pay two guns to the Sigo Dyaks, he concluded a peace between them.

On his return to Sarawak, Mr. Brooke made arrangements for visiting Bruné, the capital of Borneo Proper, to procure the ratification by the Sultan of the grant of the Government and country of Sarawak; to obtain the release of the Lascar crew of the Sultana and Viscount Melbourne, which had been wrecked on the Luconia shoal; to reconcile Muda Hassim to the Sultan; to make him virtual if not nominal sovereign of Borneo, and thus get himself firmly established and relieved from the intriguing, mean, base Borneons.

He accordingly embarked in the Royalist on the 15th July, and on the 22d he arrived in the Borneo river. No sooner was his arrival intimated, than a mob of Pangerans with their followers came on board at two o'clock in the morning, eager in their inquiries after Muda Hassim, and anxious for his return. After various intercommunications, Mr. Brooke was presented to the Sultan on the 25th. In the course of a week he was so fortunate as to achieve all the objects of his voyage. A reconciliation was effected between the Sultan and Muda Hassim—the twenty Lascars of the shipwrecked British ships were released, and on the 1st August 1842, the contract making over to Mr. Brooke the government of Sarawak, was signed, sealed, and witnessed.

After receiving mobs of visitors on the 3d and 4th, the Royalist set sail next day, and arrived on the 15th at Sarawak. The Sultan's letters to Muda Hassim were to be

produced on the evening of the 18th, in all the state which possibly could be attained ; and the following ceremonial accompanied the final cession of Sarawak to its new Rajah :—

"On the arrival of the letters," says Mr. Brooke, "they were received and brought up amid large wax torches, and the person who was to read them was stationed on a raised platform ; standing below him was the Rajah with a sabre in his hand ; in front of the Rajah was his brother Pangeran Jaffer, with a tremendous kempelan drawn, and around were the other brothers and myself all standing—the rest of the company being seated. The letters were then read, the last one appointing me to hold the government of Sarawak. After this the Rajah descended, and said aloud, 'If any one present disowns or contests the Sultan's appointment, let him declare !' All were silent. He next turned to the Patingis and asked them ; they were obedient to the will of the Sultan. Then came the other Pangerans,—'Is there any Pangerans or any young Rajah that contests the question ? Pangeran Der Macota, what do you say ?' Macota expressed his willingness to obey. One or two other obnoxious Pangerans, who had always opposed themselves to me, were each in turn challenged, and forced to promise obedience. The Rajah then waved his sword, and with a loud voice exclaimed, 'Whoever he is that disobeys the Sultan's mandate, now received, I will separate his skull ;' at this moment some ten of his brothers jumped from the verandah, and drawing their long krisses, began to flourish and dance about, thrusting close to Macota, striking the pillar above his head, pointing their weapons at his breast. This amusement, the violence of motion, the freedom from restraint, this explosion of a long pent up animosity roused all their passions ; and had Macota, through an excess of fear or an excess of bravery, started up, he would have been slain, and other blood would have been spilt. But he was quiet with his face pale and subdued, and as shortly as decency would permit, after the riot had subsided, took his leave. This scene is a custom with them ; the only exception to which was that it was pointed so directly at Macota."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Keppel's Expedition*, &c.—vol. i. p. 334.

Although four or five of the Dyak tribes had yielded a ready submission to the sway of their new Rajah, and begged for his protection, yet his authority was defied by the Singé Dyaks, who had been misled by their chief, Parimban, and the Panglima Po Tummo. It became necessary, therefore, to attack them in their stronghold. The mountain on which their village stands is as steep as a ladder, and from an embankment at the top they can roll down rocks, and securely use their spears and other missiles on their ascending enemies. The Patingis, by Mr. Brooke's direction, ascended

the hill, and though the Dyaks, with drawn swords, endeavored to intimidate them, the village was taken, and the two chiefs fled. The sudden appearance of the Dyaks from the left bank of the river, the enemies of the Singé Dyaks, induced Parimban and Po Tummo to surrender themselves, in order to avoid a worse fate ; and they accordingly met Mr. Brooke, clothed in white, a symbol of peace and submission. "I told him," says Mr. Brooke, "*I would not kill him*, but take him to the Rajah, and he would then know what were the Rajah's orders ;" and yet he tells us a few lines afterwards, that "Parimban and Po Tummo were put in irons, preparatory to their execution," and that they were executed on the 7th of September. "At six o'clock in the evening, as the sun set, Parimban and Po Tummo closed their earthly career. They were taken out to the rear of my house, and dispatched by the knives of the Rajah's followers. I could not help being shocked, though the necessity was a stern one, and their death merited. Besides, their release would have entailed the destruction of numbers of my friends and supporters. Parimban died with courage. Po Tummo shrank from the execution of the sentence. Both were laid in one grave,"\*

We have not been able to reconcile ourselves to this act of Mr. Brooke's government. He was Rajah of Sarawak ; he promised that he would not kill his captives, and they were not subject to the orders of Rajah Muda Hassim. However necessary, therefore, the punishment might be, and however merited their death, his promise of life should have been kept, and when they surrendered themselves in order to escape the fury of their Dyak foes, he should have protected them from "the knives of the Rajah's followers." In this war of seven days, thus painfully and fatally terminated, Mr. Brooke succeeded, as he himself says, "without the loss of a single life, and without injury to any property, except Parimban's and that of his immediate relatives." With no blood therefore to avenge, and no injury to deplore, the lives of the Singé chiefs might have been spared.

In the beginning of February 1843, Mr. Brooke went to Singapore, to communicate his views and plans to the Governor, who assured him of his aid in suppressing piracy

\* Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Captain Mundy's Narrative*, vol. i. pp. 329-333.



and advancing commerce, and of his willingness to give him the assistance of any steamers that could be spared from more pressing duties. These important objects had occupied the attention of the British Government, and Admiral Sir W. Parker had, at the conclusion of the Chinese war, ordered the *Dido*, commanded by the Hon. Captain Keppel, to the Malacca Straits and Borneo. While at Penang in the month of March 1843, he became acquainted with Mr. Brooke, who accepted of his invitation to return to Sarawak in the *Dido*. During their "passage across," Mr. Brooke guided Captain Keppel to the haunts of the Balanini pirates, where they fell in with two small fleets—the *first* of five large proas, each pulling 50 oars, which escaped with such rapidity, that they appeared to Captain Keppel, "from their swiftness, to be flying," and the *next* of six war vessels, which attacked a boat expedition under Lieutenant Horton and Mr. Brooke, but were soon overcome, with the loss of ten men killed and twenty wounded. On the 16th the *Dido* anchored at Sarawak, and astonished the natives by a salute in honor of Muda Hassim. Mr. Brooke was received with undisguised delight, and warmly welcomed to his adopted country. Having equipped themselves at Mr. Brooke's with swords and cocked hats, they marched to the Rajah's residence, where they smoked cigars, drank tea, chewed betel-nut, and stared at and complimented each other. After the Rajah had returned the visit of Captain Keppel, and after another pirate fight, in which eighteen or twenty of the enemy, along with their chief, were slain, an expedition was organized at the desire of Muda Hassim for a campaign against the pirates of Sarebas and Sakarran. The force from the *Dido* was eighty in all, manning the pinnace, two cutters, a gig, and Mr. Brooke's boat, the *Jolly Bachelor*. The native force was about 1000 men. The preparations being completed, on the 4th of June the expedition, with its wild and undisciplined armament, left Sarawak, and proceeded to Boling, where the shallowness of the river compelled them to leave about 150 men. On the 11th the tide swept them rapidly up the bore, and all on a sudden a turn in the river brought them in front of a steep hill, where several hundred savages rose up and gave one of their war yells, the first that Captain Keppel had heard, and more terrific than any report of musketry or ordnance. Passing onward, they were stopped

by a barrier of trees across the river. Captain Keppel rashly squeezed his gig through a small opening, and found himself in front of three formidable-looking forts, which instantly opened upon him a discharge of cannon. Thus exposed to their grape-shot, and cut off from his companions, he was drifting fast upon the enemy, and the warriors who covered the banks of the river were yelling and rushing down to seize his boat and his crew. The other boats, however, soon got through the barrier, and while the pinnace maintained a destructive fire against the fort, Mr. D'Aeth, who was the first to land, jumped on shore with his crew, and at once rushed towards the fort upon the top of the hill. This dashing assault of the fort was so novel, and incomprehensible to the enemy, that they fled panic struck into the jungle. All their guns were taken, their stockades burnt, and the capital Pad-di, and the adjacent villages, consigned to the flames, and given up to plunder. Thus triumphant, the *Dido's* boats proceeded up the two branches of the river, under Lieutenant Horton and Mr. Brooke. In ascending the left branch, they were vigorously attacked by the enemy, who continued the fight during the night; but as the expedition was now close to the spot to which they had removed their families and their property, they sent a flag of truce, promising entire submission, and offering hostages for their good behavior. After having dislodged and routed the enemy at Pakoo, they attacked Rembas, where they forced the pirates to surrender at discretion.

The heroes returned to Sarawak, saluted by the yells and guns and gongs of the inhabitants, and now raised to a high place in the esteem of the Rajah. The *Dido* was at this time recalled to China, and Captain Keppel left Sarawak on the 24th June, but fortunately for Mr. Brooke, his place was supplied by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, who arrived in the *Samarang* of 26 guns, early in July 1843, having been instructed to visit Sarawak,—to communicate with Mr. Brooke,—to proceed to Borneo Proper,—to examine and report on the coal measures of that district,—and to obtain a sufficient quantity of coal for trial on board one of our steamers.\* Sir Edward was

\* The search for coal was at this time fruitless. Small seams of very good cannel coal were found in the N. E. of Labuan, and on the islands of Cherimon and Areng (which means coal), but the expense of working it would be so great, that according to Sir E. Belcher, it could be landed cheaper from England.

warmly received by Mr. Brooke, visited Rajah Muda Hassim, and on the 11th set off on an excursion along with Mr. Brooke to visit the antimony and gold mines, and the Dyak tribes. The antimony mines are about five miles inland from the river, and about 700 feet above its level. The entire mountain is a mass of ore, which is blasted by making large fires on the heavy masses, and throwing water upon them to split them. At Selingok, three miles farther inland, are the gold mines, which are worked by a Chinese party at a rental. The gold is obtained, by washing, from a very loose disintegrated granitic debris, containing detached crystals of quartz, pyrites, antimony, and traces of tin. After visiting the "Head-House," which we have already described after Mr. Marryat, and communicating with the Dyaks, they returned to Sarawak.

On the 16th July, when the *Samarang* was preparing to leave Sarawak, she was forced by the tide on a slaty ledge, and afterwards grounded, heeled over and filled; and not a member of her company seemed to entertain the slightest hope of her recovery. After eleven days' immersion, however, she was recovered by the greatest exertions on the part of the crew, without the loss of a single instrument. On the 20th of August, the *Samarang*, accompanied by the *Harlequin*, *Vixen*, *Royalist*, and *Ariel*, proceeded, with Mr. Brooke on board, to Borneo. They reached the mouth of the river on the 28th, and leaving the vessels at anchor, they proceeded in their boats to pay their respects to the Sultan. The city of Bruni or Brunai, is built on the waters, the palace, as well as the entire city, being erected on piles driven into the mud on the banks of the river. The population is about 22,000. After an hospitable reception at the palace by the Sultan's deputy Pangeran Usop, and examining the coal district, the *Harlequin* conveyed Mr. Brooke to Sarawak, and the *Samarang* went to Hong Kong.

On arriving at Singapore on the 18th July, Captain Keppel learned from Mr. Brooke that the Sakarran pirates had been out in great force, and that if he could come over quickly he might have a chance of catching and crushing them in the very act of piracy. Captain Keppel lost no time in obeying this request, and having obtained the aid of the *Phlegethon* steamer, he arrived at Sarawak on the 29th July, 1843. After visiting the Rajah, and completing their warlike preparations, the *Phlegethon*

steamer weighed anchor on the 5th August, and the little fleet composing the expedition, anchored off the mouth of the river Linga. Having cautioned Seriff Jaffer against aiding Seriffs Sahib and Muller, on whose destruction they had determined, they sailed up the Batung Lupar, a magnificent river, about four miles wide, and on the 7th they came in sight of the fortifications of Patusen, five in number, but two not quite finished. When within musket range Lieutenant Wade, who had the command, was the first to break the line and pull directly in the face of the largest fort. The rest did the same. The forts opened fire on both steamer and boats. The guns of the *Phlegethon* would not go off, so that the boats had all the glory to themselves. The instant they reached the shore, the crews rushed against the forts, and entered at the embrasures, while the pirates fled by the rear. In this affair one of the *Dido's* crew was cut in two by a cannon-shot, and other two badly wounded. A town guarded by forts, two miles up the river Graham, was similarly captured. In this town they found Seriff Sahib's residence, with all his curious and extensive wardrobe, a magazine with two tons of gunpowder, and a number of small barrels of fine powder, branded *Dartford*, in the same state as when it left England. In these affairs the habitations of 5000 pirates were burnt—five strong forts destroyed, with several hundred boats—above sixty brass cannon captured—about fifteen iron cannons spiked, besides vast quantities of other arms and ammunition taken. In this manner Seriff Sahib, "the great Pirate Patron for the last twenty years, was ruined past recovery, and driven to hide his diminished head in the jungle." Macota, Mr. Brooke's virulent enemy, and the abettor of the piracies of Sahib, had located himself about a mile from this settlement, and was in the act of building extensive fortifications. When he learned the fate of his neighbors, he decamped with his followers, leaving all his valuables behind. Everything belonging to him was burnt or destroyed, excepting some ponderous brass guns. After Seriff Muller's town on the Rembas, which had been evacuated, had been plundered and burnt, the expedition ascended the river in pursuit of the enemy. At the first landing-place, when the crew were employed in cooking, Captain Keppel and Lieutenant Wade fancying they heard suppressed voices, took up their guns and crept into the jungle. On a sudden they



came in sight of a mass of boats concealed in a snug inlet, filled with the pirates, and guarded by armed sentinels. Lieutenant Wade, in place of waiting for the arrival of his party, dashed in advance, discharged his gun, and called upon his men to follow. The terrified pirates scrambled from their boats like a suddenly roused flock of wild ducks. Lieutenant Wade and Captain Keppel advanced with their force, nine in number, and again rushed on in pursuit. Before crossing an open space about sixty yards wide, which lay between the foot of the ascent on which the Dyak village stood, Captain Keppel cautioned his too daring lieutenant to wait the arrival of his men, but he seems to have still advanced, for in a few minutes he fell mortally wounded at Captain Keppel's feet, and pierced by two rifle shots he died instantaneously. Remaining with the body till the men came up, Captain Keppel gave it in charge, and carried the village on the height without any further accident. The following anecdote of this gallant officer, and account of his funeral, is touchingly given by Captain Keppel:—

"I may here narrate a circumstance, from which one may judge of the natural kind-heartedness of my lamented friend. During the heat of the pursuit, although too anxious to advance to await the arrival of his men, he nevertheless found time to conceal in a place of security a poor terrified Malay girl whom he overtook, and who, by an imploring look, touched his heart. The village and the piratical boats destroyed, and the excitement over, we had time to reflect on the loss we had sustained of one so generally beloved as the leader of the expedition had been among us all. Having laid the body in a canoe, with the British union-jack for a pall, we commenced our descent of the river with very different spirits from those with which we had ascended a few hours before. In the evening, with our whole force assembled, we performed the last sad ceremony of committing the body to the deep, with all the honors that time and circumstances would allow. I read that beautiful impressive service from a Prayer-book, the only one, by the by, in the expedition, which he himself had brought, as he said, 'in case of accident.'—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Keppel's Expedition*, &c., vol. ii. p. 105.

Resting from their fatigues on the 15th and 16th August, the expedition advanced on the 17th against the Sakarran Dyaks. In sailing up the Sakarran, various incidents occurred. On the 19th, Patingi Ali was permitted to advance with his light division, with instructions to fall back as soon as he saw the enemy. War yells, however, and musket shots, soon indicated that they

were engaged with the pirates. When Captain Keppel came in sight of them the scene was indescribable. "About twenty boats jammed together formed one confused mass, some bottom up, the bows and sterns of others only visible, mixed up pell-mell with huge rafts." Among these were Patingi's division. "Headless trunks, as well as heads without bodies, were lying about in all directions; parties were engaged hand to hand, spearing and krissing each other; others were swimming for their lives, while thousands of Dyaks were rushing down from both banks, hurling their spears and stones on the boats below." In this emergency Captain Keppel's gig got through an accidental opening in this floating battle-field. The attention of the pirates was instantly attracted to it, as if to secure their prey; but Mr. Allen having quickly arrived with the second gig, opened upon them a destructive fire of rockets, and drove them behind the barriers from which they had rushed upon Patingi Ali. From this position they hurled spears and other missiles, and poisoned darts from their sumpitans. Although several of the troops were struck with these arrows, yet by the instant excision of the parts and the sucking out of the poison from the wounds, no fatal consequences ensued.

Patingi Ali, prompted, doubtless, by Mr. Stewart, commander of the Ariel, who, without Captain Keppel's knowledge, concealed himself in Ali's boat, had made a dash through the narrow pass, and no sooner had he done this than huge rafts of bamboo were launched across the river to cut off his retreat. Six large war prahus, with 100 men each, then bore down on his devoted followers, and one only of his crew of seventeen men escaped to tell the tale. When they were last seen, and when their own boats were sinking, Mr. Stewart and Patingi Ali were in the act of boarding the enemy, and they were no doubt overpowered and slain with twenty-nine of their comrades, who fell on this occasion. The number of wounded was fifty-six.

On the 24th August the expedition returned to Sarawak, where it was received with the usual rejoicings; but it was again summoned into activity by the report that Sahib and Jaffer were collecting their troops in the Linga river. Reinforced with the boats of the Samarang, which had arrived with Sir Edward Belcher, the expedition advanced—took Macota prisoner, and forced Sahib to make a final and pre-

cipitate retreat, single and unattended, out of the reach of doing any farther mischief. That a chief so savage and bloodthirsty, accustomed to disregard all the feelings of our nature, should display any trace of humanity, has given us some surprise. When he was hotly pursued by the Balow Dyaks, he threw away his sword, and saved himself by *leaving behind him a child whom he had hitherto carried in the jungle*. Seriff Jaffer was compelled to surrender himself, and to resign all pretensions to the province which he possessed. Mr. Brooke and Captain Keppel spent some days on board the Samarang with Sir E. Belcher, and after visiting the Lundu Dyaks, they returned to Sarawak in all the triumph of conquest. In one of the ceremonies which await the returning warrior, and which was performed over the Sakarran victors, the three wives of the chief Tumangong threw handfuls of yellow rice over the heroes, and then sprinkled their heads with gold dust, made by grating a lump of gold on a piece of dried shark's skin.

When Sir E. Belcher returned to Singapore, a question had arisen respecting the existence of a European female, supposed to have been detained somewhere about Ambon, and conjectured to be the widow of the late Mr. Presgrave, resident councillor at Singapore. Mr. Butterworth, the governor, engaged Sir E. Belcher to conduct this inquiry, and placed the Phlegethon at his disposal. On the 14th October, 1843, Sir Edward reached Sarawak, and he and Mr. Brooke made arrangements for carrying the Rajah Muda Hassim and his family to Borneo. The Samarang was left among the Labuan group to survey these islands, while the rest of the party in the Phlegethon went to Bruni.

The reigning Sultan, who was half an idiot, was the nephew of Rajah Muda Hassim. He was the tool of his prime minister, Pangeran Usop, who, in consequence of a rumor that Great Britain was to send seventeen vessels to subjugate Borneo, had put the batteries into a state of defence. The party in the boat, containing Budrudeen, Muda Hassim's brother, were insulted from the battery on Pula Cherimon, but were allowed to proceed. The Phlegethon was securely moored in the main street of Bruni, within pistol-shot of the Rajah's house, and within musket-shot of that of the Sultan. The Rajah and his family were embarked in the Samarang's barge, and attended by the armed boats of

the Phlegethon; and they were landed in state at the palace, where he was favorably received. At this reception the Rajah, in the highest strain of courtesy, denounced to his nephew the Sultan, the counsels of the minister; and after the Pangeran had replied, the Sultan, motioning the Rajah to him, said, "My father enjoined me at his death to be guided by your counsels, and I intend to do so;" and feeling suddenly ill, retired, desiring Mr. Brooke to consider the Rajah as conducting affairs. Pangeran Usop and Pangeran Mumim declared themselves ready to yield implicitly to Muda Hassim's wishes, and ordered all the forts to be destroyed. The poorer classes openly professed their desire that Mr. Brooke should remain and govern them jointly with Muda Hassim. Pangeran Usop was permitted to occupy an inferior station—an unmerited kindness which he doubtless owed to the presence of Mr. Brooke. Before quitting Bruni, Mr. Brooke obtained a letter, addressed by the Sultan to Queen Victoria, offering to cede the island of Labuan, to aid in the suppression of piracy, and to establish commercial relations with England.

While examining the coal seams in Labuan, Mr. Brooke and Sir Edward Belcher noticed an isolated upas tree (*antearis toxicaria*) nearly forty feet high. Its trunk was almost straight, its bark smooth and of a red tan color, and its head a dense mass of dark green glossy foliage. The ground beneath its shade is crowded with tombs, yet vegetation flourishes luxuriantly round its roots. Sir E. Belcher, upon approaching the tree to tap it, experienced no bad effects from its effluvia. Dr. Lawson, however, the surgeon of the Phlegethon, accompanied by one of the mates, "a powerful person and of a strong constitution," went to obtain a large portion of the wood, bark, and juice; but the mate was so much stupified that he was obliged to withdraw from his position on the tree. Mr. Low saw an upas sixty feet high, with a fine stem and very white bark. A more virulent poison is said to be obtained from a climbing plant which grows in the neighborhood of Biutulu. It is probably the *Chitik* of Java, or *Tjettik*, or *Upas Rajah*, as it is called by Sir E. Belcher, which acts like *nux vomica*. It is a curious fact, as Sir Edward mentions, that the bread-fruit tree, the mulberry, and the cow tree of South America, belong to the same natural order as the deadly upas.



Early in November, Mr. Brooke and Sir Edward visited Ambong, the country of the Bajows and Dusons, in order to inquire after the European lady already mentioned; but they ascertained that there was no foundation whatever for the story.\* The scenery here is magnificent and beautiful. Behind the town is a very high range of hills in the form of an amphitheatre, embracing two-thirds of the park-like scenery on the rivers Abai and Tampasook, and from the anchorage, about half a mile from the town, the imposing peaks of Kini Balu, with their blue tints, and rising to the height of 13,698 feet, are seen surmounting the range. Sir Edward Belcher found a brisk traffic going on in the town: a glass-bottle purchased a fine fowl, and a piece of calico of forty yards, worth in England 9s., was bartered for a fine fat bullock weighing about three cwt. Having completed their work at Ambong, Mr. Brooke and Captain Scott set sail in the *Phlegethon* for Sarawak and Singapore, while Sir Edward Belcher pursued his voyage to Manilla.

When Mr. Brooke was "penning his doubts and difficulties" on the 17th February, 1845, a boat from Her Majesty's steamer, *Driver*, brought Captain Bethune and Mr. Wise, one of the owners of the *Ariel*, bearing a letter from Lord Aberdeen, appointing Mr. Brooke confidential agent to Her Majesty in Borneo, and directing him to proceed to Bruné with a letter to the Sultan and the Rajah Muda Hassim. Leaving Sarawak on the 21st, they reached Borneo river on the 24th, and were kindly received by the Rajah and his brother, Budrudeen, who had been using their best exertions for the suppression of piracy. Taking leave of the authorities, Captain Bethune and Mr. Brooke visited Labuan, an island fifty feet high and twenty-five miles in circumference; and after finding good coal, the latter returned to Sarawak. "Finding all going on well in that quarter, he proceeded to Singapore to consult Sir Thomas Cochrane respecting the hostile intentions of the pirate chief of Malludu to attack Bruné, on account of its treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of piracy." Returning again to Bruné in the *Phlegethon*, he found upon his arrival in the end of May, that "everything was retrograding;" the English party were doubt-

ing both the will and the ability of their allies to assist them. Two British subjects had been detained in confinement, and the American frigate, *Constitution*, when landing at Bruné, was said to have obtained a monopoly of the trade.\* The Rajah and his brother considered their lives in danger, and Mr. Brooke "trembled with inward rage" at the idea of being the tool and the participator of such mistaken policy. He returned, therefore, instantly to Singapore, and reappeared at Bruné on the 8th of August, accompanied by Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane in the *Agincourt*, with a fleet of seven vessels. In the audience with the Sultan and Rajah, Pangeran Usop was found to be the guilty party; and having refused to appear when summoned, the house was overwhelmed with shot. The Pangeran fled for safety, and British supremacy was again in the ascendant.

On the 19th August twenty-six boats, with 550 marines and sailors, proceeded up the narrow river of Malludu, one of the small rivers which run into the bay of that name, to attack the pirates who occupied two forts mounting twelve heavy guns, and defended by from 500 to 1000 fighting men. Though the forts were protected by a strong and well-contrived boom, yet the boats daringly cut away part of it under a heavy fire, and carried the place in a fight which lasted fifty minutes. The enemy stood manfully to their guns; and "a loss of six killed, two mortally, and fifteen severely wounded, was repaid by a very heavy loss of killed and wounded on theirs." Many chiefs were slain; two or three Seriffs in their flowing robes, and many Illanuns in their gay dresses and golden charms. Twenty-five brass guns were captured, and Malludu ceased to exist.

Mr. Brooke parted with his brave companion on the 25th August, and returned to Bruné, where he had a triumphant interview with the Rajah and his brother Budrudeen, who, with the spirit of an Englishman, was making active preparations for pursuing his enemies. Mr. Brooke, rejoicing, set sail for Sarawak in H.M.S. *Cruiser*, on the 3d September; and on the 20th, after a visit of five days to the Dyak tribes, Captain Bethune left Sarawak, and returned to England.

\* The details of this inquiry are given by Sir Edward Belcher in his *Narrative*, &c., &c., vol. pp. 188-196.

\* Mr. Brooke justly observes, when stating this supposition, and apparently with deep mortification, "the Americans act while the English are deliberating about straws."—*Verbum Sapienti*.

Mr. Brooke spent the rest of the year 1845, and the early part of 1846, in consolidating his government, in curbing the advocates of violence and robbery, and in reducing the pirates—rejoicing in the increasing trade of his territory, and in its gradual advance in civilization. He had left Bruné in the possession of his friends, but no sooner had the English squadron departed from Pangeran Usop and his brother Pangeran Yakub attacked the capital. They were defeated, however, by the troops of Muda Hassim and Budrudeen, and were finally captured and executed. The great enemies of British influence having been thus destroyed, Mr. Brooke was confounded by the intelligence brought by the "Hazard" on the 29th of March—that a frightful and bloody catastrophe had occurred in the city of Bruné.

The Sultan Omar Ali, who is said to have the "head of an idiot and the heart of a pirate," seems to have taken offence at his uncle, the Rajah Muda Hassim, whom he appointed his successor; and there is reason to believe that his devotion to England was the ground of his offence. In the dead of night Muda Hassim, with thirteen of his family, were attacked and slain. The Pangeran Budrudeen, though surprised by his assailants, offered a bold resistance, and when desperately wounded he retired outside his house with his sister and another woman. His servant Jaffer, and six other women, were wounded. Budrudeen ordered Jaffer to open a cask of gunpowder, and taking a ring from his finger, desired him to carry it to Mr. Brooke. Jaffer departed, and the Pangeran, with his two women, were blown up. Muda Hassim, with some of his brothers and sons, retreated to a boat, and firing a cask of gunpowder in the cabin, the whole party were blown up; Muda Hassim however, was not killed, but instantly blew his brains out with a pistol. In order to complete this treacherous and bloody drama, the Sultan engaged a man to desire Macota to kill Mr. Brooke by violence or by poison. Jaffer was sent by the Pangeran Muda Mohamed to warn the captain of the Hazard of his danger; and he accompanied Her Majesty's ship to carry the sad intelligence to Sarawak. When the news reached Mr. Brooke his grief and rage were excessive. "My friends," says he, "my most unhappy friends!—all perished for their faithful adherence to us. Every man of ability, even of thought, is dead—sacrificed. \* \* \*

But the British Government will surely act; and if not, then let me remember I am still at war with this traitor and murderer. One more determined struggle—one last convulsive effort, and if it fail, Borneo, and all for which I have so long, so earnestly labored, must be abandoned." \* \* \*

While these feelings were agitating him, one of the divisions of England's fleet was rapidly approaching the shores of Borneo, to avenge the murder of her allies. The Iris, commanded by Captain Mundy, had been nominated to the station which includes Borneo, and he had been requested by Mr. Brooke to visit the coast about the end of March. Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, in the Agincourt, accompanied by the Iris and Spiteful Steamers, and joined by the Hazard, anchored off the Sarawak river, on the 24th June 1846; and on the following day the Admiral and Captain Mundy went in the Phlegethon to Sarawak, a town now containing 12,000 inhabitants. After enjoying Mr. Brooke's hospitality, and visiting a Dyak village, the Squadron, consisting of the Agincourt 74, Iris 26, Ringdove 16, Hazard 18, Royalist 10, and the steamers Spiteful and Phlegethon, sailed to the northward. On the 28th June they made an expedition up the Rejang, and surprised the pirate settlement of Kanowitz. On the 6th July they entered the Borneo river, and while at dinner with the Admiral a large prahu, decked with flags, and containing handsomely dressed individuals, paddled alongside the Agincourt. The gentlemen came on deck as Pangerans, to welcome the Admiral with an apologetic letter from the Sultan. Believing them to be impostors, as they afterwards proved to be, and not men of rank, they were detained, and the prahu disarmed. The expedition, with guns, rocket tubes, and 600 bayonets, proceeded up the river on the 8th July. Four of the enemy's forts opened upon them with round and grape-shot, which was returned with rockets, and the ship's pivot-guns. After a quarter of an hour's cannonade, the gunboats under Lieutenant Patey stormed the battery about 90 feet above the river, pursued the enemy into the jungle, and captured all the ordnance and ammunition. The city battery and the hill forts now commenced firing on the expedition as it advanced. The fire of the Phlegethon upset the enemy's aim; and before the gunboats could reach them, the artillery men fled in every direction. Thirty new pieces



of cannon of large calibre, nineteen of which were brass, fell into the hands of the victors, and the Sultan and all the inhabitants fled into the interior. The loss of the British was only two men killed and seven wounded.

Escaping from the fury of his enemies, the Sultan retreated, with a body-guard of 500 men, to the village of Damuan, thirty miles from the capital, where he resolved "to make a stand, and fortify himself." Captain Mundy and Mr. Brooke, with 500 seamen and marines, set out in pursuit of him on the 10th of July, but after traveling through flats of mud and forests of jungle, soaked with rain, scorched with sun, and stung by mosquitoes, and finding no passable road to Damuan, they returned to the city, having captured six brass guns, burned the village of Kabiran Battu, and all the property of Hajji Hassim, the adopted son of the Sultan, who had fled to join his Highness. The weather having improved, and a new road to Damuan having been discovered, the expedition again set out, and after encountering every species of annoyance from rain, sun, mud, jungle, and insects, they reached the village of Damuan, from which the Sultan had made his escape only a few hours before. Having captured and destroyed the strong-hold of the Sultan, with all the arms and ammunition, the expedition returned on the 16th. "Sir Thomas Cochrane was amused at the figure and costume in which Mr. Brooke and Captain Mundy presented themselves to him—unshorn for four days, covered with mud, with a rig unchanged during this period, and the skin peeled off their faces, from exposure alternately to rain and sun."

Having been assured of protection, the dispersed inhabitants returned to the city. The Pangerans Mumin and Muda Mohamed communicated with the advance, but no satisfactory arrangements could be made in the absence of the Sultan. A proclamation, however, was read to the authorities, bearing that if the Sultan would return, and govern his people justly, and abstain from piracy, hostilities would cease; but that if he acted otherwise, the Admiral would return and burn the city to the ground.

On the 21st of July, the Admiral and Mr. Brooke, in exploring the mainland for coal, discovered a large vein (opposite the island of Pilungan, and about six miles from the Moarra anchorage), which has

been ascertained to be a continuation of the strata in Labuan. "It will probably," says Captain Mundy, "not cost more than seven or eight shillings a ton to stack it on Moarra Point, whilst coal at Singapore (and Hong Kong) is 32 shillings, a ton, (from 30 to 35 shillings) at least." The beds of coal which cross the Kiangi stream, at a very short distance from Bruné, are eleven and three feet thick respectively. The coal in the island of Labuan, now supplied to our war-steamers at 17 shillings per ton, may eventually fall to six shillings per ton, when wrought more scientifically, and with better tools. The H.E.I.C. steamer, *Nemesis*, was recently "coaled" from Labuan, and the engineers have reported that this coal is the best for steaming purposes which they have met with in India.

In their voyage to the north of Borneo, the British squadron visited the village of Kimanis, on the river of the same name, where they found the picturesque tomb of the rebel princes, Pangeran Usop, and his brother, who were strangled by the order of the Sultan. They had fled to Kimanis, and endeavored to hoist the standard of rebellion, but they were soon made prisoners, and, by "return of post," came their death-warrant—a formal official instrument, signed in October 1845 by the Sultan himself, now in exile, Muda Hassim, and Budrudeen, now murdered by the Sultan, and Muda Mahomed, now imbecile from wounds received at the hands of his Sovereign! The squadron then visited the river Manakabong, where they had a distant view of the larger towns—went on to Ambong, where the flourishing town described by Belcher had been destroyed by the Illanun pirates, for its wish to befriend the English—captured a well-armed pirate prahu, rigged for sixty oars—destroyed the war prahus and chief buildings of the pirate town of Tampussuk—and burned the notorious Illanun town of Pandassa, whose merciless inhabitants were "driven as fugitives into the jungle, to be dealt with by the aborigines, who had long groaned beneath their grinding tyranny."

After visiting the ruined fortress of Maludu, the stronghold of the great Arab pirate, Sheriff Osman, whom Captain Talbot had beaten and driven into the jungle in August 1845, the squadron proceeded to the Mambakut river, to attack the position of Hajji Saman. The English force was joined by forty war prahus, with 500 men,

and armed with thirty brass swivel guns, belonging to the different chiefs in the neighboring river who were favorable to a legal trade along the coast. Many rafts of bamboos, and a small fort, obstructed their progress, but they surmounted every obstacle and reached a beautiful village, each house having a garden, sown in regular beds with cabbages, onions &c., and the interior of the houses so neat, with excellent furniture, and culinary utensils, that had it not been for the display of human skulls hanging in regular festoons, with thigh and arm bones occupying the intervening spaces, Captain Mundy would have believed himself in a civilized land. A little farther on, they encountered and burned the fortified residence of the pirate chief—repelled an attack of the Dyaks with poisoned arrows—and after entertaining the native chiefs who had heartily assisted them, they returned to the Phlegethon.

Mr. Brooke returned to Bruné on the 19th August 1846, permitted the Sultan to repair to the city, and after receiving from him “many oaths and protestations of sorrow” for his crimes, he made him proceed in state to the graves of his murdered relatives, where he demanded justice on the murderers of the royal family. Mr. Brooke then proceeded to Sarawak, carrying with him, in the Phlegethon, the unhappy survivors and dependents of Muda Hassim’s family.

After a series of successful operations, described in the seventh chapter of Captain Mundy’s own Journal, the Illanun pirates were finally driven from the north-west coast of Borneo. Captain Mundy visited Bruné, and found the poor Sultan humbled and submissive, and ready to maintain the most friendly relations with Mr. Brooke and the British Government. A letter containing these assurances, addressed to Mr. Brooke, was delivered to him, on the 29th September, by Captain Mundy, on his arrival with the Iris and Wolf at Sarawak, which he found in a state of peace and prosperity, Mr. Brooke, at the time of his arrival, being seated at the head of his table, detailing to a few native chiefs the events of his campaign against the Sultan.

Having received orders to take possession of the Island of Labuan in name of the Queen, and with the assistance of Mr. Brooke, Captain Mundy returned from Singapore to Sarawak on the 7th December. The Iris, having received on board the Rajah of Sarawak, proceeded to Bruné,

where the treaty for the cession of Labuan was signed and sealed on the 18th December 1846. The island was accordingly taken possession of on the 24th December, in presence of a large assembly of Borneo chiefs who had arrived in a flotilla of 30 sail, and who were entertained at a *déjeuner* by Captain Mundy.

The commencement of the year 1847 was rendered melancholy by the death of Captain Scott of the Wolf, at Labuan, and Mr. Airey, Master of the Iris, at Singapore; but when we consider the nature of the climate in which they served, and the dangers to which the expedition was exposed, we have reason to be thankful that objects so great and humane have been accomplished with so trifling a loss. Exclusive of six officers who fell victims to the climate, fifteen killed and forty-five wounded was the amount of casualties during Sir Thomas Cochrane’s expedition against the pirates.

In the middle of May 1847, Mr. Brooke embarked from Labuan in the Nemesis, and on the 29th of that month he had the Sultan’s seal affixed to the commercial treaty with England. When the Nemesis was on its way from Bruné to Labuan, she encountered a fleet of Balanini pirates, with eleven prahus and 350 men, who, during an attempt to “enter into a parley with them,” opened their fire along the whole extent of their line, by which a man on board of the Nemesis was killed. The steamer quickly returned the fire, and moving at the distance of 200 yards from one extreme of the position to the other, she poured in round shot, grape, and canister, from her two 30 pounders, which, with four long sixes, composed her whole armament. After two hours’ cannonade, Captain Grey of the Columbine, with his own cutter, and two cutters of the Nemesis, made a vigorous attack upon the left of the enemy’s position, and after a gallant defence, in which the men fought hand to hand in the water, two of the prahus were taken. Six of the prahus having been left on the beach, deserted by their crews, the Nemesis pursued other three that had fled, and Captain Grey proceeded to secure the prizes on the beach; but no sooner did the pirates observe what the steamer was about, than they rushed to their vessels, gallantly re-manned five of them, launched them with great rapidity, and strove to get to seaward of the cutters under Captain Grey. The action between the cutters and the pirates was an unequal one, and Mr. Wallage of the Nemesis ob-



serving this, returned to the assistance of the boats, and forced the pirates to seek for safety in flight. The English loss was two killed and six wounded, while the pirates left fifty dead on the beach, and ten killed in the prahus. The pirates displayed some skill in nautical tactics; and such was the desperation with which they fought that not one of them was taken alive. About 100 Chinese and Malays had been in confinement in this fleet. They were chained round the neck in couples by rattans; and as their barbarous captors had placed them on deck during the action, many of them were killed and wounded by the fire of the *Nemesis*. Only three of the pirate ships reached their native islands in the Sooloc Sea, the other three having foundered on the voyage. The Sultan of Bruné, in consequence of having heard the cannonade, sent down a flotilla of native gun-boats; and at Mr. Brooke's request, about 40 or 50 pirates, that had taken refuge in the jungle, were captured by the Sultan's forces, and executed, whilst the numerous captives were liberated, and forwarded to Singapore.

The pirate demons, thus justly punished, had, during nearly a whole year's cruise, committed the most cruel depredations. They had burned one of their Chinese captives alive, and perpetrated crimes too dreadful to relate. When near the river of Sarawak, they discussed the question of attacking that flourishing settlement, but the presence of some ships of war at anchor off the town compelled them to continue their course; and it was when returning home, laden with captives and plunder, that Mr. Brooke had the opportunity of inflicting upon them that severe chastisement which their actual crimes, and their designs against himself had so justly merited. In the month of June, when Mr. Brooke returned to Sarawak, he found that he had been appointed Her Majesty's Commissioner, and Consul General to the Sultan and independent chiefs of Borneo. He had previously resolved on paying a visit to England, and after making arrangements for the government of his province, he set sail for England, and reached Southampton in one of the Oriental Company's steamers, on the 1st October, 1847. Captain Keppel, Captain Mundy, and a few of his nearest relatives, welcomed him, after an absence of nine years, to his native land, to receive those honors and rewards which England never refuses but to her intellectual bene-

factors. The first Lord of the Admiralty had placed the *Meander*, commanded by Captain Keppel, at the disposal of Mr. Brooke, to convey him to Labuan as its governor and commander in chief, and had nominated his friend Mr. Napier to be Lieutenant-Governor of the island. Mr. Brooke was graciously received by Her Majesty at Windsor, and was consulted by the Government respecting the new field which he had opened up to British commerce. The city of London presented him with its freedom; the University of Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L., and he was welcomed to all the clubs, both civil and military, which adorn the metropolis. A mission\* under high auspices, has been organized, for establishing schools, preparatory to the introduction of the Gospel among the Malays and Dyaks of that benighted land.

In a postscript to his work, Captain Mundy informs us, that Admiral Inglefield had visited the Sultan Amor Ali, and found him, as well as his nobles, anxious to fulfil their engagements to Great Britain. The Admiral entertains a high opinion of the capabilities of Labuan as a settlement, on account of its fine timber, its rich virgin soil, and good water. About 200 natives were working the seam of coal at the north end of the island, and the steamers on the station were supplied from it.

We have thus endeavored, and with no small difficulty, to give our readers, in a very abridged form, a continuous history of the labors of Mr. Brooke, and of his brilliant campaigns carried on against the pirates and faithless natives of Borneo, along with his gallant friends Captain Keppel, Captain Mundy, and Sir E. Belcher. Although the works of the two first of these officers consist principally of the Journals of Mr. Brooke, they yet contain most valuable original chapters, which are well written, and highly honorable to their authors as men of good feeling and great intelligence. England may well be proud of having three such officers in her naval service—men so peculiarly fitted to exemplify in distant lands, whether savage or civilized, the prowess and humanity of their country. To the labors of Sir Edward Belcher, in Her Majesty's surveying vessel the *Sama-*

\* Messrs. Macdougall and Wright embarked early in December, with their wives and families, and are by this time carrying on their labors at Sarawak. At the end of December preparations were in progress for the erection of the native school-house

rang, the sciences of physical and nautical geography are under great obligations, and the general reader will follow him with much pleasure over the wide field of observation to which his well written narrative refers. The work of Mr. Marryat, though principally distinguished by its beautiful embellishments, evinces considerable powers of observation and description, and had the youthful author been spared, he would doubtless have been an ornament to his country. The work of Mr. Low is full of most interesting information respecting Borneo and its natural history; and the science of botany owes to him several important discoveries.\*

Brief and meagre as is the preceding narrative, its details of atrocity and crime are sufficiently numerous and prominent to appal the stoutest heart. That the fairest portions of the globe, blessed with the finest climate, and teeming with the richest productions of organic and inorganic life, should be under the dominion of savages, who burn their living captives, and eat their parents alive,† and ornament themselves and their dwellings with the hideous relics of mortality—is one of those mysterious truths which we seek in vain to fathom. The thief that pilfers from us, the highwayman that robs us, the murderer that takes our life to save his own, the slave-dealer, and the slave-holder, are reputable characters, when compared with the ruthless and bloody pirates who prowl over the waters of the Indian Archipelago. Dwelling in lovely valleys, and fed almost by the hand of Providence with all the necessaries and luxuries of life, the Sultans and Princes of the East pursue piracy as a trade,—equipping formidable armaments,—overpowering the merchant ship in its peaceful voyage,—shackling their prisoners as if they were beasts of prey, and disposing to the highest bidder, the living as well as the lifeless cargo. When we view the lot of the African slave in all its phases, from his kind treatment like a child in the domestic circle of his benevolent owner, to his oppressed condition under the lash of a cruel task-master, we justly denounce the system as unrighte-

ous and inhuman. But what language can we find to vent our indignation or express our feelings, when we learn that the wives and daughters of England, following the fortunes of their husbands to their Eastern homes, are seized by the Buccaneers of the Tropics, tied hand and foot like cattle for the slaughter, and sent into hopeless servitude, or abandoned to the passions and the caprices of some barbarous owner? If England felt it her duty to break the chains of African slavery, let her now embrace the opportunity, so singularly presented to her, of extirpating the pirates which swarm round her Eastern Empire—of securing to her subjects the peaceful navigation of the Indian seas—of pouring the lights of religion and of knowledge into lands of darkness now red with crime—and of convincing the world that her deeds of mercy are not inferior to her deeds of glory. Mr. Brooke seems to be the instrument by which this grand object is to be accomplished. His gallantry in battle, his sagacity in government, his knowledge of the pirate and his haunts, and his deep sense of morality and religion, pre-eminently qualify him for the place which Providence has so plainly assigned him. Though exposed to all the hazards of climate and of war, his life has been almost miraculously spared. The kris of the Malay, the spear of the Dyak, have been brandished against him in vain; the deadly arrow, launched at his heart, has often missed its aim; and even the poisoned chalice has been dashed from his lips. While Europe is the scene of fearful change, and the theatre of foreshadowed convulsions, we descry in the East the same elements of instability—the germs doubtless of a great social and religious civilization.

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STATISTICS OF LONDON.—London which extends its intellectual if not its topographical identity from Bethnal-green to Turnham-green (ten miles), from Kentish Town to Brixton (seven miles), whose houses are said to number upwards of 200,000, and to occupy twenty square miles of ground, has a population of not less than 2,000,000 of souls. Its leviathan body is composed of nearly 10,000 streets, lanes, alleys, squares, places, terraces, &c. It consumes upwards of 4,369,000 pounds of animal food weekly, which is washed down by 1,400,000 barrels of beer annually, exclusive of other liquids. Its rental is at least £7,000,000 a year, and it pays for luxuries it imports at least £12,000,000, a year for duty alone. It has 537 churches, 807 dissenting places of worship, upwards of 5,000 public-houses, 16 theatres, &c.

\* Mr. Brooke returned to Sarawak in the *Meander*, Captain Keppel. Since he left England he has been made a Knight of the Bath; and we have no doubt that intelligence will soon be received of his safe arrival, and the prosperous state of his territory. At this date (July 17th) no account of his arrival has reached the Colonial Office.

† See Mundy's *Narrative*, vol. i., p. 209.



From the New Monthly Magazine.

### CHARLES LAMB AND HIS SISTER.

THE whole story of the life of Charles Lamb remained to be told. The period when a more complete estimate could be formed of a character hitherto imperfectly understood, has only been brought about by the removal of those who might have been most affected by the disclosures essential to that object. His friend and biographer, Sergeant Talfourd, justly remarks, that the most lamentable, but most innocent agency of his beloved sister, Mary Lamb, in the event which consigned her for life to his protection, forbade the introduction of any letter, or allusion to any incident, in former memoirs, which might ever, in the long and dismal twilight of consciousness which she endured, shock her by the recurrence of long past and terrible sorrows; and the same consideration induced the suppression of every passage which referred to the malady with which she was through life, at intervals, afflicted. The truth, however, as now told, while it in no wise affects the gentle excellence of the one character, casts new and solemn lights on the other, for while his frailties have received an ample share of that indulgence which he extended to all human weaknesses, their chief exciting cause has been hidden, and his real moral strength and the actual extent of his self-sacrifice have been hitherto totally unknown to the world.

There was a tendency to insanity in the family, which had been more than once developed in his sister, before the year 1795, when Charles resided with his father, mother, and sister, in lodgings at No. 7 Little Queen Street, Holborn. In that year, Lamb, being just twenty years of age, began to write verses—partly incited by the example of his only friend, Coleridge, whom he regarded with as much reverence as affection, and partly inspired by an attachment to a young lady residing in the neighborhood of Islington, who is commemorated in his early verses as “the fair-haired maid.” That year Charles was himself a sufferer from a malady with which he was mercifully never afterwards visited. An undated letter to Coleridge, which Sergeant Talfourd says is proved by circumstances to have been written in the spring of 1796, alludes directly to a fact to which he in

after-life made little or no reference, either in his correspondence or his conversations.

“Coleridge! I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse, at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was! And many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume, if all were told.”

How Charles Lamb's love prospered is not known, but it is now first made public how nobly that love, and all hope of the earthly blessings attendant on such an affection, were resigned in the catastrophe which darkened the same year. In the autumn of that year (1796) Lamb was engaged all the morning in task-work at the India House, and all the evening in attempting to amuse his father by playing cribbage; sometimes snatching a few moments for his only pleasure, writing to Coleridge; while Miss Lamb was worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery, by attention to needlework by day, and to her mother by night, until the insanity which had been manifested more than once, broke out into frenzy, which on Thursday, the 22d of September, proved fatal to her mother. The following is Lamb's account of the event to Coleridge:—

“MY DEAREST FRIEND,—White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines: my poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad-house, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses,—I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Blue-coat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me ‘the former things are passed away,’ and I have something more to do than to feel.

"God Almighty have us well in his keeping.

C. LAMB.

"Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you

"Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family,—I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me—write—I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us.

C. LAMB."

An inquest was held upon this dreadful family tragedy, and the jury having returned a verdict of lunacy, Miss Lamb was placed in an asylum, where she was, in a short time, restored to reason. The following are fragments from Lamb's next and characteristic letter:—

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Your letter was an inestimable treasure to me. It will be a comfort to you, I know, to know that our prospects are somewhat brighter. My poor dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgment on our house, is restored to her senses; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has past, awful to her mind and impressive (as it must be to the end of life), but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder. I have seen her. I found her this morning, calm and serene; far, very far from an indecent forgetful serenity! she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind, and religious principle, to look forward to a time when even *she* might recover tranquillity. God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? I allow much to other favorable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying,—my father, with his poor forehead plastered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly,—my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room—yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. \* \* \* One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dress-

ed for dinner a tongue which we had had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me;—this tongue poor Mary got for me; and I can partake of it now, when she is far away! A thought occurred and relieved me,—if I give into this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not a want of true feeling. I did not let this carry me, though, too far. On the very second day (I date from the day of horrors), as is usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room; they prevailed with me to eat *with them* (for to eat I never refused). They were all making merry in the room! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest; I was going to partake with them; when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room;—a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me no good.

"I hope (for Mary I can answer)—but I hope that I shall through life never have less recollection, nor a fainter impression, of what has happened than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly. I must be serious, circumspect, and deeply religious through life; and by such means may *both* of us escape madness in future, if it so please the Almighty!"

The exemption so beautifully claimed of the Almighty in this letter was granted to its author, and the true cause of this exemption—the more remarkable when his afflictions are considered in association with one single frailty—his biographer justly remarks, may be sought for in the sudden claim made on his moral and intellectual nature by a terrible exigency, and by his generous answer to that claim; so that a life of self-sacrifice was rewarded by the preservation of unclouded reason.

How creditable to Lamb's affectionate heart is the following extract from a subsequent letter to Coleridge?—

"*Sunday night.*—You and Sara are very good to think so kindly and so favorably of poor Mary; I would to God all did so too. But I very much fear she must not think of coming home in my father's life time. It is very hard upon her; but our circumstances are peculiar, and we must submit to them. God be praised she is so well as she is. She bears her situation as one who has



no right to complain. My poor old aunt, whom you have seen, the kindest, goodest creature to me when I was at school; who used to toddle there to bring me good things, when I, school-boy like, only despised her for it, and used to be ashamed to see her come and sit herself down on the old coal-hole steps as you went into the old grammar-school, and open her apron, and bring out her basin with some nice thing she had caused to be saved for me; the good old creature is now lying on her death-bed. I cannot bear to think on her deplorable state. To the shock she received on that our evil day, from which she never completely recovered, I impute her illness. She says, poor thing, she is glad she is come home to die with me. I was always her favorite.

'No after friendship e'er can raise,  
The endearments of our early days;  
Nor e'er the heart such fondness prove,  
As when it first began to love.'

Shortly after this, death released the father from a state of imbecility, and the son from his wearisome attendance on him. The aunt, however, continued to linger with Lamb in his cheerless lodging. His sister remained in confinement in the asylum to which she had been consigned on her mother's death—perfectly sensible and calm—and although his means were small, he was passionately desirous of obtaining her liberty. There were legal difficulties in the way of this, and his brother John, who enjoyed a fair income in the South Sea House, opposed her discharge. But Charles persisted, and he effected her deliverance; he satisfied all the parties who had power to oppose her release, by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life; and he kept his word.

"For her sake (says his biographer), at the same time, he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage; and with an income of scarcely more than 100*l.* a-year derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of a recurrence of the malady which had caused it!"

The illness of the poor old aunt brought on the confirmation of Lamb's fears respecting his sister's malady. After lingering a short time she died; but before this, Miss Lamb's incessant attendance upon her produced a recurrence of insanity, from which, however, she soon recovered. The anxieties of Lamb's new position were assuaged during the spring of 1797 by frequent communications with Coleridge, and by the

company of his beloved friend Lloyd, whose attempts, however, to reconcile him with himself and with his position, appear from the following extract of a letter written to Coleridge to have been met in a somewhat strange mood, but still one which is creditable to his feelings:

"I had well nigh quarreled with Charles Lloyd—and for no other reason, I believe, than that the good creature did all he could to make me happy. The truth is, I thought he tried to force my mind from its natural and proper bent; he continually wished me to be from home, he was drawing me from the consideration of my poor dear Mary's situation, rather than assisting me to gain a proper view of it with religious consolations. I wanted to be left to the tendency of my own mind, in a solitary state, which, in times past, I knew had led to a quietness and a patient bearing of the yoke. He was hurt that I was not more constantly with him, but he was living with White, a man to whom I had never been accustomed to impart my *dearest feelings*, tho' from long habits of friendliness, and many a social and good quality, I loved him very much. I met company there sometimes—indiscriminate company. Any society almost, when I am in affliction, is sorely painful to me. I seem to breathe more freely, to think more collectedly, to feel more properly and calmly when alone."

Shortly afterwards Lamb removed with his sister to Southampton-buildings, Holborn, and the change was a source of great comfort to him. In a letter to Coleridge, in which he announces this change, he also speaks of the pleasure derived from visiting a friend at Oxford, but he adds, "it was not a family where I could take Mary with me, and I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasure I take without *her*." He was indeed in the habit of making country excursions during each annual vacation with his sister, but even these were taken with fear and trembling—often foregone—and finally given up, in consequence of the sad effects which the excitements of travel and change produced in his beloved companion.

How imperfectly the emancipation from the irksome duties of the India House, so rapturously hailed, fulfilled its promises, how Lamb left town for Islington, which he always called "classic ground," Islington for Eusfield, and there, after a while, subsided into a lodger; and how, at last, he settled at Edmonton to die, sufficiently appear in the former series of his letters. A number of letters scattered through nine years (from 1825 to 1834), are now, however, first published, which have been subsequently communicated by the kindness of

the possessors. Among these, those addressed to Serjeant Talfourd and to Mr. Moxon are especially entertaining, and they also contain a record of a very pretty little domestic romance. The first allusion to the romance in question is in a letter to Mr. Ayrton, dated March 14, 1830 :—

"But we are both in trouble at present. A very dear young friend of ours, who passed her Christmas holidays here, has been taken dangerously ill with a fever, from which she is very peculiarly recovering, and I expect a summons to fetch her when she is well enough to bear the journey from Bury. It is Emma Isola, with whom we got acquainted at our first visit to your sister, at Cambridge, and she has been an occasional inmate with us—and of late years much more frequently—ever since. While she is in this danger, and till she is out of it, and here is a probable way to recovery, I feel that I have no spirits for an engagement of any kind. It has been a terrible shock to us; therefore I beg that you will make my handsomest excuses to Mr. Murray."

Good tidings soon reached Lamb of Miss Isola's health, and he went to Farnham to bring her for a month's visit to Enfield. The next reference to Miss Isola also contains an anecdote which was told by Lamb in a letter previously published, but not quite so richly as here :—

"Emma stayed a month with us, and has gone back (in tolerable health) to her long home, for she comes not again for a twelvemonth. I amused Mrs. Williams with an occurrence on our road to Enfield. We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage-coach, that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriages by ditto, till all my science, and more than all was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when, getting into Bishop's Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me: 'What sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year?' Emma's eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say; and she burst out into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied, that, 'it depended entirely, I believed, on boiled legs of mutton.' This clenched our conversation, and my gentleman, with a face half wise, half in scorn, troubled us with no more conversation, scientific or philosophical, for the remainder of the journey."

In a letter to Mr. Wordsworth, written in the spring of 1833, the plot of our little romance begins to thicken.

"To lay a little more load on it, a circumstance has happened, *cujus pars magna fui*, and which,

in another crisis, I should have more rejoiced in. I am about to lose my old and only walk-companion, whose mirthful spirits were the 'youth of our house,' Emma Isola. I have been here now for a little while, but she is too nervous, properly to be under such a roof, so she will make short visits,—be no more an inmate. With my perfect approval, and more than concurrence, she is to be wedded to Moxon at the end of August—so 'perish the roses and the flowers'—how is it?"

Further on he says, "Moxon has introduced Emma to Rogers, and he smiles upon the project. I have given E. my Milton (will you pardon me?)" in part of a portion. It hangs famously in his Murray-like shop." On the approach of the wedding-day Lamb turned to the account of a half-tearful merriment, the gift of a watch to the young lady whom he was about to lose.

"For God's sake give Emma no more watches; one has turned her head. She is arrogant and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old clock in the passage, as if it did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment hand. She lugs us out into the fields, because there the bird-boys ask you, 'Pray, sir, can you tell us what's o'clock?' and she answers them punctually. She loses all her time looking to see 'what the time is.' I overheard her whispering, 'Just so many hours, minutes, &c., to Tuesday; I think St. George's goes too slow. This little present of Time!—why,---'tis Eternity to her!"

"What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch?"

"She has spoiled some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has kissed away 'half-past twelve,' which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Square.

"Well, if 'love me, love my watch,' answers, she will keep time to you.

"It goes right by the Horse Guards."

Miss Lamb was, however, in a sad state of mental estrangement up to the day of the wedding, upon which day she suddenly regained her senses, as related by herself in the following note :—

"MY DEAR EMMA AND EDWARD MOXON,—Accept my sincere congratulations and imagine more good wishes than my weak nerves will let me put into good set words. The dreary blank of *unanswered questions* which I ventured to ask in vain, was cleared up on the wedding-day by Mrs. W—— taking a glass of wine, and, with a total change of countenance, begging leave to drink Mr. and Mrs. Moxon's good health. It restored me from that moment, as if by an electrical stroke, to the entire possession of my senses. I never felt so calm and quiet after a similar illness as I do now. I feel as if all tears were wiped from my eyes, and all care from my heart.

"MARY LAMB."



Lamb and his sister were for the last year of their united lives, always together, and his latter days were also brightened by the frequent—latterly periodical—hospitality of the admirable translator of Dante, at the British Museum.

The letters now published by his executor, make known one of those great examples of self-sacrifice, than which nothing more lovely in human action and endurance can be exhibited. How admirably calculated, too, is Lamb's conduct to raise the literary character so often looked upon as merely impulsive and passionate! In Charles Lamb we see the highest practical virtues enduring through life. The sweetness of his character breathed through his writings, and was felt even by strangers,

but its heroic aspect was till now unguessed, even by many of his friends!

To these friends, and they were a host, Serjeant Talfourd has not only done ample justice, in a highly graphic sketch, or what he terms "a social comparison," being Wednesday nights at Charles Lamb's compared with the celebrated soirées at Holland House; but also in admirable sketches of his deceased companions, among whom are names so well known to fame, as Godwin, Hazlitt, Barnes, Haydon, Coleridge, and others.

Need we add a word to recommend a work, every word of which has a claim upon the heart and intellect of lovers of English literature.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

## LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITERS OF THE DAY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

"He was no dolt," said once a wearied personage we knew, laying his bulky length on its usual nocturnal receptacle, "who first invented a bed" (this thought, however, we have since found in Don Quixote), so the first idea of a letter was unquestionably a flash of genuine genius. The idea of extracting the private passages of one's life—recording, and rolling up, and sealing down into compact unity, and sending off by trusty transmission little fragments of his soul—of circulating one's tiny griefs and fainter joys, and more evanescent emotions, as well as the larger incidents and deeper passions of existence—of adding wings to conversation, and by the soft soundless touch of a paper wand, and the wave of a rod of feather, annihilating time and space, "was a delicate thought and softly bodied forth." Once launched, this little ark of a letter bore, of course, various and motley cargoes. It suited itself easily and speedily to all the possible purposes of the human mind. It accommodated itself especially to the wants, the character, the feelings, the intellect, and the domestic life of the female sex; by a mere necessity of the case, its finer and more remarkable specimens floated up into the light of publication, and became a distinct and attrac-

tive part of literature; and, after the revolution of many ages, there is no species of composition which, whether printed or not, is so generally or deservedly dear as the letter. Such is its brief history.

What, it may be required, is the ideal of a letter? And here a great amount of nonsense has been spoken. A letter, say some, must be easily written, with no cramp words, no high-flown raptures, no elaborate discussions. And if by ease be meant the absence of stiff and set forms of phraseology, of the proud flesh and flummery of rhetoric, of the technicalities and involved terminology of a scientific style, this is true, not only of the letter, but of all lighter kinds of composition—the essay, tale, &c. This, then, is not to define a letter, but merely to describe one of these properties which it possesses, and possesses not alone. Nay, if a letter be a true thing—a mirror of the writer's heart—a miniature-mirror, if you will—and if across that heart be driven—and why not?—abrupt, vehement, profound, tempestuous emotion, like sudden and terrible storms, why should not these also find a reflection there? Why should not a letter unite to ease the far higher qualities of earnestness, enthusiasm, philosophic reflection, or poetic feeling?

Why should it not suit the subject, the state of the writer's mind, the character of the correspondent, the circumstances amid which he writes? Who, called on to read the letter of a patriot, written on the morning of his execution—or a poet's, written after the commencement, or in one of the deep lulls, or at the close of some heroic work—or of a martyr, penned an hour ere ascending to receive the eternal crown—could dare to blame them for the lack of a certain slipshod ease, and not rather rejoice that in their hands the thing had become a trumpet, and that, under their noble management, the rocking-horse had been sublimed into a fiery Pegasus? And, accordingly, in the best collections of epistolary writing extant, we find that ease, their delightful charm in general, is at one time rounded into elegance, at another strengthened into vigor; now sharpens into sarcasm, and now intensifies into invective; is perpetually exploding into eloquence, or effervescing into wit; can at one time sink into the depths of the metaphysical, and at another spring up into the sevenfold hallelujahs of the poetical. Indeed, the absurd expectation of perpetual ease in letters, has led to the very opposite artificial carelessness, no more resembling genuine ease than a harlot's affectation does a milkmaid's artlessness.

Others maintain that all letters should be short; but we can hardly admit size to enter into our deliberate judgment of any artistic composition especially, as, though we did, the questions would recur, What is the particular size requisite? Into how many pages or lines must a letter be condensed? How many penny stamps will it require? Surely these are questions for the post-office clerk, not for the critic. To close this trifling, a letter being just talk, written and winged, may, like talk, be short or long, trifling or serious, wise or witty, flighty or fervid, discursive or deep, homely or magnificent, provided it be sincere, natural, and excellent in its kind.

It were a pleasing task to take a retrospective look at the fine field of epistolary writing, as it stretches from the earliest times, inclusive of Cicero and Pliny among the ancients—of Madame de Sévigné, Babet, Racine, and Voltaire, among the French—of the Italian, Ludovico Dolce, Bernardo Tasso, Pietro Aretino, and Gasparo Gozzi—of the German, Lessing, Winckelman, Jacobi, Wassa, Glan, Burger, Schiller, Goethe, &c.—and of Howel, Temple, Ad-

dison, Pope, Swift, Gay, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Lady Montague, and Lord Chesterfield among the English. But this, even were we capable of embracing it, our limits would forbid. A similar cause prevents our dilating on the application of the epistolary form to didactic purposes by Bolingbroke, Mendelssohn, Schiller, and Foster; to poetical purposes by Horace, Pope, Swift, and Akenside; to political purposes by Junius, Burke, Sidney Smith, and Bulwer; to controversial and critical purposes by Wesley, Fuller, Porson, and Priestley, &c.; or to scientific purposes by Professor Nichol, &c. All such, besides, are not letters properly so called; they are expressly written for publication. The selection of the epistolary form is almost arbitrary. They are, in fact, moral, or political, or religious treatises, broken down into letters; and of such qualities as familiarity, unguardedness, delicious recumbency of mind, free and fearless indulgence of every emotion, and expression of every sentiment, they are entirely and elaborately destitute. Nor must we stop to criticize those imitations of real correspondence which we find in the novels of Richardson, Madame D'Arblay, Mackenzie, the author of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter," Madame de Staël, and Sir Walter Scott. Our business is with the *bona fide* letter-writing of the present day.

And yet, in spite of our previous determination, we must say a word or two on three of the principal writers in the past—Gray, Cowper, and Burns. Gray was a cloistered scholar, with just poetry enough to impregnate the mass of his learning, to stiffen his odes into splendor, and to make his correspondence the most instructive in the world. There is about it all a rich, oily flow of recondite learning, a gentle glow of poetic feeling, a scholar-like tone of thought, and a fine enthusiastic warmth in descriptions of scenery. He reminds you, when he steps abroad, of a school-boy let loose in vacation time amid a wilderness of picturesque and novel scenes. He wanders about rocky Cumberland, carrying a classical atmosphere about with him, seeing all things, from Skiddaw to Crossfell, in a golden haze of antique associations; little aware that there was then alive in England a little boy, who, by the daring use of his own eyes and his own imagination, was destined to crown the scene with a new diadem, and to render Rydal Mount ground as holy and haunted as Vallambrosa or Tempe's Vale. Honor, however, to the old bard, who first



indicated in the Lake country the presence of transcendent beauties, and painted them with a fine and tender pencil. It is as a letter-writer that Gray will survive. His hoard of useless learning was buried with him; and though it had, like the knowledge of many great scholars, such as Bentley and Warburton, enshrined itself in some huge controversy, or piled up mountain of paradox, it had been much the same in the end. His odes, hovering between excellence and absurdity, sublimity and bombast, darkness and barbaric lustre, will at last rest beside all other modern Pindarics in the shadow of solid oblivion. His "Elegy," and his "Eton College," though elegant, pathetic, tender, and true, are but two tiny wings for bearing down the weight of such a reputation as his; but the erudition, the purity of style, the compactness of size, and the simplicity and picturesqueness distinguishing his letters, have secured at once their reputation and his name. It is curious to notice how men are often remembered for that which they themselves least value. Thus Petrarch's sonnets live while his "Africa" is forgotten; Tasso's first version of the "Jerusalem Delivered" remains, while his darling second rots; Cowley's careless prose eclipses the "Davideis;" Milton's "Lycidas" has more admirers than the "Paradise Regained;" Dryden's "Fables" are more read than his "Virgil;" Pope's "Rape of the Lock" is thought worth a gross of his "Homer;" Johnson's "Table-Talk" is likely to outlive his "Irene;" Thomas Brown's lectures are immeasurably superior to his poetry; and Coleridge's "Love" is read by thousands who never heard of his "Biographia Literaria," or "Friend."

Cowper, like Gray, was a recluse; but shut in by what different walls! While the one was encircled by the proud pile of an ancient college, and by a deep hedge of aged tomes, the other dwelt, wild-eyed and pale, in the dungeon of his own soul, a darkened dome above, and a weltering gulph below. And yet, through the chinks in that prison-house, what gleams now of beauty, and now of wild, wrinkled, distorted mirth found their way! In his correspondence he has faithfully chronicled all the sad and merry experiences of his soul. Indeed, his letter-writing is more true to the general current of his feelings, and the common habitudes of his life, than even his poetry. The latter was the product always of his studious, and often of his sadder

hours; whereas the former shows him in the dishabille of his mind, feeding his hares, making his bird-cages, watching with quiet twinkling eye the humors of Olney; and, in the society of his Mary, and in the light of her shining needles, almost forgetting the hateful delusion that he was subject to perdition, by the special decree of one whose name is Love! It is this which gives the letters of Cowper their peculiar charm, not merely their ease, nor their simplicity, nor their humor, nor their enthusiasm, nor their holiness, nor their sincerity, as transcripts of his feelings and pursuits; but it is the contrast between their airy buoyancy and the fixed morbid misery of their author, and the view this gives you of the irrepressible spring of enjoyment originally possessed by the mind, which not even the misery of madness could entirely choke up, and of the power of that sense of the ridiculous which could wreath the grim features of despair into contagious smiles. And yet, when you reflect that this mirth, after all, was only sunshine on a sepulchre—hollow, galvanic laughter, or like that which the laughing-gas would force from the cheek of the criminal on the very scaffold, furnishing hardly a momentary relief to the poor riven heart within, and ending in an aggravated dreariness and a blacker gloom, you feel it to be a dreadful gaiety—you shut the book in sorrow; and, while admitting some dark original distemper in the blood, and while blaming no particular system of theology, you yet breathe a wish that the remedy of religion had been more mildly and tenderly applied to the sore, and assumed less the form of a cauterizing and consuming fire, and more that of the balm of Gilead.

How great the contrast between the two timid and scholarly recluses, Gray and Cowper, and the brawny, bustling, fierce, and passionate ploughman, Robert Burns! Not less the difference between their styles of correspondence—the one simple, natural, quietly humorous, sustained, in some cases finely polished, the legitimate product of the 'cups which cheer but not inebriate,' and drunk, too, under elegant curtains, beside blazing fires, and amid the smiles of the fair; the other abrupt, wild, coarse, extravagant, roaring in their style like a spate, evidently written on the top of deal tables, or on chests of drawers, in wayside inns, and in the fire of pottledeep potations—in short, the very rinsings of a great soul. And, in thus describing the letters of Burns, we are *ipso facto* wiping away much stupid and

worthless criticism which has been expended upon them. Men—yea, learned men—have set to work upon them, armed with line and rule, flanked with dictionary and grammar, and sought to prove them imperfect, stilted, bombastic, and so forth. In the name of wonder, how could they be aught else? Who would have been more ready than Burns himself to admit all their faults, while heaving them by chestfuls into the fire? But it is nevertheless the glory of these letters and a feather in Burns's cap, that, written in the course of a wandering, uncertain, laborious, and dissipated life—in snatches of time, sometimes in excitement, and by a half-educated man, they contain—while, as a whole, inferior to Cowper's and Gray's—passages superior to anything in their's, nay, equal to anything in the whole range of epistolary composition; passages soaring into eloquence and absolute poetry; and that, besides, even the fulsome flattery, the fustian, the ribaldry, and the outrageous nonsense of the worst of them, are redeemed by the touches of beauty which are lavishly interspersed, and by the insane energy in which all swim. The everyday Burns, we imagine, is seen more to the life in the letters than in any part of the poems; and to them we tell those to repair who would form an idea of the "rattling roving Robin" in his wilder, madder, fiercer, more absurd, more capricious moods.

We lately, in a Glasgow newspaper, made an assertion in reference to the obscenity of Burns' unpublished letters, which was fiercely contested. Our authority was Byron; and we have since found a passage in one of his papers, giving more at large the character of these letters: "I have myself seen a collection of letters of another eminent, nay, pre-eminent, deceased poet, so abominably gross, and elaborately coarse, that I do not believe they could be paralleled in our language. What is more strange, is that some of these are couched as postscripts to his serious and sentimental letters, to which are tacked either a piece of prose, or some verses of the most hyperbolical indecency. He himself says, that if 'obscenity [using a much coarser word] be the sin against the Holy Ghost, he most certainly cannot be saved.' These letters are in existence, and have been seen by many besides myself." That Byron alludes here to Burns is certain, from another passage where he expressly names him, as the author of obscene letters, and more briefly, though to the same purpose, characterizes them.

Let Byron's own name stand first in the catalogue of the letter-writers of our own century. And in this department, as in others, he was spurred and stung into power. Byron's earlier letters are amazingly stiff, cramped, cold, heartless, worse than even Dr. Johnson's, because then he was a young dissipated coxcomb; as light, but not so pure as a butterfly, and had neither fully found his intellect nor his heart. But from the date of his expulsion from England, not only did his genius rush into red and terrible blossom, but his passions also—all that he had—his pride, his lust, his wrath, his scorn, his despair, were moved from their lowest depths; and, standing under the shadow of the Alps, or at bay by the waters of the Adriatic, he became a more exact impersonation of Lucifer than the earth ever saw before, or shall ever, we hope, see again. He was at length fairly in earnest, and from that hour there opened up in him an epistolary vein, like the minor mouth of a volcano. His letters from Italy are the fierce splashings of a desperate man. They are full of nerve, fire, fiendish scorn, angry eloquence, wild fun, dying away into wilder sobs and inarticulate shudderings. Careless in the extreme, dashed down evidently in the sullen intervals of indulgence, they resemble lampoons rather than letters. Written alongside of the wonderful poems he was then pouring out, they form the best commentary on them; and it is interesting, while these great cataracts are heaving on, to mark this attendant spray-sweat of their agony—while those great guns are opening, one after another, at society and man, to watch this deadly small-shot which he keeps up in company. They contain, besides, the germ of some of his finest passages. They are not devoid of softening touches, like green sunshine upon lava; they are specimens of his excited talk; they cast a light far down into the depth of his godless and hopeless nature; and they tell tales as to the character of that London society, who met regularly in Murray's backshop, to laugh at the ribaldry, smile gravely at the blasphemy, and chuckle over the obscene jokes contained in those missives of Venetian lewdness, infamy, and despair.

The letters of Shelley differ as widely from Byron's as do the characters of the two men, who, utterly dissimilar, were thrown together by misfortune, as might an antelope and a hyena be driven into one cavern by a thunder-storm. A great deal has been written about Shelley—we have



written much ourselves—but the truth lies in a nutshell. He was a monomaniac—on one subject, alas! the most important of all, he was mad; and this furnishes the key to his correspondence. In style it is simple, clear, yet stately; in sentiment, heroic, enthusiastic; in purpose and spirit, soft and pure; in descriptions of scenery, rich and graphic; in pictures of art, transparent as painting itself; and in reflections on human life, minute and profound. But let the subject of Christianity cross the page; poison distils upon it, fury rages along the line, and under a damp dew of disgust and horror you are tempted, shuddering, to shut the book for ever. We call upon the sane of Shelley's friends to blot out from his correspondence and his poetry those miserable ravings of frenzy which they seem absurdly to mistake for the oracular dictates of inspiration. We say the *sane* of Shelley's friends, for that all are not deserving of this title is, we fear, but too manifest from Captain Medwyn's recent "Life of Shelley." That this gentleman means well to the memory of his friend we are ready to admit. For his politeness to ourselves we thank him. With his estimate of Byron and Hobhouse we, on the whole, agree; but a worse judged and a worse executed book we never read. It is neither a full and faithful life, nor is it a satisfactory apology for Shelley. It is rather a mean, waspish resuscitation of forgotten feuds and grudges of the author's own, about which the world cares precisely nothing. It shows little real insight either into Shelley's character or genius. By not frankly acknowledging his faults and errors, it loses all claim to the character of a genuine biography. What with the wretched blunders in grammar, punctuation, and taste, with which it abounds, and with the fact that it is half made up of extracts from others, we feel justified in pronouncing it a piece of bad and unblushing book-making, enough to make Shelley's dust shiver in its urn, although his *bones* cannot turn in their grave.

Robert Hall has left a few letters, which do not reach, much less surpass, mediocrity, and the publication of which is to us a mystery, unless it were to prove that his ornate, elaborate, and refined genius was unable or unwilling to disspread its collected strength, and to unloose its golden couplets into the elegant disarrangement of a letter. Linked to a wheel of pain, besides, how could he

ever be sufficiently at ease to recline on the couch of epistolary luxury?

Coleridge has left behind him some fine letters—fine, however, rather as specimens of his general power of writing, than as answering to our letter-writing ideal. Witness his epistles to Cottle, conceived and written in the most awful plenitude of the spirit of a kind of composition which is exceeding rare, self-invective, in which the conscience seems to spring out of the man, to perch itself over against, and to screen out accusation to his face. Call them not letters, call them prose penitential psalms. Never were the horrors of a spirit wailing over spiritual sin, and swimming in a spiritual fire of its own kindling, more fearfully portrayed. But the real letters of Coleridge are his precious deposits on the margins and fly-leaves of volumes. These supply as yet the best notion of his magical talk. They are in fact epistles to himself or to the dead. They show the lazy leviathan weltering on the calm sunset waters of meditation; while around him, from the dim caves of the ocean stream of the past, gather up the kindred giant forms of Plato, Plotinus. Roger Bacon, Jacob Behmen, Sir Thomas Browne, Dr. Donne, and Jeremy Taylor, and the soul of the slumberer is glad.

Sidney Smith must have been a rare letter-writer, if incessant smartness, springy motion, terse energy, witticisms, panting at each other's heels, and a delightful mannerism, can contribute to the perfection of the art. Yet who could have borne an incessant pelting of such letters as Peter Plymley's? It had been death without benefit of clergy. Have our readers ever heard the redoubted Sidney's joke anent Rogers? "When Rogers wishes to be safely delivered of a *couplet*, he takes to bed, gets saw-dust sprinkled before his door, and orders the servant to say to all callers that his master is *as well as can be expected*." How like both parties!

We have seen some specimens of Brougham's and Carlyle's style. Both were highly characteristic of the parties: the former rough, rapid, sketchy, setting polish and particularity at defiance, the skimmings of his speechification; the latter elegant miniatures of the man, equally powerful and more finished than his works, genuine *seed-pearl*.

"Conversation Sharp" has left some morsels in the shape of letters—short, simple, and sententious—extracts from the

rich volume of his talk. He had what we beg leave to call a *creaming* intellect, not very powerful, but highly cultivated and chastened down to a certain simplicity. He slips out the nicest little things imaginable. Gentle concentration is his forte. "Do but just go on," he says to one pursuing the journey of life, "and *some unseen path will open among the hills.*" His poetry is the last faint reflection of the age of Queen Anne, and amid the excited verse of the present day looks as strange and awkward as would a gentleman with bag, big wig, and sword, in a modern club-house or conversazione. His essays are delectable tit-bits, and are interesting, too, as the last flutterings, we fear, of that elegant but departing form of composition.

Sir James Mackintosh was too elaborate, too scholastic, too much of a lecturer, too little of an artless man, to be a good letter-writer. Even in conversation we are told that his long-windedness was intolerable. "You could see a sentence of his a quarter of an hour before he crept to it, and you knew his conclusion before he conceived it himself. He had the most extraordinary formality of phrase, yet was an amiable, courteous-mannered man, blameless, except when he began to prose; then all his virtues were expunged at once, and sentence of perpetual exile or sudden death was felt to be the only safety for the social order of the table." And yet he has left two of the noblest letters ever penned. We refer to the two addressed to Robert Hall on his recovery from derangement, which we have elsewhere characterized as rather resembling offerings on a shrine than ordinary letters, and as forming the sublimest memorials which genius has ever consecrated to friendship.

Charles Lamb—blessings on his kind heart!—could write nothing but what was full of himself and worthy of his quaint and exquisite genius. Seldom has there been such a unique being as Lamb; seldom has there been one whose mannerism was so intense, so incessant, and so delightful withal; and seldom was an author so completely seen in and identified with his works. They remind us of the Hermitage of Dunkeld, where the image of one's self is reflected at once in a hundred mirrors. Lamb could write nothing ill, simply because he could never write out of character, or travel out of himself. Every scratch of his pen was characteristic—"Love me, love my dog." Love Lamb, you were compelled to love

everything about him—his very errors, absurdities, nonsense, and follies; and his letters, accordingly, you must like, since they are bits of himself, *peepings* of his character, as when the blue sky looks down by stealth and in snatches through the riven clouds.

Walter Scott was a plain, sensible, business-like letter-writer. Down upon the point he comes at once, with all the weight of his manly understanding. There is no *entusimasy*, no bravuras, no playful dallying, no fond, reluctant, amorous delay to leave a favorite topic, or to cease indulging a peculiar whim. All is plain sailing. His letters are intensely Scotch. Here and there, too, kindles up the irrepressible fire of the Border minstrel, and a single sentence, or the member of a sentence, or a stray figure, or one winged word, reminds you that this shrewd, clear-headed lawyer is at the same time the creator of "Ivanhoe," and the poet of "Marion." Still, as in Boswell's Johnson, the letters are the only parts of Scott's life you are sometimes tempted to skip. Many of them are cold, dry, and naked, like boughs in winter, wanting all that "soft luxury of foliage" which makes a perfect tree, or a perfect letter.

Foster's letters always appear to us like the attempts of a Scandinavian giant to write English. They are rude, first copies, but done with a vast, though straggling and uneven fist. They are the curdlings of that system of which his after essays are the creation. As of his essays, so of his letters—the strongest stimulus is that of austere and holy hatred; and if Foster had been (with his peculiar tendencies) in a place where sin and evil were not, he had been a greyhound in a hareless world—an eagle reduced to prey on rock instead of roe. As it is, we are credibly informed that he has left behind him many letters of the most unsparing satire and uproarious fun, which his friends have not the courage or sense to publish.

Ere describing some of the *dii minorum genium* in this department, we may observe what a feast is reserved for the public in the letters of our living or recently dead men of genius, such as Southey, Wordsworth, Wilson, Chalmers (if they can be deciphered), De Quincey, Lord Jeffrey, Leigh Hunt, &c.

The females of the age ought to shine in this department. De Quincey somewhere says that the letters of ladies are



the best standard and furnish the best specimens of the literary style of this age. We agree with this sentiment—holding it, however, as part of a more general truth, that the finest wit, eloquence, elegance, purity, simplicity, and naïveté of any age, are to be found in those artless, earnest things which are silently exchanging between its private or palace homes. To a lady, a letter is a very important affair. It is her whole literature. It is a paper receptacle for her private thoughts, ingenuous affections, ‘virgin fancies,’ playful gossip, and amiable spite. If it does not always dip down into her inmost nature, and bring up those lofty disinterested emotions which, more than curling locks, or beaming eyes, or noble forms, are the glory of the sex, it catches and preserves her quieter charms, her every-day life, the elegant undress of her spirit. Unfortunately, however, almost all female letter-writers, whose letters have been published, have been blue—deeply, darkly, beautifully blue; and this has rendered their letters colder, or more affectedly warm—statelier, or more elaborately negligent—wittier, or wiser, or more learned, or more evidently intended for publication, than we could have desired. There is less, too, of the genuine female character discovered in them than in the far humbler and much less clever effusions of every-day life. Their authors write too like the correspondents of a novel. Their eloquence is apt to flutter up into that romantic falsetto, which may be endured as it issues from their “most sweet voices,” but which is intolerable in print. Their proverbial keenness of personal observation often degenerates into caricature; their wit is frequently forced and uneasy; their gossip, inuendo, scandal, &c., are generally destitute of that naïveté and naturalness which, in conversation and letters really private, carry off the sting, and afford us a titillating stimulus. These remarks apply in part to the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, otherwise so lively, graphic, and instructive withal. They are still more strongly exemplified in those of Mrs. Montague, of which we remember a sarcastic and ponderous critique from the pen of John Foster, in the “Eclectic Review.” It reminds us of a butterfly broken on a wheel.—But at the head of affected, sickly, sentimental, and would-be-smart female letter-writers, stands far and *facile princeps*, Anna Seward. It is amusing to see how the solitary grain of cleverness given to this lady seems

to perk and prim itself up into attitudes and airs which would be ludicrous in the most stupendous genius. Finding herself inserted, somehow or other, in the centre of a ring of giants, she too must ape at least their grimaces and copy their faults.—The letters of Hannah More, though not quite free from the twaddle of the time, are to us the most pleasing, because natural, of all her productions. We find in them no stiff embroideries of style, no desperate attempts at the elephantine swagger of Dr. Johnson, as ludicrous as though a lady made thin by vinegar were to mimic the roll of a portly bishop—no unmitigated and unfeminine antithesis, such as her other works abound in to repletion: her letters are, for the most part, easy and spirited—the outpourings of a young fresh mind, with an eager eye for the lofty, and a still keener eye for the ludicrous aspects of the splendid scene amid which she had been dropped down, as if from the clouds.—The same character might be repeated, *totidem verbis*, of Madame D’Arblay’s correspondence—only she seems to have been more spoiled by the gay circle in which she moved, and to have relished with a deeper glee the absurdities which she knew how well to caricature, and which, even previous to observation, she had, in “Evelina,” as her natural game, run down.—Mrs. Grant is one of the best letter-writers of those times. Her “Letters from the Mountains” are fresh as breezes from the land of the heather; they are redolent of joy and youth. By her brief, lively touches, she brings before us the country of the grey mist, the glittering lake, the bold peak, the red clump of heath, the solitary cairn, the eagle rising from his eyrie over the arch of the rainbow, the cataract pealing forth his everlasting plaint amid the hush of the wilderness, the ocean speaking in thunder up the cliff-bound coasts of the unconquered and unconquerable land. The slight shade of affectation which she here and there exhibits, somehow becomes her, and you forgive it as readily as you do the air with which a Highland maiden folds round her her tartan shawl, or lets it float in picturesque confusion to attract the eye of a stray Sassenach among her native hills. Manifestly she was, when she wrote these letters, a fine enthusiast; her spirit as well as her person dwelt among the moors, mountains, and wildernesses of her country; her step caught fire from the heather; she was even a half-believer in the super-

stitutions of the traditionary land; distance and seclusion secured to her an independent habit of thought, and you love her for fearlessly expressing every idea and emotion which crossed her soul in its solitude.

The religious letter-writers of this and the age immediately preceding have been exceedingly numerous. Hervey's are better than his "Meditations;" the tendency of his taste to the vulgar florid, which misled him often, is here subdued, and that heart and holiness which were his principal qualities come transparently out. We think we still see our own venerable father (himself the author of a volume of "Letters to Afflicted friends," remarkable for pathos, dignified simplicity, and a natural flow of eloquence) self-propped on his pillow, the day before his death, and reading with eager look the letters of Hervey—Newton's epistles are all faithful echoes of the strange, romantic, ingenious, yet one-sided man, whose "Narrative" is, next to Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," the most intensely true and personally characteristic perhaps ever written. "Cardiphonia" is no misnomer—a real voice from the heart.—Mrs. Huntingdon, Miss Woodbury, Miss and Mrs. Grahame, have all left examples of a style of writing which, in scriptural simplicity and the majesty of naked godliness, rises far above literary criticism.—Cecil's letters are quaint but rich.—Foster, besides his general correspondence, has left one

consolatory letter (to Caroline) which reaches the sublime. Death seems to dwindle as the majestic reasoning goes on, and and is at last "swallowed up in victory." It reminds us of that lone, armless hand in the "Pilgrim's Progress," stretched down to comfort Christian after his fight with Apollyon. So does this letter, as with the touch of Eternity, dry up the tears of Time.—Jay, James, Hawkins, Belfrage, &c., have all written beautiful condoling epistles; but perhaps the finest volume of this nature we have read is a little duodecimo by the late Rev. Mr. Jameson, of Methven. To feel their merit fully, indeed, we should have known the man, who, in a very different way, was as unique as Elia; and how would Lamb have rejoiced over some of them! Even the reader least prepared by acquaintance and sympathy for the perusal of this unpretending volume, cannot lay it down without admiration for the piety, originality, quaint turns of expression, searching pathos, and large-heartedness of the being who felt for a friend's loss quite as keenly as for his own—who dipped his pen of consolation in the gashes of his own heart—and who at length, when his own "post" came, dropped off his chair into the arms of death so softly, and lay in them so smilingly, having died in a moment, without a pang; that some one who saw him said, "surely the angels have straitkit him."

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## A FEW WORDS ON POEMS, POETRY, AND POETS.

"The Poetry of Earth is never dead."

YES! most true, O prophetic John Keats, "the poetry of *Earth* is never dead." Whether the poetry of heaven—the true celestial harmony of the Muse—has the same eternal vitality in this world, is another question, not so easily settled, and not quite so certain; but that the poetry of earth, meaning by that phrase something very different from what was in thy soul, O short-lived Adonais! when thou didst sing that sweet sonnet, meaning in fact, that imperfect utterance of partially inspired, or totally uninspired versification, which, upon the title-pages of such countless myri-

ads of never-to-be-opened volumes, is called "poetry!"—that this poor, mangled metamorphosis of prose, short of its native clearness and unambiguity, and confused by the jangle of its rhymes, like an idiot by the bells of his own foolscap, is not dead, nor even sleeping, any list of "new publications" will sufficiently prove.

Poetry! why what do the million mocking-birds of song, who chatter their imitative jargon from century to century, think that poetry is, if they fancy that a single human being who has ever been enraptured by the true melody, can be deceived by



their "inarticulate shrieking," even for an instant? Poetry! the language of heaven, of inspiration, of revelation, and of love—the language in which God speaks to man, and by which man speaks to God the otherwise unutterable yearnings of his heart—the one universal religion, that has its votaries in every clime, as well beneath the crescent as the cross—in the east as in the west, and whose simple creed—a belief in the Beautiful and the True—like the creed of a diviner faith, has been proclaimed to the world, but by the lips of about twelve apostles at various times, and in far separated countries, since the beginning of the world! Is it this, then, so lofty, so elevated, so pure, and so seldom heard or seen on this earth, that we are to expect when opening the pages of some printed matter which the author, with a desperate courage denominates "poetry?" Yes! truly we ought to expect it, but we do not: disappointment has too frequently succeeded to reasonable expectation—disgust has too often replaced anticipated delight, to allow us to indulge the extravagant hopes that led us on "like the bird in the story," from volume to volume, at the beginning of our reading days. We formerly were inclined to forgive and forget a few blemishes and shadows, in consequence of the brightness and perfection that we hoped would characterize the work as a whole. We are now satisfied, and rewarded sufficiently, if, through pages of cloudy obscurity, one gleam of true intelligence breaks forth, and if, amid the mass of vanity, egotism, affectation, and silliness, that generally constitutes the bulk of contemporary "poetry," one natural sentiment, or one true throb of humanity relieves the surrounding inanity.

Our great poet Moore, in a conversation with Sir Walter Scott, is reported to have expressed his wonder at the considerable amount of really excellent poetry which was published anonymously in the magazines, sufficient, he believed, to have earned a high reputation for the writers, at any other period of English literature. With every respect for our illustrious countryman, we must express our dissent from this opinion. If he himself, and the band of great poets who were his contemporaries, had not spoken, and given, as it were, the key-note to the age, all the little nameless voices that joined their shrill treble to the glorious concert that then was ravishing the ears of men, would have been totally silent. They were but faint feeble echoes of great original har-

monies, and would have been, had they existed at any earlier period of English literature, emasculated Drydens and diluted Popes, as they were infinitesimal atomies of Wordsworth or of Byron.

At the time that Moor expressed this opinion, Ireland did not possess any newspaper that deemed it advisable to intermingle the amenities of literature with the almost unavoidable rudeness of politics, nor any magazine conducted with sufficient spirit, and endued with sufficient vitality to attract to it whatever resident literary ability this country possessed. Within the last eight or ten years, however, it has come into the possession of both, and, whether owing to the novelty, or to the want of publishing enterprise in any other direction, much poetry has been produced really worthy of the name, and which, retrospectively at least, proves the truth of the observations of Moore. This, however, compared with the immense quantity of published and publishing verse, is but a small matter, and weighs less than its intrinsic weight and value in the literature and the language of the Empire, in consequence of our local and provincial position; and even at the best, is not sufficient to atone for the almost universal mediocrity of English poetry since the death of Shelley.

This contrast or reaction is nothing very new in English literature, and is, perhaps, not very difficult to be explained, if we consider for a moment, what the ordinary character of that literature has generally been.

Chaucer has been called the morning star of English poetry, and correctly, if the figure does not imply that he heralded a long, calm, literary day, steadily brightening and warming into noon, and as steadily deepening again into night. Now this is the reverse of the fact—in English literature there has been no progression, no development, no appearance of inevitable decay or dissolution. Every great poet that has appeared since Chaucer, came as suddenly and as unexpectedly into the system as the Poet of the Pilgrims himself. The glorious constellations of Spenser and Shakspeare burst upon the upturned eyes of the watchers in the age of Elizabeth, with the same surprise as that of Chaucer on those in the age of Edward III. Nothing announced the advent of Milton, of Dryden, of Pope, or of that glorious galaxy that shown upon the morning of this century, with a lustre that has not been seen

in English literature since the days of the dramatists. A day, then, glimmering from twilight into dawn, brightening into morning, deepening into noon, and darkening into night, is not a true illustration of English literature; it might, perhaps, be more correctly compared to the long, bright night of the poles, where magnificent constellations appear and disappear at intervals, leaving large, dark, starless spaces for a while, soon to be filled up by planets equally bright, glittering with untransmitted and unborrowed lustre, moving in distinct orbits, and girdled with satellites, to whom they give, and from whom they draw reciprocal illumination.

This being, then, the general character of English poetry—the occasional decadence, and almost total disappearance of poetical genius of a very high character for a time, is not to be wondered at, and may be accounted for in this way: when a great poet (or a great circle of poets, having a certain homogeneity and connexion one with the other), lays down his pen, and having fulfilled his mission, withdraws bodily from the world, he leaves such a rich legacy of melody, and thought, and imagination behind him, as to be quite sufficient to supply the wants of the age that immediately succeeds. The young awakening spirits of the generation that is just emerging out of childhood, as *he* disappears, grow into manhood, with the harmony of his song ringing in their ears. Those of them who, from their natural endowments, would be most likely to be the foremost lights of an era more removed from the influence which a greater writer exercises long after his death, and which, as it never could have been attained without being thoroughly interfused by the character of his time, can never be diminished until that character becomes obsolete. The young spirits, we say, who would then be the originators of a new school, are precisely those on whom the charms of the dead magician have the greatest power. Their finer organization is worked on by double influences—the spirit of the time, as well as the genius of the great masters, whose songs have been the sublimest expression of that spirit—and thus their intellectual life is spent in worshipping the vanished divinities, rather than in collecting worshippers round themselves. In this manner a generation passes away—the world and the time assume new phases, and then, and not till then, returns THE POET, that is, the man most thoroughly per-

meated by the new spirit, and gifted beyond his fellows with the power of giving it expression.

The great spaces, however, which lie between one great poetical luminary and another, are not totally void. They cannot boast, indeed, of any perfect orb, however minute, moving in its brilliant though limited circle; but their utter desolateness is partially relieved by numerous small bodies, something like those of incomplete fragments of planets that lie between Mars and Jupiter. As it is in one of those spaces that the literary world is at present moving, we cannot promise our readers any very wonderful discoveries, or any very dazzling spectacle, as they look through our critical telescope at the objects that may rise before them. We promise them, however, that we shall arrange our glass in such a manner, that nothing really beautiful or interesting in those objects shall be wilfully neglected—for there is a beauty and an interest in all created things—and to discover these, we sincerely wish that our small critical eyeglass had the magnifying powers of the leviathan telescope of the Earl of Rosse.

With the exception of Tennyson's (if the remark is not applicable to his also), the most successful poetry of the last twenty years has been unquestionably that species that sympathized most intimately with the social questions and difficulties of the age. In this department, no man would have reached such thorough and complete success—indeed, no man *has* attained such pre-eminence—as the late THOMAS HOOD. If he himself had not been one of the most conspicuous victims of the unhealthy and unhappy social system under which this generation is living—if he, with a heart genial and overflowing like a hot spring, with a fancy teeming with imagery and visions of consummate beauty, with an ear attuned to sweetest harmony, and with a soul filled, like a mountain lake, with the deepest and the calmest thought, and shadowed by that slight, overhanging, melancholy gloom which is ever the attendant of genius—if he, we say, possessed of all those rare and lofty qualities, had not been compelled

“To make himself a motley to the view”

for bread—driven from the divine mission which nature had qualified him to fill, by the necessities of life—he, instead of being the jester of his age, might have been its best and loftiest teacher! As it is, he has



left two or three texts which the world will not easily forget: need we mention *one*?—the most exquisite and yet most painful poem of its kind perhaps in the whole range of English poetry—"The Bridge of Sighs."

Since the death of Hood, the writer who has most successfully dealt with social questions, with the struggles and difficulties that specially beset life in these countries at the present time, and with the hopes that are rising, like crescent moons, upon the horizon of the future, is, unquestionably

CHARLES MACKAY.\*

Dr. Mackay appears to us to be singularly well adapted for the particular poetical mission to which he seems to consider himself called. His sympathies are all with the classes *to whom and for whom* he sings; his prejudices are few, and those generally based upon some error, so generous as to be almost a merit; his style is simple, clear, and unpretending, while there is a popular melody in his versification that wins an easy way to the ear of "the million."

He does not seek for inspiration, in this instance at least, at the ordinary sources—

"Down by a purling stream's meander;"

but amid the tremendous noise and uproar of the London streets, as he goes wandering (as we ourselves have done many a time and oft) from "Gray's Inn Porch,"

"Through Chancery-lane to Lincoln's Inn,  
To Fleet-street, through the moil and din."

There is much in his present volume which we like, and a little that we dislike. We like his sympathy with the poor and the hardworked, and his words of encouragement and of hope to the unfortunate and the oppressed; but we dislike very much the spirit in which a few of his pieces are conceived and written. We dislike, for instance, his "Mary and Lady Mary," as well for the injurious tendency and want of delicacy of such couplets as this—

"Her pulse is calm, milk-white her skin—  
She hath not blood enough to sin,"

as for its being deliberately written down to the level of some of the lowest prejudices of those classes whose habits of thought, as well as whose material condition, we are perfectly certain Dr. Mackay is sincerely anxious to elevate and improve.

\* "Town Lyrics and other Poems." By Charles Mackay, LL.D. London: Bogue. 1848.

There are two poems, however, which we give without curtailment, and which we think our readers will join with us in admiring:—

### "THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

"Late or early home returning,  
In the starlight or the rain,  
I beheld that lonely candle  
Shining from his window-pane.  
Ever o'er his tattered curtain,  
Nightly looking, I could scan,  
Aye inditing,  
Writing—writing,  
The pale figure of a man;  
Still discern behind him fall  
The same shadow on the wall.

"Far beyond the murky midnight,  
By dim burning of my oil,  
Filling aye his rapid leaflets  
I have watched him at his toil;  
Watched his broad and seamy forehead,  
Watched his white industrious hand,  
Ever passing  
And repassing;  
Watched and strove to understand  
What impelled it—gold, or fame—  
Bread, or bubble of a name.

"Oft I've asked, debating vainly  
In the silence of my mind,  
What the services he rendered  
To his country or his kind;  
Whether tones of ancient music,  
Or the sound of modern gong,  
Wisdom holy,  
Humors lowly,  
Sermon, essay, novel, song,  
Or philosophy sublime,  
Filled the measure of his time.

"Of the mighty world of London,  
He was portion unto me,  
Portion of my life's experience,  
Fused into my memory.  
Twilight saw him at his folios,  
Morning saw his fingers run,  
Laboring ever,  
Wearied never  
Of the task he had begun;  
Placid and content he seemed,  
Like a man that toiled and dreamed.

"No one sought him, no one knew him,  
Undistinguished was his name;  
Never had his praise been uttered  
By the oracles of fame.  
Scanty fare and decent raiment,  
Humble lodging, and a fire—  
These he sought for,  
These he wrought for,  
And he gained his meek desire;  
Teaching men by written word—  
Clinging to a hope deferred.

"So he lived. At last I missed him;  
Still might evening twilight fall,  
But no taper lit his lattice—  
Lay no shadow on his wall.

In the winter of his seasons,  
In the midnight of his day,  
'Mid his writing,  
And inditing,  
Death had beckoned him away,  
Ere the sentence he had planned  
Found completion at his hand.

"But this man so old and nameless  
Left behind him projects large.  
Schemes of progress undeveloped,  
Worthy of a nation's charge;  
Noble fancies uncompleted,  
Germs of beauty immatured,  
Only needing  
Kindly feeding  
To have flourished and endured;  
Meet reward in golden store  
To have lived for evermore.

'Who shall tell what schemes majestic  
Perish in the active brain?  
What humanity is robbed of,  
Ne'er to be restored again?  
What we lose, because we honor  
Overmuch the mighty dead,  
And dispirit  
Living merit  
Heaping scorn upon its head?  
Or perchance, when kinder grown,  
Leaving it to die—alone?

The following, though written in town,  
has caught its inspiration from the fields.  
There is nothing to object to in it, except,  
perhaps, the use of the verb "dogs," in the  
sixth line of the fourth stanza. The idea  
(which, however is but a mere conceit)  
could not be easily expressed by any other  
word; but it is scarcely good enough to  
excuse the use of one so vulgar and unpoet-  
ical as this:—

#### "MOUNTAIN STREAMS.

"AN ASPIRATION FROM TOWN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

"What time the fern puts forth its rings,  
What time the early throstle sings,  
I love to fly the murky town,  
And tread the moorlands, bare and brown;  
From greenest level of the glens  
To barest summit of the Bens,  
To trace the torrents where they flow,  
Serene or brawling, fierce or slow;  
To linger pleased, and loiter long,  
A silent listener to their song.

"Farewell, ye streets! Again I'll sit  
On crags to watch the shadows flit;  
To list the buzzing of the bee,  
Or branches waving like a sea;  
To hear far off the cuckoo's note,  
Or lark's clear carol high afloat,  
And find a joy in every sound,  
Of air, the water, or the ground;  
Of fancies full, though fixing nought,  
And thinking—heedless of my thought.

"Farewell! and in the teeth of care  
I'll breathe the buxom mountain air,  
Feed vision upon dykes and hues,  
That from the hill-top interfuse,  
White rocks, and lichens born of spray,  
Dark heather tufts, and mosses gray,  
Green grass, blue sky, and boulders brown,  
With amber waters glistening down,  
And early flowers, blue, white, and pink,  
That fringe with beauty all the brink.

"Farewell, ye streets! Beneath an arch  
Of drooping birch or feathery larch,  
Or mountain ash, that o'er it bends,  
I'll watch some streamlet as it wends;  
Some brook whose tune its course betrays,  
Whose verdure dogs its hidden ways—  
Verdure of trees and bloom of flowers,  
And music fresher than the showers,  
Soft-dripping where the tendrils twine;  
And all its beauty shall be mine.

"Ay, mine, to bring me joy and health,  
And endless stores of mental wealth—  
Wealth ever given to hearts that warm  
To loveliness of sound or form,  
And that can see in Nature's face  
A hope, a beauty, and a grace—  
That in the city or the woods,  
In thoroughfares or solitudes,  
Can live their life at Nature's call,  
Despising nothing, loving all.

"Sweet streams, that over summits leap,  
Or fair in rock-hewn basins sleep;  
That foaming burst in bright cascades,  
Or toy with cowslips in the shades;  
That shout till earth and sky grow mute,  
Or tinkle lowly as a lute;  
That sing a song of lusty joy,  
Or murmur like a love-lorn boy;  
That creep or fall, that flow or run—  
I doat upon you every one.

"For many a day of calm delight,  
And hour of pleasure stol'n from night;  
For morning freshness, joy of noon,  
And beauty rising with the moon;  
For health, encrimsoner of cheeks,  
And wisdom gained on mountain peaks;  
For inward light from Nature won,  
And visions gilded by the sun;  
For fancies fair, and waking dreams—  
I love ye all, ye mountain streams."

The name of FRANCES BROWN, the blind poetess of Donegal, is familiar to most of our readers. Her sad privation, her talents, and the difficulties with which she had, and we believe still has, to contend, have awakened a good deal of interest in her regard; and many of our friends will be glad to have the opportunity of testifying their sympathy for her, by purchasing the very neat and elegant little volume that we have now the pleasure of bringing under their notice.\*

Prevented as she is by the calamity with

\* "Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems." By Frances Brown. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1848.



which she is afflicted from undertaking any of the few occupations which, according to the custom of these countries, are open to females, the gift of song is to her, what it is to very few, a blessing as well as an enjoyment. If she has been deprived of "the vision," she has been gifted with the "faculty divine;" and if she has lost many enjoyments, she has at least one consolation—

"Ainsi la cigale innocente,  
Sur un arbuste assise, et se console et chante."

In an age like the present, so prolific in verse-writers, it is something to made one's-self heard—and this Francis Brown has done. She has made for herself an admiring, a sympathizing, and, we believe, an increasing audience.

The following little tale is sweetly told:—

#### "THE LAST OF THE JAGELLONS."

BY FRANCES BROWN.

"Sigismund, last of the Jagellons, on the death of his father was unanimously elected King of Poland. But having previously married a lady of humble birth, whom the nobles requested him to divorce, as, according to the prejudices of that age, unworthy to be a Queen; Sigismund sternly told them, that either his wife should share the crown or he would never wear it. The senators, convinced that so true a husband must make a worthy King, immediately consented to do her homage as his Queen—and both were crowned accordingly.

"Oh! minstrel, wake thy harp once more,  
For winter's twilight falls—  
And coldly dim it darkens o'er  
My lonely heart and halls:  
But memories of my early home  
Around me gather fast—  
For still with twilight shadows come  
The shadows of the past.  
Then wake thy lyre, my faithful bard,  
And breathe again for me  
The songs that in my land were heard  
While yet that land was free!  
The lays of old romantic times,  
When hearts and swords were true,  
They will recall the dazzling dreams  
That youth and childhood knew."

"'Twas thus the noble matron spake  
To one whose tuneful strains  
Could win her exiled spirit back  
To Poland's pleasant plains;  
But how did memory's wizard-wand  
Far distant scenes portray,  
As thus the Minstrel of her land  
Awoke his lyre and lay:—

"The shout hath ceased in Volla's field,  
But still its echoes ring,  
With the last thunderburst that hail'd  
Sarmatia's chosen king.  
For young Jagellon now ascends  
His fathers' ancient throne—

"Yet still the chosen monarch stands  
Uncrown'd—but not alone!  
A lovely form is by his side,  
A hand is clasp'd in his,  
That well might be a monarch's bride  
Even in an hour like this—  
For never fairer face was seen  
In saint's or poet's dreams—  
Nor ever shone a nobler mien  
In Poland's princely dames.

"Oh! many a princely dame is there,  
And many a noble knight—  
The flower of Poland's famed and fair—  
The glory of her might.  
But there is pride in every face,  
And wrath in every tone,  
As on that fair young brow, their gaze  
Of gather'd scorn is thrown.  
There came an ancient senator  
With firm and stately tread,  
And to the silent monarch there  
In courtly phrase he said:—  
'The love that cannot grace a throne  
A king should cast aside—  
Then let Jagellon reign alone,  
Or choose a royal bride.'

"The monarch yet more closely clasp'd  
That small and snowy hand—  
Then like a knightly warrior grasp'd  
His own unrival'd brand;  
And from his dark eye flash'd the pride  
Of all his martial line,  
As—'By my father's sword,' he cried,  
'Such choice shall ne'er be mine:  
My land hath seen her ancient crown  
Bestow'd for many an age—  
While other nations have bow'd down  
To kingly heritage;  
And now, the crown she freely gave,  
I render back as free—  
For, if unshared by her I love,  
It shines no more for me.'

"He said—but from the throng arose  
Ere yet his speech was done,  
A wilder, louder cheer than those  
That told of conquest won—  
When far in many a famous field,  
Through long victorious years,  
O'er Tartar bow and Paynim shield  
He led the Polish spears.  
And thus they said, 'the Flower, whose worth  
Inspired a soul so great  
With love like this, whate'er her birth,  
Should be a monarch's mate;  
And as thy tameless heart was found  
To love and honor true—  
Oh, early tried, and far-renown'd,  
Be true to Poland too!'

"The minstrel ceased, and with a sigh  
That noble matron said—  
'Alas, for Europe's chivalry—  
How hath its glory fled!  
Perchance in sylvan grove or glen  
Such faithful love is known—  
But when will earth behold again  
Its truth so near a throne?'"

We shall conclude our extracts from this interesting little volume with—

## "THE HOPE OF THE AZTECS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

"A tradition existed among this ancient people of South America, regarding a demigod or superior intelligence of some description, who had formerly reigned among them, and at length departed westward, with the promise of a future return and a more brilliant reign; to which the natives looked forward as a certain millennium. And when the Spanish ships first reached their coasts, it is said many of them believed it was their returning deity.

"It was a glorious dream that hung  
Around that race of old;  
By kings believed—by poets sung—  
By saint and seer foretold!  
The sage amid his mystic lore,  
The monarch in his hall,  
And the weary peasant waited for  
That promised hope of all—  
The God, whose presence early blest  
The children of the golden west.

"His coming brighten'd childhood's hour,  
And crown'd the hope of youth;  
And manhood trusted in the power  
Of its unquestion'd truth;  
And eyes, upon whose light had fall'n  
The mists of time and tears,  
At death's dark portals linger'd on,  
To see those glorious years,  
Which to their life and land should bring  
The blossoms of eternal spring.

"But children grew to toiling men.  
And youth's bright locks grew gray,  
And from their paths of care and pain  
The aged pass'd away;  
And many an early shrine grew cold,  
And many a star grew dim,  
And woods grew dense, and cities old—  
Yet still they look'd for him!—  
But never breeze or billow bore  
That glorious wanderer to their shore.

"At last, when o'er the deep, unfurl'd,  
They saw the first white sail  
That ever sought the Western World,  
Or woo'd the western gale,  
How did the Golden Land rejoice,  
And welcome from the sea,  
With all a nation's heart and voice,  
Her wandering deity!  
But knew not that she hail'd with joy  
The mighty only to destroy.

"Yet who was he that mingled thus  
With all a nation's dreams—  
And on the monarch's mem'ry rose,  
And in the poet's themes?  
Was it the child of some far land,  
The early-wise and bright,  
Who shed upon that distant strand  
His country's gathered light?—  
Or wanderer from some brighter sphere,  
Who came, but could not linger here?

"Was it some shadow, vainly bright,  
Of hope and mem'ry born—  
Like those that shed a passing light  
Upon the world's gray morn;  
Whose dreamy presence lingers still  
By old and ruin'd shrines—  
Or flits, where wandering Israel  
For her Messiah pines?—

For ages as they went and came,  
Have brought no dimness to that dream!

"And, even amid our fainter faith,  
How long! and oh, how far!  
A thousand weary hearts look forth  
For some unrisen star!  
But all these vainly yearning dreams  
That haunt our path of gloom.  
May be but voices from the climes  
That lie beyond the tomb—  
Telling of brighter better things  
Than ever blest our earthly springs!"

The next volume on our list\* is one that has interested us very much in many respects, and is entitled to consideration, as well from the taste and intelligence which it displays throughout, as from the circumstances under which it was written, and the class to which the author belongs. Mr. Herbison is one of those whom it has been the fashion to call "uneducated poets"—though "self-educated" would perhaps be a more correct expression—men who, in their childhood, have been deprived of the advantages of a school education, and who from early boyhood have been compelled to maintain themselves by unremitting manual labor. "At the age of fourteen," he says in his preface, "I was harnessed to the loom, and doomed for life to be an operative weaver—an occupation at which those engaged must either toil with incessant drudgery, or starve."

Not, however, satisfied with the material web on which he was industriously and incessantly employed, our poet has contrived to weave a more lasting and more valuable woof, composed of the stuff which dreams are made of, embroidered with many a flower of fancy, and with the fine golden thread of nature running through the entire. The loom seems to have some particular attraction for the muse, as many men, both in the North of Ireland and in Scotland, who have creditably distinguished themselves by their verses, have been engaged in the same pursuits as our author. We trust we may be enabled to return to this subject again, when our readers shall hear more of the weaver-poets of the North. At present, we recommend this little volume to the public, and the author to such persons in his own neighborhood (Dunclug, near Ballymena) who may have it in their power to assist him in his "way of life."

\* "Midnight Musings; or, Thoughts from the Loom." By David Herbison, Author of "The Fate of M'Quillan," and "O'Neill's Daughter." Belfast: J. Mullan, &c. 1848.



David Herbison, though an Irish patriot, up, we are glad to perceive, to the exigencies of the time, seems to have been influenced much more by the Scotch poets than by the Irish, if we except, perhaps, Mr. Ferguson. Burns, Tannahill, and Mac Neill, seem to have been his models, and he has not disgraced them. Some of his verses are very musical; take this stanza, for instance, page 195:—

"The dew sparkles clear  
O'er the green-spreading bushes;  
The linnet sings near  
Where the crystal stream gushes;  
The dove in the grove  
Is caress'd and caressing;  
Arise now, my love,  
And partake of the blessing."

Or the three stanzas, page 198, notwithstanding the faulty grammar of the concluding couplet of the first verse:—

"'Tis no the slae-thorn blossom,  
Or the wreath of feathery snaw,  
Can show sae fair a bosom  
As the flow'ret o' Buckha;  
Her cheeks outvie the roses,  
That open to the view,  
When o'er their breast reposes  
The silvery drops of dew.

"Her step is light, her eye is bright,  
How meet for lady's bower—  
I never saw, by day or night,  
Sae beautifu' a flower;  
Far frae the lofty city  
And the joys that courtiers wear,  
'Tis bliss to meet my Betty,  
Where there's nane to see or hear.

"When wandering by the river,  
Yon willow trees amang,  
Enraptur'd wi' my lover,  
And the little linnet's sang,  
I'll press her to my bosom,  
Frae sorrow and frae care,  
Nor let my peerless blossom  
Feel the bitter chilling air."

Some of the convivial or drinking-songs are amusing from their *naïveté*. We hope our author was libelling the gentle craft, when, speaking of himself and poets in general, he makes the following candid confession:—

"When sober we're dry and as stupid as asses,  
We meet ne'er a smile from the nymphs of Parnassus."—p. 170.

And when again, in the same song, page 171, waxing bolder as he goes along, he exclaims, with the proud independence of an anti-tetotalter—

"We mind not what statesmen nor clergymen  
tell us,  
*Our glasses we'll drink in despite of these fellows!*"

his courage is much more to be commended than his prudence. But we will not be captious—we shall merely hint to our friend that the glass, worse than Goldsmith's muse, if it do not "find him poor," will most undoubtedly make him and "keep him so."

We have left ourselves only space to give the following ballad, the incident of which seems to have been suggested by Hector Mac Neil's "Mary of Castle Cary:"—

# "M'WILLIAM.

## "A BALLAD.

BY DAVID HERBISON.

"As I rode on by Skerry tap,  
Alang the silver Braid,  
The Sun was rising frae his nap  
In crimson robes array'd;  
I there o'ertook a lovely maid,  
Fair as the simmer's morn,  
When dew-drops sparkle on the blade,  
And milk-white is the thorn:  
And while she sang a' Claggan rang,  
Re-echoing back the strain—  
How sweet the days when o'er these braes  
M'William courted Jane!

"But now afar from me he's borne,  
And our lov'd trysting tree—  
In grief he'll meet the rosy morn  
Where wild-fish swim the sea;  
Yet still he'll mind the happy hours  
That he, enraptur'd stray'd,  
In gathering here the fairest flowers,  
To busk his favorite maid:  
And still she sang while Claggan rang,  
Re-echoing back the strain—  
How sweet the days when o'er these braes  
M'William courted Jane!

"Dear lassie! would you gang wi' me,  
And leave these hills and vales,  
I'll launch my bonnie boat for thee—  
Unfurl her snowy sails;  
And when we reach old Rathlin's Isle,  
Amid my lands sae wide,  
You'll find brave men and maidens' smile,  
O'erjoy'd to see my bride:  
But still she sang, while Claggan rang  
Re-echoing back the strain—  
How sweet the days when o'er these braes  
M'William courted Jane!

"Fair maiden! he has left you now—  
A richer maid he's wed;  
I saw him pledge the bridal vow,  
And laid in bridal bed.  
You lie! false coward loun—you lie!  
And, were M'William here,  
Your blood wad stain the dasied lea,  
Red reeking frae his spear!

And then she sang, while Claggan rang,  
Re-echoing back the strain—  
How sweet the days when o'er these braes  
M'William courted Jane!

"I wad be laith, dear lass! to see  
M'William gain your hand—  
The hame that he has got for thee  
Is like his barren land;  
There's nought within its lonely wa's  
But wears the cypress shade,  
A wintry blast against it blows  
Would chill my peerless maid.  
But still she sang, while Claggan rang,  
Re-echoing back the strain—  
How sweet the days when o'er these braes  
M'William courted Jane!

"Come, lass! and see what land is mine—  
What flocks are feeding there;  
I'll mak thee like a lady shine  
In ilka thing that's fair;  
In Rathlin's fertile flowery isle.  
Sae free frae care we'll dwell—  
You'll soon forget M'William's guile,  
And this romantic dell:  
But still she sang, while Claggan rang,  
Re-echoing back the strain—  
How sweet the days when o'er these braes  
M'William courted Jane!

"Aft hae I dream'd my lovely maid,  
O'er a' thy witching charms—  
Aft hae I cross'd the angry Braid,  
To woo thee to my arms;  
O come away! my dappled gray  
Is fleetier than the wind,  
That soon will bear my lassie dear  
Love's happiest joys to find!  
And still she sang, while Claggan rang,  
Re-echoing back the strain—  
How sweet the days when o'er these braes  
M'William courted Jane!

"What for your lands and stately towers—  
Your grandeur and your gear—  
The beauty of our woodland bowers  
Grow faint when ye draw near;  
I wouldna leave these hills and vales,  
Wild though they seem to you,  
Nor listen to your guile-fraught tales,  
For a' that charms the view:  
And still she sang, while Claggan rang,  
Re-echoing back the strain—  
How sweet the days when o'er these braes  
M'William courted Jane!

"Far happier hours I here hae seen,  
Beneath our favorite tree,  
Than e'er will meet my eye again,  
While absent he's frae me.  
Wha prais'd these hills and sparkling rills  
That smile sae sweetly now—  
By them I'll keep my fleecy sheep,  
Nor prove to him untrue:  
And still she sang, while Claggan rang,  
Re-echoing back the strain—  
How sweet the days when o'er these braes  
M'William courted Jane!

"Nae langer could I be conceal'd  
Frae ane sae true and kind,  
Wha aften had her love reveal'd  
To ease my troubled mind;

I press'd her fondly to my breast,  
And swore it o'er and o'er  
That she this night with me should rest,  
Nor e'er meet sorrow more!  
And then she sang, while Claggan rang,  
Re-echoing back the strain—  
How sweet the days when o'er these braes  
M'William courted Jane!

"I placed her on my well-tried steed,  
And scour'd o'er hill and lea—  
Blithe as the lambs we left to feed  
Beneath the mother's e'e;  
And ere the crimson cloud of eve  
Adorn'd the dewy west,  
Beyond the ever restless wave  
Her sorrows sank to rest!  
And many sang, while caverns rang,  
Enraptur'd o'er the strain—  
Nae fairer maid e'er left the Braid,  
Than Skerry's blue-eyed Jane!

THE JENNY LIND LITIGATION.—This celebrated cause, in which it will be remembered that Mr. Bunn recovered a verdict with £2,500 damages against Mdlle. Jenny Lind for breach of an engagement, is still in litigation. The next proceeding will be a writ of error on the part of the defendant, which cannot be argued in the Exchequer Chamber before Michaelmas Term in November. Mr. Justice Erle has lately been engaged in settling a bill of exceptions tendered on the trial, and by an order made, the damages, with £1,000 for costs have been paid into the Court of Queen's Bench. The costs of the cause, have been taxed at nearly £700, and the residue of the sum paid into court is to meet the accruing expenses. The action was commenced in March, 1847, so that in all probability it will be about two years before it will be finally decided.—*John Bull.*

TRANSMISSION OF SOUND.—During a recent lecture delivered by Dr. Faraday, at the Royal Institution, two remarkable experiments were exhibited, with a view to show peculiarities in the transmission of electricity. A long strip of wood was suspended from the ceiling of the lecture room, touching a wooden box at one end. A tuning fork was struck and applied to the other extremity of the connected strip of wood, when presently a loud musical note issued from the box, though the sound of the fork at the other end was inaudible. The next experiment was still more curious. A rod connected with a pianoforte in a room beneath came through the floor of the lecture-room, and on the top of the rod Dr. Faraday applied a guitar to act as a sounding board. When the piano was played, the sound seemed to issue from the guitar as loudly as if the instrument were in the room, but the instant the connection was broken between the rod and the guitar, no note could be heard. Another analogy is the sensation, resembling that of an electric shock, communicating on touching a vibrating bar of metal, or a vibrating string. The school trick of fixing a wet string or piece of tape round the waist, and then pulling it through the fingers, was practised by Dr. Faraday on his assistant, for the purpose of showing how readily the sensation of an electric shock may be imitated by vibrations.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## CHATEAUBRIAND.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

The world of letters has experienced, in the death of the Viscount de Chateaubriand, a loss that had been for some time foreseen, but which is not for that the less keenly felt. This distinguished author and statesman died at Paris on the 5th of July. To the honor of France, people of all parties, and of all political factions united to do honor to the memory of their illustrious countryman. The life and adventures of the Viscount de Chateaubriand have filled so large a space in the politics, the literature, and the society of France during the first thirty years of the present century, and his fame has been perpetuated by so much of romantic interest, or conventional adulation, throughout the period immediately preceding our own time, that although the reflection of his past greatness alone remained to light up his declining years, his death was an event of sufficient interest to divert attention from the living occurrences of an age not less agitated than that in which it was his lot to have attained distinction and to have risen to eminence.

M. de Chateaubriand was born in the year 1769, like so many others of the men who were destined to play a prominent part in the gigantic labors of the last generation. Amongst the ample list of his immediate contemporaries, we find the great captains, the statesmen, the poets, who were to inaugurate the 19th century upon the ruins left by the first French revolution. They in their various paths discharged that task; but whilst they conquered nations, governed mankind, or adorned their age, M. de Chateaubriand remained faithful to his vocation. That vocation was not, as has been represented, one simply of knight errantry. The young Breton officer who had retired from the army of Condé, after the siege of Thionville, when the storm of the first French revolution had, for the time blown over, did not become a mere wandering emigrant. M. de Chateaubriand sought in the gloom and sadness of his solitary exile for a vent for mixed and melancholy emotions, in which his poetic soul had been steeped by the events that had passed around him.

"I was still very young," says M. de Cha-

teaubriand, in his preface to "Atala," "when I conceived the idea of writing the epopee of the man of nature, or of painting the manners of savages, by connecting them with some known event. After the discovery of America, I saw no subject of greater interest, especially for Frenchmen, than the massacre of the colony of the Natchez at Louisiana, in 1727. All the Indian tribes conspiring, after two centuries of oppression, to restore liberty to the New World, appeared to me to offer as fine a subject for the pen as the conquest of Mexico. I threw a few fragments of this work on paper; but I soon perceived that I wanted reality of coloring, and that if I wished to paint that which was, I must, as Homer did before me, visit the people whom I intend to describe.

"In 1789, I communicated to M. de Malherbes my intention to visit America. But wishing at the same time to give a useful object to my journey, I formed the design of discovering by land the passage upon which Cook had thrown so many doubts. I started; I saw the American solitudes, and I returned with plans for another journey which was to have lasted nine years. I proposed to myself to traverse the whole of the continent of northern America, to make my way upwards along the coast north of California, and to return by Hudson's Bay. M. de Malherbes undertook to lay my plans before the government; and it was upon that occasion he heard the first fragments of the little work, which I now present to the public. It is well known what became of France up to the time when Providence caused one of those men to appear whom she sends in sign of reconciliation when she is weary of punishing. Covered with the blood of my only brother, of my sister-in-law, with that of the illustrious old man, their father; having seen my mother and another sister, full of talent, perish from the treatment to which they were subjected in the dungeons, I wandered in foreign lands, where the only friend that remained to me destroyed himself in my arms."

After ten years of the brutality and blasphemy of Jacobin clubs and revolutionary journals, France was enchanted to strike a fresh vein of poetry in the pages of "Atala." M. de Chateaubriand had previously published in this country, where he had taken refuge for a time, a work, entitled "An Essay on Ancient and Modern Republics," which had not obtained for the author the success which he was now destined to achieve. "Atala" was penned in the desert, under the shelter of the huts of savages. It is a sort of poem, half descriptive, half dramatic; every thing lies in the

\* They had both been five days without food.

portraiture of two lovers, who ramble and converse in solitude; the whole interest is embodied in the picture of the anxieties suggested by love amidst the calm of deserts, and the repose of religious feeling. The work is written in the antique form, and is divided into prologue, narrative, and epilogue. The chief portions of the narrative take a denomination, as the huntsmen, the laborers, &c., as in the first ages of Greece, the rhapsodists sang under various titles, fragments of the Iliad and of the Odyssey. "For now some time," says M. de Chateaubriand, "I only read Homer and the Bible; happy if it is made evident, and if I have succeeded in imparting to the tints of the desert, and to the sentiments peculiar to my heart, the colors of these two great and eternal models of the beautiful and the true."

It has been said that Chateaubriand was, at this time, profoundly imbued with the feelings and ideas of him whom he called *le grand Rousseau*, and whom he places in his first published work among the five great writers who must be studied. But he personally defended himself from the imputation of siding with a philosopher, whose eloquence he justly admired, but whose doctrines he equally justly condemned. "I am not," he says, "like M. Rousseau, an enthusiast for savages; and, although I have, perhaps, had as much reason to complain of society as that philosopher had reason to praise it, I do not think that pure nature is the most beautiful thing in the world. I have always found it very ugly, wherever I have had occasion to see it. So far from being of opinion that the man who thinks is a depraved animal, I think it is thought that makes the man. With that word 'nature,' every thing has been lost. Let us paint nature, but beautiful nature; art ought not to occupy itself in describing monstrosities."

"Atala" was soon followed by "The Genius of Christianity," a work which it is undeniable imparted to France for a time a sacred stamp,—a kind of moral baptism, which the lower class of her literary population vainly struggled to belie and to discard, by plunging into odious and revolting excesses. "It is no doubt permitted to me," remarked the author at the time, "under a government which does not prescribe any peaceable opinion, to take up the defence of Christianity, as a subject of morality and of literature. There was a time when the adversaries of that religion had alone the

right to speak. Now the lists are again open, and those who think that Christianity is poetical and moral, can say so aloud, and it is still permitted to philosophers to argue the contrary."

The expression used by the author, "the poetry of Christianity," reveals the whole principle by which he was animated. His enthusiasm, the brilliancy of his thoughts, the pomp of his images, the vividness and animation of his style, however worthy of admiration, all leave the same impression of a straining for effect, that is not congruous with the sobriety and magnitude of the subject of which he treats. With M. de Chateaubriand, reason is generally the slave of imagination and passions. In the "Genius of Christianity," as in his subsequent work "Les Martyrs," we find that the object of their author is not so much to vindicate the truth and sanctity of the Christian religion, as to prove that it is poetical and interesting. We search in vain for any edifying comparison between paganism and true faith; the inquiry resolves itself into a consideration of Homer and Virgil, on the one side, of Tasso and Camoens on the other. Thus the question, instead of being social and religious, becomes merely literary—a question of art and taste—nothing more. M. de Chateaubriand is acknowledged by all to be a most admirable painter, although sometimes guilty of exaggeration; but it may be more than doubted whether he will ever be ranked among men of sound reasoning and profound thought. The true Christian thinker must, it has been most justly observed, be shocked to see the worship of our Saviour defended by flowers of rhetoric; to see paganism, with all its sensual idolatry, its voluptuous absurdities, favorably contrasted with the austere, pure, Christian religion, the eternal symbols of which are self-denial, suffering, prayer. It is, indeed, matter of notoriety, that the ecclesiastics of Roman Catholic Europe universally expressed dissatisfaction with the very books that seemed to be written in the interest of the clergy.

If the works of M. de Chateaubriand had been ever free from this prevailing taint, the illustrious author's friends might contend that he adopted the only mode of making any religious impression on the country; that it was, in fact, necessary to appeal, in the first place, to the imagination of France. But during the whole of his life, and in all his works, he has been misled by poetry, imagination, and love of ef-



fect. Thus, in his "Essay on English Literature," there are many sparkling, paradoxical papers, written to prove that Luther had no genius, and that Roman Catholicism is more favorable to liberty than Protestantism. In his "Etudes Historiques," with still greater inconsistency, he places that notorious impostor and would-be Messiah, Apollonius of Tyana, among the Christian martyrs, and allows the truth of the popular tradition, which classes the Saviour of the world among the vile mob of pagan deities wherewith the Pantheon of Tiberius was populated.

Bonaparte was not slow to perceive the use which might be made of a pen which, if it had not the gift of raising an imperishable monument to its possessor's literary fame, had at least the art of gratifying, and sometimes leading the taste of the time. Nothing was better fitted than such compositions to assist in the restoration of letters, of religious observances, and society; but, like most of the ornaments of the consular and imperial times, these productions were of tinsel rather than solid gold; and men continued to praise them rather from their original effect than any fresh perennial charm which they possess.

M. de Chateaubriand, was, however, of too independent a spirit to submit to the conditions of Bonaparte's service, especially when it was degraded by treachery, and stained by blood. However various indeed may have been his impulses during his political career, however great the versatility of his ideas, it must be allowed that he has always sacrificed his personal interests to what he considered his duty; he has never hesitated to sacrifice his ambition to his conscience. Upon the murder of the Duke d'Enghien he instantly resigned his post of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Valais, and served Napoleon no more; for although the young poet and the embryo statesman might be regarded as a soldier of fortune, he was at least no mercenary retainer.

It was after this check in his public career, that M. de Chateaubriand started on his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and that he described in glowing colors befitting the part he had assumed, his itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem, including his return through Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, where he paused to mourn in the halls of Grenada over the last of the Abencerrages. This, with "René," which like "Atala" might be considered a fragment of "Les Natchez,"

constituted the chief of M. de Chateaubriand's works of fiction. "René" is the type of morbid reverie—of the bitterness resulting from social inaction blended with a proud scorn and self-satisfaction; his haughty and solitary soul finds in disdain an inexplicable source of superiority over all men and things. It is the personification of one of those moral maladies which so often assail human nature, blighting all freshness and vigor in the soul. By many "René" is considered as the finest specimen of its author's style and genius, yet it will not admit of comparison by the side of its prototypes, "Manfred," "Childe Harold," and other creations of a similar character in which Lord Byron delighted. Yet gloomy, pensive, and desponding, and at the same time so lofty and so scornful in the consciousness of genius, "René" exercised a pernicious influence and added to the previously existing dissatisfaction of the minds of the more youthful, idle, and ambitious portions of society.

M. de Chateaubriand's political life may be said to have begun in 1814. His *début* in the cause of the restored monarchy was brilliantly successful. The fall of Napoleon was viewed by numbers in France with great satisfaction; the country was in a deplorable state of exhaustion; French blood had flowed for years in every part of Europe; the miseries and terrors of war had weighed so oppressively on all, that the word "peace" was hailed with boundless enthusiasm. Nevertheless, the partisans of the dethroned emperor were still numerous, and ready to rush in the field at the first signal. It was with the view of opposing this yet powerful and formidable body of Bonapartists that M. de Chateaubriand—carried away by that passionate excitement so rife in France at this eventful moment—published his celebrated pamphlet on Bonaparte and the Bourbons.

This pamphlet may be considered as the genuine, ardent, and unreserved expression of the passions that were then filling the Royalist party with almost delirious exultation. It, as Louis XVIII. expressed it, did the work of an army; 100,000 copies were sold with prodigious rapidity; and whilst the allied forces occupied the capital of France and brought back the descendant of St. Louis, it was some compensation that the greatest master of the French language, intensely national in his predilections and defects, should have pleaded the cause of the Bourbons in the popular ear

Notwithstanding that M. de Chateaubriand's political pamphlets form his chief title to literary eminence, that they are master-pieces of stirring eloquence and of dialectic logic, and that in them he shines with undimmed lustre, yet is his political career most obnoxious to the severity of criticism. In his devotion to the cause of royalty, he always maintained that the best means of governing France were to be found in an unalterable fidelity to the charter of Louis XVIII. He saw in it the anchor of safety for his country, which he had beheld tossed by so many violent gales; and he became, therefore, one of its firmest and most faithful supporters. Yet styling himself at once "a royalist by reason, a legitimist by duty, and a republican by taste," his political career has generally been considered as governed by a singular conflict of these opposite motives. It is, however, well to remember that while the earlier part of his political life was characterized by the defence of that spirit of olden royalty which prevailed in the charter, because he saw it threatened by the modern revolutionary ideas; in the after part, by the defence of its liberal elements, he felt the necessity of opposing the old aristocratic ideas which, in spite of all his efforts, still continued stagnant and exclusive. Hence it was that but a short time back, M. de Chateaubriand was looked upon almost as a revolutionist by the legitimists, while the government considered him, together with the great orator, Berryer, as one of the most formidable champions of legitimacy. There is every reason to believe that this apparent political inconsistency has often resulted from his being in advance of the parties he joined at different periods; from his bold independence in withstanding their demands when opposed to his own conscientious principles, and from his carelessness in mortifying their pride and selfishness whenever he thought that just provocation had been given.

When at a later period of the restoration, it was considered by the government advisable, as a mode of inspiring confidence, to call to the highest dignities of the realm the men of the revolution and of the empire, M. de Chateaubriand wrote his "*Monarchie selon la Charte*," the aim of which was to controvert the opinion generally entertained at the time, that there was a want of capacity among the royalists, and a monopoly of talent among their adversaries. As a reverse to this, when his own

incompetent, rash, and pretentious policy had almost caused a rupture with this country, which had nurtured him in penury, had inspired the government of the restoration with the fatal scheme of regaining the frontier of the Rhine by the sacrifice of the East, and had involved the Dynasty, which he purposed to uphold, in a disastrous war with Spain; when M. de Villèle declared it was even worse to have Chateaubriand in the cabinet than in opposition, and he was cashiered with singular asperity at two hours' notice; then the ex-minister took refuge in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*, whence he directed a tremendous fire against the increasing bigotry and intolerance of the party to which the accession of Charles X. gave a decided and fatal ascendancy. M. de Chateaubriand was always, under whatever colors he fought, a firm and constant vindicator of the liberty of the press, of the unfettered expression of opinion, the privilege of a truly free people, from whence emanate all social regenerations. In his last work, the "*Congrès de Verone*," published a few years ago, he vindicates his conduct in sending a French army to relieve Ferdinand from the constitutional demands of his subjects, and to crush a nascent liberty, with so much success, that he is said to have succeeded in washing away that blemish on his character according to the ideas of modern France; but according to an authority nearer home, "the history of the congress of Verona, as recorded by himself, suffices to stamp his official career with the deepest condemnation.

M. de Chateaubriand may be said to have retired from public life with his expulsion from ministerial power. He still raised his warning voice against the errors of the government, which were leading to the catastrophe of 1830; and in the height of that revolution, he was borne one hour in triumph by the men of the barricades, and in the next he delivered his last speech in the Chamber of Peers in favor of the rights of the Duke de Bordeaux. At that moment his expression to the Duchess de Berri, "*Madame, votre fils est mon Roi*," and his pamphlet against the banishment of this elder branch of the royal family, marked him out as the leader, or at least the champion of the Legitimist party; but his time was gone by, and his relations with the elder Bourbons, it has been truly remarked, soon dwindled down into a harmless and not unpleasing mixture of loyalty, politeness, and devotion.



In the character of M. de Chateaubriand the enthusiasm, if not the true genius of the poet, was blended with the aspirations, if not the fixed energy of a statesman. As a politician he did not possess that steadiness and certainty of foresight which belongs to practical and experienced minds. The positive easily escaped an imagination so quickly excited, feelings so easily carried away, and a temper truly *Bretonne* in its stormy pride. Generally in opposition to the reigning power, he was a friend either to the past state of things or else engaged in some visionary plan for the future. The present was always neglected. The same thing applies itself to his works, which have been compared by a contemporary to a dazzling arsenal, where you find weapons for and against every system—in favor of and against liberty—for and against monarchy, constitutional freedom, and Bonapartism.

For example, since 1830, M. de Chateaubriand, in his pamphlets, especially in the celebrated one entitled, "*Du Bannissement de la Famille de Charles X.*," and in another on the imprisonment of the Duchess of Berry, approached the verge of republicanism, and joined in friendly communion with Armand Carrel and Beranger; nay, he penned on Napoleon, whom he so reviled at the Restoration, diverse eulogistic pages, in which he exalts that conqueror to a level with the Hannibals and the Charlemagnes.

There is, however, one feeling that pervades all his works, and it is one of bitterness—of lassitude of soul, and disappointed hope. At all periods of his life his favorite themes have been the ingratitude he has experienced, the chilly touch of death, the silent tomb, the very worms that are to banquet on his body. Even in the sole work by which M. de Chateaubriand establishes his claim to belong to the class of modern critics, his "*Essay on English Literature*," he devotes a chapter in the conclusion to the state of his own feelings—tinged with that deep and gloomy discontent, and full of those expressions of bitter discouragement which are to be met with in all his works. This affectation of melancholy is the more inexplicable on the part of one who has been so much and so long the favorite of fortune and of his country. In this so-called "*Essay on English Literature*," M. de Chateaubriand has in no degree followed the progress of modern criticism. This is probably owing to a

feeling of pride on the part of the author, for these two volumes of essays are replete with rancor against cotemporary literature and against some of its most distinguished promoters. The pen of M. de Chateaubriand has traced in this work some very beautiful observations on Milton, but on points known to all; thereafter it becomes singularly excursive, and sundry chapters are altogether devoid of connexion and bearing. The merits of Chaucer are discussed and dismissed in a few lines; those of Spenser are treated with the like lack of ceremony. Several passages on Shakspeare are certainly very fine, although the chapter on the great bard is singularly incomplete. All cotemporary poets are neglected or omitted, with the exception of Byron and Beattie; the former is spoken of with coolness almost amounting to indifference. At the same time M. de Chateaubriand considers it fitting to find space in these essays, as before noticed, for a long paradoxical dissertation on Luther, and for equally strange digressions on M. de Lamennais, Captain Sir John Ross, &c., &c.

M. de Chateaubriand also belongs to the political school of historians by his "*Etudes Historiques*," in which he never omits an opportunity of instituting comparisons between early events in the history of France, and cotemporary occurrences. A rumor has been prevalent during many years that M. de Chateaubriand was preparing a history of France, and the announcement had caused high expectations to be entertained: great, therefore, was the surprise, when, in 1832, the "*Etudes Historiques*" were published. They consist merely of fragments; and he gives as reasons for not putting his former plan into execution, his advanced age, and the discouragement and lassitude provoked by again beholding a darling throne laid prostrate at his feet.

By a curious coincidence, M. de Chateaubriand, after having lived through one entire cycle of the great revolution of his country, expired almost at the moment when some of the most terrible scenes of his early youth were renewed in the streets of Paris. Some time back he visited, in a fit of despondence, the grave that awaited him, and which had been prepared for him by his countrymen on the sea-shore at St. Malo. His body after a public funeral service at the church of the Foreign Missions, has now been removed to the city that gave him birth, and to the tomb which was the object of his previous pilgrimage. MM. Victor Hugo and

Ampere were to represent the French Academy at the final sepulture, and by a curious change of things, one of the candidates for the seat vacated by the illustrious legitimist, is M. Armand Marrast!

Those who have ever sympathized with M. de Chateaubriand, who have read and meditated on the diversified effusions of his genius—and the popularity of his works of fiction have insured him many readers in

this country—will now grieve to think that the possessor of such manifold gifts has ever been wilfully unhappy; that, notwithstanding all he has achieved for fame, it is trifling when compared with what he might have effected; and that he, so great a worshipper of glory, is probably not destined to enjoy that posthumous renown which has doubtless always been the great object of his ambition.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

### TEMPER.

BY MRS. WARD.

"FOUND, dead and unowned, in the upper floor of No. —, Palace-street, Pimlico, the body of a female, apparently about twenty-eight years of age. The only clue that can lead to her identity is a box containing clothes, some of which are marked with the Christian name of 'Florence.'" See advertisement, *Times*, 18—.

The Christian name of Florence! What old associations, deeply rooted in the heart, did that beautiful name revive! What memories of boyish days, passed in a lovely country, whose sweet scenes had witnessed the happiness of two young lovers! Remembrances of cathedral chimes, of noisy rooks, of the heavy waving venerable trees, of voices on the quiet gliding river, of hallowed anthems swelling in the distance swept by me, as I sat at table after dinner, alone in a cottage-room, with windows opening on a trelliced verandah, rich in roses, and beyond it a velvet lawn. A lady moved across the lawn, gathering flowers, ere the night dew fell: tall, and with a lofty air, her rich garments rustling among the plants, she moved majestically onwards, busied in her graceful occupation. The lady was my wife.

Rising from the table, I hurried with a stealthy footstep into a little room within my dressing-room; I closed the door, locked it, and trembling from head to foot, put my hand on a picture, the frame of which, carefully covered, leaned against the wall. I tore the covering off with a desperate and decided air, pulled up the blind shading the jasmine-wreathed window, and gazed upon the portrait of her who had once been

my Florence. How the radiant eyes smiled into mine as I gazed upon them! how the red lips seemed ready to part with the light laughter once so peculiar to them! how my heart quivered as my eye rested on the slender finger bound by the wedding circlet of pure gold! Oh, how I stood gazing till the twilight lowered her curtain over the room, and the portrait of her I had loved—*had* loved—and how? acquired a mysterious charm in the surrounding gloom.

Suddenly the cheerful laughter of young voices rang along the passage, and hurrying aside from the picture, I opened the door, through which sprang my children—my Florence's children—fair, merry, healthy, romping creatures, who came entreating they might "sit up a little longer," to which request I was on the point of acceding, when the appearance of their stepmother at the end of the corridor, proved the signal of their dismissal with their nurse.

She—the scornful stepmother—entered my little sanctum with a light. There stood the uncovered portrait of the unfortunate Florence. With what an air of haughty insolence did the lofty lady look upon it! with what bitterness she reproached me for retiring thus to gaze on one long since lost to me and to the world! I made no reply; indeed her anger was wasted alike on me and the unconscious image of the chief object of her wrath. The advertisement in the paper haunted me. Something whispered me that my poor Florence was the "unknown, unowned" corpse lying in the miserable attic of a poor lodging-house. Filled with this idea, I rushed from the



presence of my angry wife, and hastened out of the house through the open windows to the lawn. A shower was falling, thunder pealed upon the air, and summer lightning illuminated the village. Pausing a moment, as I heard my children laughing in their nursery, I collected my senses sufficiently to return for my hat, and then set off towards the coach road leading to London. At the end of the lane I met the stage, as I had anticipated; it stopped, and I entered it mechanically, and throwing myself into a corner, mused moodily on the events of the last six years, which were these:—

When but a boy at Winchester, Florence Daveney and I met in the neighborhood of that grave town, where churchmen held their state, and dignified old ladies walked out periodically in substantial silks. Her mother was one of those sober-minded gentlewomen, and had long been my mother's infinite friend, but until I was established as a "Winchester scholar," we had resided in another county. On leaving school for college, my widowed parent did not change her abode; thus for some years Florence and I were constantly associated, and having passed my examination, and taken a very fair degree, I made my proposals and was accepted, but not without hesitation, especially on the part of Mrs. Daveney. Whence this hesitation? I had a fair fortune, good connexions, what is considered by the world a high sense of honor, and great reversionary prospects. I was happy in my choice, and Florence loved me; but alas! my passionate and jealous temper constantly embittered the hours that ought to have been so happily spent. With what tears of anguish has poor Florence declared she could never find happiness in a union with myself! How often have I fallen at her feet, entreating her forgiveness, and vowing with oaths, only too soon broken, to treat her with more kindness and respect; how often have my unjust and violent accusations been met with dignified silence or mild remonstrances; often too with fits of passionate weeping, which laid the unhappy girl on her bed for many days, and brought her from it pale and exhausted. Even my mother became averse to our union. She pitied Florence from her soul, and Mrs. Daveney, with solemn warnings to her daughter, implored her to dismiss me. But my victim's life, despite my wretched temper, was bound up in mine. Her mother gave her consent with a tremulous lip and pallid face; and mine, on her knees to me,

her son, entreated me to "be kind to poor Florence Daveney," and we were married.

We were married! Oh words of sacred import, too frequently uttered without the slightest thought of their meaning, but associated with a world of joy or sorrow; great happiness, gone by perhaps, and oftener with bitter irremediable disappointment!

We resolved on a foreign tour. How could Florence trust me so far from the parent who had always been her refuge and protection! and we departed, each resolved, I am sure, on making the other happy. For a time we took up our abode at Frankfort; there we met many English acquaintances, and for some *weeks* we were happy. My fiery and jealous spirit seemed subdued beneath the gentle influence of my wife, but it only wanted occasion to burst forth, and this a fractious temper like mine was not long in *seeking*. Evil passions love to feed themselves. A young relation of mine came to Frankfort for the recovery of his health. He was a soldier, had been some years abroad, and without a home. His parents being dead, he had resolved on spending the period of his sick leave on the Continent. It was his gentleness that roused the sleeping demon of my soul.

As long as Florence and I were alone, I had not a shadow of annoyance with which to quarrel, and in society, I never dreamed of giving way to my temper. I could curb it there, hypocrite and coward that I was! Even when I first grew jealous of William Lethbridge, I contrived to keep my passion within bounds till he was gone, and then—poor, poor, Florence; God help her!

But the ebullitions which she had been for some time able to soothe or evade, or, alas! to bear, could not long be unobserved by Lethbridge. They became more decided every time he visited us. At first he would leave the house without remark, when I burst forth into violent paroxysms of rage at trifles; an open window, a creaking door, a stupid servant, a letter mislaid—most probably by myself—or visitors, my wife's visitors. My jealousy fell on all objects alike, to whom her time was given, if I had a mind a mind to occupy it, no matter how. How was it that, loving her as I did, I lived but to torment her? If any inconvenience arose out of my own errors, I would break forth in invectives which startled the household, and generally wound up the day by blaming my innocent wife for all its mischances.

One evening, William Lethbridge came in in the midst of one of these miserable and degrading exhibitions. I had worked myself into a perfect fury. Florence had dared to remonstrate with me on giving way to my temper, and, angry with her, angry with him for coming in so inopportunistically, still more angry with myself, I became so violently excited that he took Florence's hand and led her from the room. By degrees I observed my victim quail whenever I entered her presence. I found her frequently in tears. I grew hatefully jealous of Lethbridge, and yet he and Florence never walked out together now, as they had been used to do; he did not call on us as often as of old, and when he did, his visits were constrained and short. But one morning he came with a brilliant bouquet of flowers; he found me in Florence's little morning room, whither I had followed her from the breakfast-table to torment her. My children, my sweet twins, even shrank from my scowling gaze, but looking up in Lethbridge's face, they would hold out their arms and cry to go to him.

I sat down, determined to prevent all conversation between Florence and my cousin; at last I made some remark which the latter could not help noticing; some coarse allusion to men who "sneaked into other men's houses, where their presence was undesired," wishing that "people would not interrupt my domestic circle, and hinting broadly at the folly of married women encouraging the attentions of any d—d idiot willing to throw away his time on them."

With a burning cheek, and eyes in which long subdued resentment flashed, at last Florence rose to leave the room, and William got up to depart; but I made my wife come back,—I *would* be heard. I said I could not be blind to the understanding that subsisted between them; to their unchecked and disgraceful attachment to each other. Alas! I did not consider how dreadful must be the comparison between my cruelty and his kindness. I sneered at what I chose to call their "wretched efforts to deceive me." I desired my cousin to leave my house, and seeing Florence approaching me with clasped hands and streaming eyes, I pushed her from me with such violence, that she was only saved from falling on the ground by William's receiving her in his arms.

She left me that night. She left me for

William's lodgings. I felt sure she had gone for ever when the nurse told me how she had visited the children's little beds with a ghastly face and quivering lips, bending over her infants in evident anguish. She left me, and I, blind to my errors, blamed *her* as false and vicious, whom *my* jealous fury had well nigh driven out of her senses.

And the *world* pitied *me*! branding *her* with hideous epithets. Ha! ha! so much for men's privileges! I had solaced my hours with the society of a widow whose wealth commanded every sort of pleasure and amusement. The world, whatever it might *think* of *her*, said nothing of *me*. Oh no! I was possessed of the rights of men. Men may seek to entertain themselves when and with whom they please, but women must not laugh beyond a certain pitch; women must not give decided opinions, even if founded on what is just and good; women must put an iron padlock on their lips, and all right thinking women will admit that they cannot be too strict in their self-surveillance. Still it is a wonderful thing in the present age of refinement and professed morality, that men should have such powers of evil; that the more reckless, the more dissipated, the more careless they are of the world's good opinion, the more they are sought after and caressed by the very society whose laws they desecrate, while the most dissolute and worthless of the sex are the most bitter against the unfortunate beings whom men like themselves have rendered frail and friendless.

Some people with violent tempers are yet susceptible of tender impulses. I have known men with the tempers of fiends, whose natural dispositions were by no means unkindly, but I was not one of these,—my jealous hate nursed itself. Lethbridge and I met: he had left Florence in the neighborhood, and returned on purpose to give me the opportunity of what is barbarously called "satisfaction." I wonder I did not take the law into my own hands and strike him down without a word, but I did not: having no victim immediately at hand on whom to wreak my vengeance,—for my children had been taken from my sight by their cautious and tender nurse,—I had leisure to determine on being deliberate in my revenge. "He shall not die," said I; "such vengeance is for those who do not know the true value of it. But I will make them miserable for life. I will maim and disfigure him: he shall be an



unsightly object in the eyes of the woman he has taken from me!"

I aimed at the knee, but the ball struck higher, and thus I punished him as they did the traitors of old,—I deprived him of his hand. I went close up to him as he lay, faint with pain, upon the ground; I did not speak, but he raised his eyes to mine. I sneered at him, and telling him I was "perfectly satisfied," withdrew, not, however, till our *friends* on the occasion parted us.

After this the wealthy widow was my refuge from myself. Strange that her implacable and violent temper, so like my own, did not drive me from her society! Was it sympathy that existed between us? Was it that, in her moments of waywardness and caprice, when I remonstrated she always alluded with bitterness to the "devoted attachment" of my gentle wife? or was it that, with my usual selfishness, I coveted her gold as useful—for my property was entailed? In my youth I had been extravagant, and however large a man's income may be, it is not always that, under circumstances such as mine, he can command ready money. So the widow fairly purchased me: we were contracted long before the suit for a divorce was brought forward, and the expenses of this suit were defrayed at her cost. It was a bargain worthy of such a pair! I soon had occasion again to bless my privileges: my affianced bride was evidently beginning to be held in light estimation by the just and virtuous, but over me or my actions none had any control; the opinion of the wise and moral was as nothing weighed against the long-established rights of man.

Divorced from Florence, I married the woman whose wealth I coveted, whose mind I despised, whose person I had learned to dislike, and in whose fidelity I placed no reliance. She kept me at bay, however, by her stormy temper,—paid me back with interest in my own coin. The tables were turned against me: the man of the most violent passions can be outwardly tamed by the determined spirit of a woman, who, being mistress of her house and of her own property, can minister as she chooses to his comfort or annoyance. Sometimes I wondered how I could have been so unkind to my lost Florence, whose strongest remonstrances were as gentle wishes, compared to my present wife's scornful reproofs and noisy demonstrations when she fancied herself slighted. To any other man but myself

Florence's wishes, framed by reason and hallowed by affection, would have been as sweet guides to happiness!

I heard next that Florence and Lethbridge had sailed for India; he had joined his regiment with her, now his wife in the eyes of the world. I could fancy her shrinking from notice, trembling at the idea of deception, yet dreading recognition. I could imagine his jealous pride in rendering her respected, his honorable principles struggling with the pride that quailed beneath the world's cold yet curious eye, and yet deprecating the idea of introducing one whom he so loved to those whose good opinion must have been forfeited had they honestly been made aware of her true position. Bad man as I was, I could appreciate the noble struggles of a mind like William's, and the deep—deep anguish of my lost love's soul! And sometimes I thought of the maimed hand.

Truly, man is a glorious creature. We talk in England of the thralldom in which the women of savage and heathen lands are held, and we shudder; but, verily, we men of England have *our* privileges. We may be faithless to our own wives, and drive them from us with a heavy blow; we may even rob other men of theirs,—coolly, deliberately rob them for our own selfish purposes, and not with William Lethbridge's feelings and struggles; we may shoot the husbands of our victims; and by good management, the help of a few hundred pounds, or the quibble of a clever, well-paid lawyer, be replaced in our original position. Nay, men call us brave, and women—certain blind or despicable women—speak of us as "gay," "wild," "shocking," "charming!" *This world* is a merry place for man!

Nevertheless, the women are the gainers in the end; for how much remorse they are spared! how much anguish they spare others, by the conventional rules to which *they* are happily compelled by custom to adhere! The laws of God are alike for both sexes, and those who defy them most, will have the longest account against them at the Great Day! Then—*then* shall man and woman stand on equal ground, and be weighed in the same scale of justice!

Now, as one *world* is for a *period*, and the other for *eternity*, may not the women, after all, be considered as most enviable in *their* position? Poor Florence! she shall have *her* abiding-place *hereafter*!

One day I heard of Lethbridge's death:

the first intelligence I received of that was through a military newspaper. The paragraph mentioned the arrival in England of the widow of Lieutenant Lethbridge, for whom a subscription had been raised by the brother-officers of her husband, who had been much beloved in his corps. I knew William's relations had cast him off, glad of an excuse, perhaps, to save themselves trouble in exerting their interest in his favor,—my mother and Florence's had paid the last debt soon after our separation,—and all the ready money with which the ill-fated pair had started in life had been spent in the expenses attendant on the suit brought against William by me,—but I was unprepared for such a history of poverty as this; it vexed and fretted me, but the vexation was all on my own account. She who had once been mine to receive alms at the hands of indifferent people! I wrote to the captain of the ship which was mentioned as the one in which she had been a passenger, and endeavoured to gain information, but Florence had landed in the docks, and after having paid the Indian Ayah who had been her attendant during the voyage, had departed in a hackney-coach with her few articles of luggage, and had not been heard of afterwards. It was said the steward of the ship had given her some assistance and directions about lodgings, but he had gone out to India again in another vessel.

In vain I strove to trace her. In vain I accompanied Captain R— to the Custom-house and other places, to inquire concerning a "pale lady much emaciated,"—so Captain R. described my once blooming happy Florence; and this description of her helplessness made me more eager to seek her out. Had she been independent of me, I had scarcely felt such deep, unmitigated interest in her. In vain I applied to the agents of William's regiment; they knew nothing of her. My pride dictated to me the offer of paying back the subscription that had been raised for her, if the generous donors would have permitted it, but this was out of the question; and all I could do in the capacity of a relation of Mr Lethbridge, was to place a considerable sum in the hands of the agents towards liquidating the expenses of a handsome tablet to the memory of the deceased. But still, with all my self-satisfaction, my imagined generosity of spirit in forgiving one who never would have injured me but for circumstances forced on him by myself, I could not be happy. My wife, now taking the

lead as a woman of beauty, fortune, and ability in the society wherein we moved, discovered the source of my anxiety and depression, but, alas, she sympathized not with me.

The paragraph in the newspaper sent me, as I have said, at once to town. I made my way to the little street referred to in the *Times* advertisement, and after ringing the bell twice, and calling to a wretched-looking creature intended to represent a maid-servant, who stood in the area cleaning knives, I was admitted within the narrow limits of the hall, and left there standing till the landlady could be summoned from a steaming wash-house in the back settlements. After some persuasion, which would have met with no attention but for a hint about my wishes to pay funeral expenses, the woman begged me to sit down in her parlor. I heard her, as she let the room, desire the maid to "keep a look out" upon the watch on the mantelpiece.

She who lay there "dead and unowned" was my Florence,—my own lost Florence,—my first love,—my early playmate,—my wife whom I had driven to despair and ruin by my inhuman and brutal temper. Memory restored her voice, calling to me in her mother's garden to join her in her play,—or, in after times, singing gaily under the lime-trees where we met as girl and boy, and where our mothers walked and talked and worked together, often, often imploring me, after some violent freak of temper, to be kind to poor Florence when we should be married.

Now, there she lay on that poor bed, its faded and soiled curtains forming an unsightly canopy, above the pale, wasted, but still beautiful face. With an air of reverence, hard-featured as she was, the landlady of the lodging pulled down the sheet that covered the dead, and long and silently, and very sorrowfully, I stood gazing upon that inanimate form which restored such mingled memories of joy and sorrow, peace and violence. With such emotions my heart had never ached before: my eyes grew dim, a choking sensation fastened itself on my throat, and I would have given worlds to have been able to weep aloud, but awe drove back the tears that anguish would otherwise have called forth.

"Leave me with her," said I to the landlady, "for a little while." I took out my pocket-book, and from it a five-pound note,



and placing it in the ready-opening palm of the woman, she retreated without further parley. I sat down on the rickety bedstead,—I felt the coarse and discolored linen that had covered my poor dead Florence. Oh, how wasted the features were! how the once round cheek had shrunk and faded! how the large and exquisitely shaped eyes were sunk in their sockets! and, ah me! the long thin hand which I lifted answered not my pressure, but fell back heavily on the hard mattress.

One small, travel-worn trunk stood in the room; it was open, and had evidently been ransacked and examined by uncaring hands,—the wretched-looking, half-starved maid's perhaps; but few things were left, and these I recognized. A child's sock, snatched, perhaps, from the little crib on last visiting it,—a crayon drawing of twin heads, our children's pictures, taken by herself when in a happy vein, a little coral necklace,—a tiny doll, whose dress had once been gay! . . . . .

The landlady came in at last, and found me contemplating these mementos of former days. As I sat there half-bewildered, she described, with a painful exactness that soon roused my attention, all that her unfortunate lodger had undergone during her stay at her house, whither she had come with a "recommendation" from the steward of the Amherst East Indiaman. She had suffered all the degradation of being stared at, doubted, and almost refused admittance; "for," said the landlady, in a careless tone, "I saw the poor thing was in a consumption, and what was I to do with her if she fell ill and died, as you see she did? But she took her watch and chain from her neck at once, begging me to let her remain here for a week, and, really, I had not the heart to refuse. She had a good many Indian trinkets, which she put into my hands when she first took to her bed, and she asked me to send for a medical man and get her a few comforts. Here are some of the trinkets," she continued, opening a small mahogany case, "I was going to sell 'em this very day, but they would never fetch their value, nor pay me back what I've spent."

I lifted up the tray of the jewel-case, and found an ivory ring discolored by time; it had been our girl's,—our little Florence's,—and the faded pink ribbon which the child had worn round her neck was still attached to it. There was also a little baby's cap that had once been white, but

was now yellow, and some faded roses, two locks of hair, and some other trifles, that to her had been "more precious than gold, yea, than fine gold."

"She begged me" said the landlady, "to let her have this box by her bedside. She was constantly turning out the things,—it seemed the only comfort she had to examine them every day. Strange sort of comfort, too! for she used to cry fit to break her heart whenever she spread them out before her on the bed."

A miniature of Lethbridge, taken evidently only a short time before his death, lay at the bottom of the case. It represented, not the Lethbridge I remembered, with a gay, smiling, though rather delicate face,—not the honest brow and clear open eye which had first met mine at Frankfort, beaming with gladness at the recognition,—but here was a faded, wasted cheek, large, hollow, mournful eyes, and a look of settled sorrow.

Well could I fancy Florence grieving over these relics of departed days. Poor, friendless, ill, and desolate, what a picture of misery did her image present, weeping over her melancholy treasures!

I saw her put into her narrow coffin: I kissed her cold, pale lips, and hung over her in an agony of unavailing sorrow. Oh sins too late repented! but for my miserable temper, she who lay there might now have been my happy wife!

I am a melancholy man. Even my haughty and harsh-spirited wife of the present day has ceased to sneer at the portrait of poor Florence in her gay hours, which hangs up in my little sanctum.

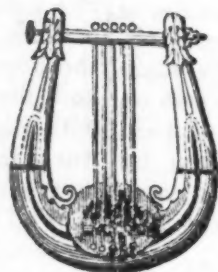
My children have been told her history, and when my boy, whose passions, were they uncorrected, would be as violent as my own, looks up, as I have taught him to do, and the gentle eye of his unfortunate mother speaks, as it were to him from the insensible canvas, it brings him back to better thoughts, and quells the demon struggling for the mastery in his heart.

There is in one of those beautiful cemeteries near London, a small patch of ground railed off, and planted with many shrubs, chiefly evergreens. In summer, a weeping willow and an acacia relieve its mournful air, and bright flowers spring up and flourish round a tomb, inscribed simply with the name of

"FLORENCE."

There my lost love lies, and her gravestone is as a talisman set there by the hand

of Providence to redeem me from the evil which stormy passions uncontrolled must have brought upon me for ever. The change in my temper has cast a light over my household, which, even in my days of mourning and remorse, is happier than it was of old. Happier, because remorse has been followed by repentance, and by the hope, that through that repentance not only shall I be forgiven, but that the "sins of the father *may* not be visited upon the children."



*From the People's Journal.*

#### A SUMMER'S EVENING SHOWER.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

It was a summer's eventide,  
Soft, sweet, and silent, warm and bright,  
And all the glorious landscape wide,  
The lowly thorn, the tree of pride  
The grass blades marshall'd side by side,  
Wore, thicker than the cope of night,  
Innumerable drops of light  
Shed from a passing cloud and dun,  
That journeyed towards the sinking sun  
On the upper wind's impatient wing,  
And blushed as it drew near the presence of its king.

That brilliant baptism cool and brief,  
Flung from the font of summer skies,  
Came with a fresh and full relief  
To all the countless shapes and dyes  
That sprang from earth's prolific veins,  
And drank the rich and genial rains.  
For all the languid leaves and flowers,  
In tangled brakes and cultured bowers,  
In level fields and hollow dells,  
By woodside walks and mossy wells;—  
The fair and many-folded rose,  
Reclining in a proud repose;  
The wallflower's mass of cloudy fire,  
The limber bine and blooming briar,  
The clover filled with honey-dew,  
Things of familiar form and hue,  
Sent such a gush of incense up  
From bell and boss, from crown and cup,  
As seemed to burden all the air  
With nature's breath of silent prayer,  
And send that joyous draught of rain  
In sublimated sweets back to the skies again!

*From Sharpe's Magazine.*

#### "ANOTHER MAN!"

"By all means save some."—1 Corinthians ix. 23.

How proudly bounds the noble bark,  
Spurning the billow's dash,  
While thunder-clouds are gath'ring dark,  
Amid the frequent flash!  
A keen outlook the watchmen keep—  
What mark they darkling on the deep?

The course is changed, and down they bear,  
For pity guides the brave,  
And find, contending with despair,  
A sailor on the wave:  
They lower the boat, and from the storm  
They boldly bear his fainting form.

The means of life they fondly ply;  
His cheek resumes its glow;  
He points his hand, he strains his eye,  
But words refuse to flow:  
One effort more, and thus they ran—  
"Another—there's ANOTHER man!"

The startled crew explore the place,  
While, dirge-like, wails the blast,  
But find they neither man nor trace  
Where the last struggle pass'd;  
Yet well will ocean guard his bed,  
Till summon'd to restore the dead.

Has JESUS placed me in the cleft,  
Beyond the vengeful swell?  
And can I see a brother left,  
Exposed to death and hell,  
Nor instantly do what I can,  
While sin holds yet "another man?"



*From the Metropolitan.*

# THE BREEZY HILLS FOR ME.

BY MRS. ABDY.

From hill to hill I love to tread  
With steps secure and fleet;  
Blue, cloudless skies are o'er my head,  
Wild flowers beneath my feet.  
My spirit sighs not to recall  
Gay scenes of festal glee;  
Fair nature's smiles surpass them all,—  
The breezy hills for me!

How fresh, how pure, the balmy air!  
How sweet the song-birds' strain!  
Almost it grieves me to repair  
To busier haunts again.  
Bright images within my mind  
Are springing glad and free;  
Life's weary cares seem left behind,—  
The breezy hills for me!

And thoughts of deeper, better worth,  
Forth at the spell arise;  
Here, may my heart oft mount from earth  
To commune with the skies.  
Here, in Thy works, O Lord of Power,  
Thy bounteous grace I see;  
Here may I duly seek Thee more,—  
The breezy hills for me!

## TO THE SNOWDROP.

Full oft the poet has essayed to sing  
Thy merits, simple flower; nor quite in vain.  
Yet not to thee may I devote the strain  
Of eulogy; but to that glorious King,  
Who bids thy silver bell his praises ring,  
And doth thy leaves so delicately vein;  
Making thee meek and modest through thy mien,  
The darling of the progeny of spring.  
Ay! many a brighter flower the vernal gale  
Will kiss, but none to which affection clings  
As unto thee; who, as the strong sun flings  
His brightness on thee, dost so meekly veil  
Thy face: as at the Light celestials hail,  
The seraphim theirs cover with their wings.

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

## LINES.

Where shall we make her grave?  
Oh! where the wild-flowers wave,  
In the free air!  
Where the shower and singing bird  
Midst the young leaves are heard—  
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her!  
Now may sleep minister  
Balm for each ill.  
Look on sweet nature's breast,  
Let the meek heart find rest,  
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur glad waters by!  
Faint gales with happy sigh  
Come wandering o'er  
That green and mossy bed,  
Where, on a gentle head,  
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain  
Falls now the bright spring rain,  
Plays the soft wind?  
Yet still from where she lies  
Should blessed breathings rise,  
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew  
Thence in the heart renew  
Life's vernal glow!  
And o'er that holy earth  
Scents of the violet's birth,  
Still come and go.

Oh! then where wild flowers wave,  
Make ye her mossy grave,  
In the free air!  
Where shower and singing bird  
Midst the young leaves are heard—  
There—lay her there!

## I LOVE TO SEE A MERRY BAND.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I love to see a merry band  
Beneath the good old tree,  
That grows upon my father's land,  
The land he left to me.  
His heart it was a kindly one;  
He'd bow his locks of snow,  
To be the playmate of his son,  
In days long, long ago.

There was a time, a happy time,  
When this old heart was young,  
And wed an angel in her prime,  
More fair than bard has sung,  
But she, like earth's most precious things,  
Soon left a world of woe,  
And therefore 'tis, the old man clings  
To days long, long ago.

The young, the gay, oft laugh to hear  
The old man tell his tale;  
And wonder at the furtive tear  
That wets his cheek, so pale.  
But they, in time, like me, will weep  
The change from joy to woe,  
And in their hearts, as jewels, keep  
The days long, long ago.

I love to see a merry band  
Beneath the good old tree,  
That grows upon my father's land,  
The land he left to me.  
There's pleasure, mixed with sadness, too.  
It makes my bosom glow;  
To do as he himself would do,  
Who died long, long ago.

## SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Ye who the lack of gold would plead as lack  
Of power to help another, think not so;  
But where the stumbling steps of sickness go,  
Follow with friendly foot; and in the track  
Of life, when ye encounter, 'midst the snow,  
Bewildered wanderers, turn not proudly back,  
But lead them gently from their walks of woe  
By such kind words as cast a brighter glow  
Than gold around them. Oh be sure of this—  
The aims most precious man can give to man  
Are kind and truthful words; nor come amiss  
Warm sympathizing tears to eyes that scan  
The world aright! The only error is,  
Neglect to do the little good we can!

## THE BRIER AND THE ROSE.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

Look not on me, thou wilding Brier,  
Look not with love on me!  
Let not thy thought to one aspire  
So far from thy degree.

I am the flowers' bright Queen—the Rose,  
And reign o'er gardens wide,  
Where never cruel storm-wind blows  
To mar my gentle pride.

If I am lovely, ask the race  
For whom my bright hues shine,  
All beauty, tenderness, and grace,  
They liken unto mine!

Whilst thou in wood and lonely lane,  
In each uncultured place,  
May'st stretch thine arms abroad in vain,  
And proffer thine embrace.

In vain! all haste to pass thee by,  
All shun and scorn that see;  
It seems to do me wrong, that I  
Should waste e'en words on thee.

Oh Rose! the pride thy song bespeaks,  
Doth ill thy state adorn;  
If love win not the meed it seeks,  
Repay it not with scorn!

Mine is a simple wilding flower,  
And thine the garden's pride,  
Yet once, within a fairer bower,  
We blossomed side by side;

And if I owned a blight, sweet Rose,  
Alike on thee it fell;  
Thy fair and fading leaves disclose  
A lesson of farewell!

Within the sheltered garden air,  
Thy buds to beauty swell;  
The freshness of a ruder air  
Have nurtured mine as well.

No flower within this fairy place  
That thou dost claim for thine,  
Can boast a sweeter, wilder grace,  
Than these pale wreaths of mine!

Unto the glad bright sun they all  
In silent joy look up,  
And diamond dew at even fall  
Within each pearly cup.

The blessed Sun! he scorneth not  
On me alike to shine  
Oh! thine may be a prouder lot  
But not more blest than mine!

Mock not affection's faith, fair Rose,  
All lowly though it be;  
Look not in haughty scorn on those  
Who look with love on thee.

*From the Athenæum.*

## A CITY LYRIC.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

'Mid the crowd I needs must linger,  
Aye, and labor day by day,—  
But I send my thoughts to wander,  
And my fancies far away.  
In the flesh I'm cloud encompassed,  
Through the gloom my path doth lie;—  
In the spirit, by cool water  
Under sunny skies am I.

Do not pity me, my brother,—  
I can see your fountains play;  
I can see your streams meander  
Flashing in the golden ray.  
And mine ear doth drink your music,  
Song of birds or rippling leaves,  
Or the reaper's stave, sung blithely  
'Mid the ripe brown barley sheaves.

I go forth at will, and gather  
Flowers from gardens trim and fair;  
Or amongst the shady woodlands  
Cull the sweet blooms lurking there.  
Little wot you, O! my brother,  
While I toil with sweat of brow,  
Of the leisure that doth wait me  
'Neath the far-off forest bough.

Little wot you, looking upward  
At the smoke wreaths louring there,  
That my vision is not bounded  
By this dull and murky air;—  
That these thick close streets and alleys  
At my bidding vanish quite,  
And the meadows ope before me,  
And the green hills crowned with light.

Do not pity me, my brother,—  
God's dear love to me hath given  
Comfort 'mid the strife and turmoil  
And some blessings under heaven.  
In the flesh I'm cloud-encompassed,  
In the gloom my footsteps stray,—  
But I send my thoughts to wander,  
And my fancies far away:—  
And they bring me strength for trial  
And sweet solace, day by day.





**MARRIAGES A TEST OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY.**—We have two independent and infallible gages of national prosperity,—two markets, by the activity and depression of which the rise and fall of fortune, the ebb and flow of hope and fear in the community, may be fairly measured,—namely, the Money-market and the matrimonial market. These are our certain social barometers. No instrument that was ever invented could register the state of the atmosphere with fidelity like these. The two, far apart as they may seem, are closely connected in the nature of the influences to which they are subject. The bad times of the one are the bad times of the other. Few smiles are at the second when doleful faces are at the first. Marriages, in fact, are regulated by the same laws as govern the rise and fall of funds. When brokers smile upon you, maids are also kind; when Bank Directors woo you to take credit, parents and guardians woo you to take wives. Love weaves his witcheries with the Three per Cents.; suits militant at 88 are sure to be triumphant at 98. But let the Bank grow coy, and the maids,—the fickle ones!—grow coy as well. When gold is plentiful wedding-rings are as cheap in England as crosses of the Legion of Honor in France. But when bills are scarce, banns are also scarce, and licenses not to be thought of. The altars lose their attractions when discounts are heavy. Who would think of marrying when quotations run high at Mark lane? It would be madness to think of it. Cupid, though but a bungler, is too acute for that. It is only after a fruitful summer that the immortal urchin ventures to gather in his harvest. Only when the sun shines will he undertake to make hay. Wise and prudent youth! He shuns dark days,—avoids misfortune, veils his sunny face in hard, unprosperous times, to re-appear and return to his mischief only on the dawn of brighter promises. Such is the grave and important proposition,—stript of its scientific expression,—which is enunciated, and, so far as the data yet collected will admit, demonstrated in the “Eighth Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England,” just published and laid before Parliament.

A history of England, illustrated by the facts of the marriage register, is a curious and interesting subject. No one can overrate the value of correct statistics in tracing the progress and development of nations. It has for a long time been known, or at least suspected, that in this country marriages are most frequent in days of prosperity and greatly di-

minish in hard times. The general character of the people for caution and thrift, aided by some partial observation of facts, would easily suggest such an opinion. These returns demonstrate it. The coincidence of the fluctuation is constant. When men fancy that prosperity is seized, they incline to wed, and commence a family, just as they do to take a shop, a mill, a mine, and begin a business. Governed by prudential considerations, the Englishman rarely marries, except when he believes in the security of his prospects. This may seem a small affair; but it is really a most valuable trait in the character of a nation and tells greatly in its results.

As a matter of course, the number of marriages annually, notwithstanding some fluctuations, has gradually increased during these ninety years. In 1756 they numbered 96,600; in 1845 they had increased to 287,486. These figures are about as 1 to 3, and they are respectively the lowest and highest in the series. The average of the 10 years 1756-65 was 112,549; that of the 10 years 1837-46 was 248,050, or more than double. But within these terms the fluctuations are numerous, corresponding most remarkably with the rise and fall of the country's prosperity. For example, during the three years 1788, 89, 90, the weddings were almost stationary, the numbers being 140,064, 141,392, 141,296. In 1791 they rose to 145,186, and in 1792 to 149,838—nearly 10,000 in five years. This fact at once suggests some extraordinary change of fortunes. Turn to the historical records, and we see the mystery cleared up. From 1790 to 1792 the price of wheat fell from 55s. a quarter to 43s. a quarter; the Three per Cents. rose from 77 to 90. Through the recent introduction of manufacturing power, the capital of the country was rapidly increasing. The interest of money, both in the funds and in ordinary investments, was low. Brindley had introduced the canal system; canals became the rage. Companies were formed, schemes projected, funds subscribed. Every kind of money was plentiful, and matrimony amongst the rest. But a change soon crossed the spirit of that dream. People began to suspect the value of their investments. Re-action commenced. On the 1st of February, 1793, France declared war against England. Then followed a terrible crisis. In April a commission was appointed by Pitt to inquire into the causes of commercial distress. Thousands were ruined.

Brides and bridegrooms were now at a discount. They were a drug in the market. For some years the registers record a sad tale of domestic calamity.



In 1795 the weddings had fallen to 137,594—less than they had been since 1783!

The fluctuations in the general returns embrace the whole of the nation; but sometimes a high average year presented a low average in particular places; thus Manchester was often, on account of the tremendous impetus recently given to its industrial energies, given to "weddings and rejoicings," when the remainder of the land was reduced to a state of comparative "single blessedness." It was the same with Liverpool, Birmingham, and other great towns. Sometimes the picture was reversed. Thus in 1789, a bad year for the whole nation, the marriages in Birmingham were 903; but in 1792, so prosperous to the kingdom, they amounted to only 606! The political riots of the time will readily occur to the reader in explanation of the circumstance. But the truth is, the decline was not caused by the riots; for the increase of disorder and celibacy were equally the effects of causes lying open to appreciation. At that time a considerable number of workmen in the iron districts depended for their prosperity upon the manufacture of shoe-buckles. In one of her caprices, Fashion had placed her ban upon buckles; henceforth, she said, let shoes be fastened with laces! The manufacturers of Birmingham, Walsall, and Wolverhampton, appealed, by petition, to the Prince Regent. He promised his influence and example. On the strength of this promise hundreds of persons invested their fortunes in buckles. There was to be a state procession in London on the recovery of George III., and buckles were expected to beat strings out of the field, and become again the rage. But, alas for all these hopes! the King went to St. Paul's in ties, buckles were non-plussed, and the manufacturers ruined. Herein, probably, lies the secret of the political disorders in the midland counties in 1791-2, &c.—*Daily News*.

**ROMANTICISTS.**—It may not be altogether superfluous to explain what Strauss and the Germans mean by a Romanticist (*Romantiker*). The Romanticist is one who, in literature, in the arts, in religion, or in politics, endeavors to revive the dead past; one who refuses to accept the fiat of history; refuses to acknowledge that the past is past, that it has grown old and obsolete; one who regards the present age as in a state of chronic malady, curable only by a reproduction of some distant age, of which the present is not the *child*, but the *abortion*. Poets, who see poetry only in the Middle Ages, who look upon fairy tales and legends as treasures of the deepest wisdom; painters, who can see nothing pictorial in the world around them; theologians, who can see no recognition of the Unspeakable except in superstition, who acknowledge no form of worship but the ceremonies of the early church; politicians, who would bring back "merrie England" into our own sad times by means of ancient pastimes and white waistcoats—these are all Romanticists. It is quite clear that, however modern the name, the Romanticist is not a new phenomenon. There have ever been—will ever be—men who, escaping from our baffling struggle with the Present, dream of a splendid Future, where circumstance is plastic to their theories, or turn themselves lovingly towards the Past, in whose darkness they discern some streaks of light, made all the more brilliant from the contrast—this light being to them the only beacon by which to steer. Antiquity had its Utopists and Romanticists, as we have our Humanitarians and Puseyites.—*Edinburgh Review*.

**EASY WAY OF GAINING OR LOSING FIVE YEARS OF LIFE.**—Early rising has been often extolled, and extolled in vain; for people think that an hour's additional sleep is very comfortable, and can make very little difference after all. But an hour gained or wasted every day makes a great difference in the length of our lives, which we may see by a very simple calculation. First, we will say that the average of mankind spend 16 hours of every 24 awake and employed, and 8 in bed. Now, each year having 365 days, if a diligent person abstract from sleep 1 hour daily, he lengthens his year 365 hours, or 23 days of 16 hours each, the length of a *waking* day, which is what we call a day in these calculations. We will take a period of 40 years, and see how it may be decreased or added to by sloth or energy. A person sleeping 8 hours a-day has his full average of 365 days in the year, and may therefore be said to enjoy complete his - - - 40 years.

Let him take 9 hours' sleep, and his year has but 342 days, so that he lives only 37½ ..  
With 10 hours in bed, he has 319 days, and his life is - - - 35 ..  
In like manner, if the sleep is limited to 7 hours, our year has 388 days, and instead of 40, we live - - - 42½ ..  
And if 6 hours is our allowance of slumber, we have 411 days in the year and live - - - 45 ..

By this we see that in 40 years, 2 hours daily occasion either a loss or gain of *five years*! How much might be done in this space! What would we not give at the close of life for another lease of 5 years! And how bitter the reflection would be at such a time, if we reflected at all, that we had wilfully given up this portion of our existence merely that we might lie a little longer in bed in the morning.

**ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.**—During the rapid sojourn that he had made in Belgium, in 1810, Napoleon, according to his habit, went one morning, very plainly dressed, to walk in the gardens of the Lacken Palace, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, where he met a young man who was occupied in arranging some flowers. He was pleased with the frank and prepossessing features of the young botanist, and began a conversation with him. The young man who was the son of the head-gardener—he had studied with great care and economy the history of the vegetable world—he could name, without hesitation, the foreign and complicated names that the over-learned have given, often in so ridiculous a manner, to the most graceful productions of nature. He spoke of the *Sedosanthe*, the *Aristolochie*, the *Raboa*, the *Sceroxilion*, the *Hydrochardee*, and thousands of plants with difficult names, as another would have talked of spinach and parsley. He knew the nature and property of each plant—in short, it was botany personified, in a young man of twenty-two.

"Are you comfortable in your situation here?" says the Emperor, speaking with interest. "Yes, Sir," replied the young artist, who was far from supposing the rank of the person who interrogated him. "I live in the midst of what I love, but I am only an assistant to the head gardener." Napoleon never disapproved of ambitious ideas. He had remarked in the young florist his profound study, and the interest he took in his profession. "What would you like?" says he. "Oh," said the young Belgian, "what I would like is madness." "But still let me know," says the Emperor. "It would require a fairy to realize the dream that has often

occupied my mind." "I am not a fairy," replied Napoleon, smiling in his turn, "but I am about the person of the Emperor, and he could, if he knew them, realize your wishes." "You are too good, sir," said the young man. "It is certain that the Emperor could be the fairy that I wish for, for it all depends on him. During a journey that I made for my instruction, I saw in France the gardens of Malmaison, with its eleven bridges and Turkish Kioskes. The Emperor, I understand, has given this charming place to Josephine—if a fairy were here, I would ask for nothing more than to be head gardener to Josephine. You see how modest I am." "I will think of it," says the Emperor, almost betraying his incognito, "but do not despair of fairy lore;" and after some further conversation with the young botanist, Napoleon withdrew. He left Brussels on the morrow.

During the two months that followed this conversation, the young gardener could scarcely think of anything but the wand of a fairy and the place of head gardener, when one day he received a sealed packet with the arms of the Empress Josephine upon it; it contained his nomination to the post he had so much wished for; he hastened to the spot, and was very soon introduced to the fairy of Lacken—that man who forgot nothing, and in whom he only recognized the Emperor, to express to him almost a species of adoration.

He still occupied the place of first botanist at Malmaison when the Empress Josephine died.—*L'Impartial*.

**THE TRUE LIFE.**—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace around the mill of habit and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into implements of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth, which vibrates through the heart; the tears, which freshen the dry wastes within; the music, that brings childhood back; the prayer, that calls the future near; the doubt, which makes us meditate; the death, which startles us with mystery; the hardship, that forces us to struggle; the anxiety, that ends in trust—these are the true nourishment of our natural being.

**INSTANCES OF MANUAL DEXTERITY IN MANUFACTURES.**—The 'body' of a hat (beaver) is generally made of one part of 'red' wool, three parts Saxony, and eight parts rabbits' fur. The mixing or working up of these materials is an operation which depends very much on the dexterity of the workman, and years of long practice are required to render a man proficient. The wool and fur are laid on a bench, first separately, and then together. The workman takes a machine somewhat like a large violin bow; this is suspended from the ceiling by the middle, a few inches above the bench. The workman, by means of a small piece of wood, causes the end of his 'bow' to vibrate quickly against the particles of wool and fur. This operation, continued for some time, effectually opens the clotted masses, and lays open all the fibres: these flying upwards by the action of the string, are, by the manual and wonderful dexterity of the workman, caught in their descent in a peculiar manner, and laid in a soft layer of equable thickness. This operation, apparently

so simple and easy to be effected, is in reality very difficult, and only to be learned by constant practice.

The curved shell of metal buttons is prepared by means of a stamping-press; but instead of a punch, a curved polished surface is used. The workwomen employed to stamp the little bits of copper acquire such dexterity, that they frequently stamp twelve gross in an hour, or nearly thirty in a minute. This dexterity is truly wonderful, when it is considered that each bit of copper is put into the die separately, to be stamped with a press moved by the hand, and finally removed from the die. The quickness with which the hands and fingers must be moved to do 1728 in the hour must be very great.

In type-founding, when the melted metal has been poured into the mould, the workman, by a peculiar turn of his hand, or rather jerk, causes the metal to be shaken into all the minute interstices of the mould.

In manufacturing imitative pearls, the glass bead forming the pearl has two holes in its exterior; the liquid, made from a pearl-like powder, is inserted into the hollow of the bead by a tube, and by a peculiar twist of the hand, the single drop introduced is caused to spread itself over the whole surface of the interior, without any superfluity or deficiency being occasioned.

In waxing the corks of blacking-bottles much cleverness is displayed. The wax is melted in an open dish, and without brush, ladle, or other appliance, the workman waxes each cork neatly and expeditiously simply by turning the bottle upside down, and dipping the cork into the melted wax. Practice has enabled the men to do this so neatly, that scarcely any wax is allowed to touch the bottle. Again, to turn the bottle to its proper position, without spilling any of the wax, is apparently an exceedingly simple matter; but it is only by a peculiar movement of the wrist and hand, impossible to describe, and difficult to imitate, that it is properly effected. One man can seal one hundred dozen in an hour!

In pasting and affixing the labels on the blacking-bottles much dexterity is also displayed. As one man can paste as many labels as two can affix, groups of three are employed in this department. In pasting, the dexterity is shown by the final touch of the brush, which jerks the label off the heap, and which is caught in the left hand of the workman, and laid aside. This is done so rapidly, that the threefold operation of pasting, jerking, and laying aside is repeated no less than two thousand times in an hour. The affixing of the labels is a very neat and dexterous operation; to the watchful spectator the bottle is scarcely taken up in the hand ere it is set down labelled. In packing the bottles into casks much neatness is displayed.

The heads of certain kinds of pins are formed by a coil or two of fine wire placed at one end. This is cut off from a long coil fixed in a lathe; the workman cuts off one or two turns of the coil, guided entirely by his eye; and such is the manual dexterity displayed in the operation, that a workman will cut off 20,000 or 30,000 heads without making a single mistake as to the number of turns in each. An expert workman can fasten on from 10,000 to 15,000 of these heads in a day.

The reader will frequently have seen the papers in which pins are *stuck* for the convenience of sale: children can paper from 30,000 to 40,000 in a day, although each pin involves a separate and distinct operation!

The pointing of pins and needles is done solely



by hand. The workman holds thirty or forty pin-lengths in his hand, spread out like a fan; and wonderful dexterity is shown in bringing each part to the stone, and presenting every point of its circumference to its grinding action.

In stamping the grooves in the heads of needles, the operative can finish 8000 needles in an hour, although he has to adjust each separate wire at every blow. In punching the eye-holes of needles by hand, children, who are the operators, acquire such dexterity, as to be able to punch one human hair and thread it with another, for the amusement of visitors!

In finally "papering" needles for sale, the females employed can count and paper 3000 in an hour!

**SINGULAR LAWSUIT.**—A case has recently come before the English House of Lords, as a Court of *dernier resort*, which involves some interesting questions. In 1843, Alexander McCarthy died at Cork, Ireland, leaving an estate of £100,000 to be divided among his children according to the statute, he having made no valid will. Prior to his death two daughters, Maria and Catherine, became nuns of the order of St. Ursula at Blackrock, having received portions of £1000, which went, of course, to the Convent. A son of Mr. McCarthy took out letters of administration, and divided the estate among the children, excluding, however, the nuns; whereupon the Convent put in a claim for the shares of the two sisters, an assignment having been obtained of their interest. There was considerable evidence to show that the £1000 received by the nuns was regarded by them and by their father, in full of all claims on his estate; and that they did not wish their brothers and sisters to be disturbed by the Convent. On the contrary, it was proved that the assignment was made with extreme reluctance, and only in consequence of "the vow of obedience." Maria, indeed, is said to have declared that she signed the deed "with the greatest pain;" that she "cried all night long" after doing so; that she had "no free will of her own;" that her act was "like the act of a dead person;" and that "the operation of her vow was like the presentation of a pistol by a highwamyman!" Catherine said that "a pen might as well have been put into the hands of a corpse as into hers, when she signed the deed!" A bill in equity was filed in the name of the two Superiors of the Convent and Maria McCarthy. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland refused to grant the prayer of the bill; but, at the same time, offered the petitioners a trial at law, for the purpose of testing the "free will of Maria and Catherine in signing the deed of assignment. The petitioners, however, declined this offer, and took an appeal to the House of Lords. Before this tribunal the case turned upon a point which did not involve the merits. The law Lords were clear that there was a misjoinder of parties. As the two Superiors claimed all the interest of Maria by assignment, it was held that she should not have been made a party. Lord Campbell intimated, however, that there was a very grave question involved, viz., whether a person by joining a religious order in Great Britain, now a non-Catholic country, did not suffer a disqualification, and abandon all right to the enjoyment of property.

**DEATH OF CAPT. MARRYAT.**—Captain Marryat, C. B. the celebrated nautical novelist, died at his seat, Langham, Norfolk, aged 56. His services in the Navy are thus recorded by Allen, in the *New*

*Navy List*: "Midshipman of the *Imperieuse*, in co-operation with Patriots, on the coast of Catalonia, under Lord Cochrane; served in the attack on the French fleet in Aix Roads, and in the Walcheren Expedition in 1809; Lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, and in her barge cut out four vessels from Boston Bay, 1814; commanded the *Larne* in the Burmese war, being part of the time senior officer. Gazetted 1808." By his death a good service pension falls into the gift of the Admiralty.

**THE CONDITION OF THE SERFS OF RUSSIA.**—The Russians attempt to prove that the condition of their serfs is enviable compared to that of the peasants in other countries. It is a miserable deception. In the distant and sequestered departments thousands of families pass through all the horrors of starvation, and perish from misery and the effects of brutality. Human nature suffers universally in Russia; but the men, who form the staple of the soil, have the hardest lot. It is in vain to contend that they are entitled to the necessaries of life, when they have not the power to enforce the fulfilment of this privilege. The truth is stifled under the fallacious, though specious, axiom, that it is to the interest of a master to provide for his creatures: but it is not every man who understands and appreciates his interest. In other societies, and among other people, the bad economist ruins himself, and the evil extends no farther; but here, as human life constitutes the wealth of an individual, whole villages and cantons fall victims to the improvidence and recklessness of their owner. It is true that the government steps in and applies a remedy for these evils, by placing the estates in trust, when it is aware of the mischief; but this tardy relief cannot restore the dead. Picture to yourself the mass of unknown sufferings and iniquities produced by such customs, under such a government and in such a climate! The despotism of these landlords is more aggravated than that of the Emperor himself; because, from being withdrawn from the public eye, it is not controlled by the fear of public opinion.—*Life in Russia*, by E. P. Thompson.

**PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF THE POPE.** I had the honor of two interviews with Pius IX.: the first as a member of the committee appointed for the humane purpose already mentioned; the second with a private party. I believe the committee was the first body of Englishmen who waited on the Pope; and certainly, as Mr. Harford spoke his sensible address, his Holiness seemed highly pleased and affected. His manner is frank and even simple. There is not the slightest tincture of pride or stateliness in his deportment. Pius IX., addressing his fellow men, utters like a man of sense what he really at the moment thinks and feels. There was no written reply, couched in terms of cold formality to what was kindly said, but a cordial, spontaneous expression of feeling, outspoken at the moment. The Pope said something courteous to several individual members presented to him: hearing I was a lawyer, he remarked that an English advocate had lately sent him a book on legislation, which he was sure contained much which would be desirable for him to know, but, unfortunately, being unacquainted with the language, he could not read it,—a very sensible but unkingly observation. Common kings never admit their ignorance of anything. Dull pomposity is not congenial to the disposition of Pius IX. His manner was, however, a little unsteady. He is not what some would call dignified: he appeared as if his royalty sat awkwardly upon him; in appearance very unlike the portraits of Pius VI.

